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A Memorial of Horace Tracy Pitkin

By
ROBERT E. SPEER

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To His Wife
and Son

Preface

HORACE TRACY PITKIN was one of the increasing number of young university men who have followed Christ with their whole hearts, and have set His service above all else, even life. At Exeter, at Yale, and in Union Seminary, in the work of the Student Volunteer Movement, in the life of a missionary, and in the death of a martyr in China, he strove wholly to follow the Saviour. This memorial seeks to preserve the influence of one who, loving the truth and scorning unreality, made it his meat and drink to do the will of God.

Almost all of the material for this memorial was gathered by the Rev. O. H. Bronson, who was a classmate of Pitkin's at Yale, and who was with him in Union Seminary. Both he and Mrs. Pitkin have read the manuscript and made suggestions which I have, of course, followed. For any errors of statement or judgment, however, I am responsible.

In a memorial volume of this character, it is difficult to decide what to include and what to omit. As the majority of its readers, however, are likely to be those who knew the life described, it seems best to err on the side of incorporating what they will wish to see, rather than to attempt to exclude what a stranger would

consider of but slight importance. Accordingly, I have embodied in the memorial much of personal testimony, and of the judgment of friends who knew Horace, which other friends will appreciate and understand.

Some will feel, doubtless, that the story of the life might have been told more briefly. This is true, but this is not simply a story of a life. It is a meeting place, where many who knew and loved the true man pictured here, may gather and compare their recollections, and confirm their purposes to follow more faithfully the Master whom he served, even unto death.

The supreme glory of Horace Pitkin's life was its exaltation of principle and duty into the supreme place. Not pleasure, nor ease, nor popularity, nor gain, but righteousness and service, were the dominant interests of his heart and will, and these he followed though they led him under the shadow of the Cross.

> "It is the way the Saviour went,
> Shall not the servant tread it still?"

And if he, why not we?

R. E. S.

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I

ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD

"A tone of pride or petulance repressed,
A selfish inclination firmly fought,
A shadow of annoyance set at naught,
A measure of disquietude suppressed;
A peace in importunity possessed,
A reconcilement generously sought,
A purpose put aside—a banished thought,
A word of self-explaining unexpressed;
Trifles, they seem, these petty soul-restraints,
Yet he who proves them so must needs possess
A constancy and courage grand and bold.
They are the trifles that have made the saints,
Give me to practice them in humbleness,
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold."

HORACE TRACY PITKIN'S ancestry runs back to the beginnings of the American nation. William Pitkin came to New England from London in 1659 and was attorney-general of Connecticut in 1664. Horace Tracy Pitkin was of the eighth generation in direct descent from William. William Pitkin's sister Martha, came to join him in 1661, expecting to return with him to England, "not once supposing he intended to remain in the wilderness," as she expressed it. The *Pitkin Genealogy* relates that "her first greeting on meeting her brother, whom she found feeding

his swine, was, 'I left a brother in England serving his king, and find another in America serving his swine.' She was a lady endowed with more than ordinary talent, improved by an excellent education. The reception she met with in the colony, was most flattering; her comely form and accomplished manner making the colonists anxious to retain her in their country. In the words of the Rev. Thomas Robbins, for many years the pastor of the church she attended, 'this girl put the colony in commotion. If possible she must be detained. The stock was too valuable to be parted with. It became a matter of general consultation what young man was good enough for Miss Pitkin.' Tradition says that so many young men wished to marry the accomplished beauty, that they cast lots for her hand, but fails to say what part Miss Pitkin was to take in the affair. The facts are, that the sons of Henry Wolcott, one of the first settlers of East Windsor, were well pleased with Miss Pitkin, and to avoid all question of strife or jealousy, it is believed it was decided by lot among themselves which one should sue for her hand. The lot fell to Simon Wolcott, the youngest son; at all events, he pressed his suit, and was successful. Her brother favored the match, and she became the wife of Simon Wolcott, and subsequently the mother of Governor Roger Wolcott." Her grandson, Oliver Wolcott, born in Windsor, moved to the new county of Litchfield, about 1750. There he held important civil and military

positions. This Oliver Wolcott was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was governor of Connecticut for ten years. A second Oliver Wolcott, a son of the former, and a native of Litchfield County, succeeded Alexander Hamilton as secretary of the Treasury, and he was again in that place in the cabinets of Washington and Adams. He refused the proffered place at the head of the first United States bank.

The Pitkins settled near Hartford, and when in 1783, East Hartford was incorporated as a separate town, one-third of the officers chosen for the new town bore the name of Pitkin. In 1766 a William Pitkin was governor of Connecticut, and held the office till his death in 1769. That year a ballad appeared, satirizing the governors of Connecticut, which dealt with Governor Pitkin in the following lines :

"Our old friend Will next took the Helm,
Who'd cruised for many years, Sir,
And steer'd as well, when the weather was calm
As any tar on board, Sir.
His friendly art succeeded now
To accomplish every measure,
By a 'How do you do,' with a decent Bow,
And a shaking of hands forever."

In war as in peace the Pitkins filled a conspicuous place in the colony and the commonwealth. They fought in the Revolution and later wars. In 1791, fourteen Pitkins were granted

a charter as an artillery company. From the beginning the family were engaged in manufacturing enterprises. From 1686 almost to the present day some members of the family have been operating mills. At first it was fulling, iron and gunpowder mills. In 1750, the British Parliament prohibited the iron industry. When the Revolution came all the mills were run for the manufacture of gunpowder for the new government at a great loss pecuniarily to the Pitkins. "In 1784 William Pitkin by reason of loss in making powder for the government, was granted the sole privilege of making snuff in the State for fourteen years exempt from taxation." After the Revolution, in many new mills, cotton and woolen goods and glass were made. William Pitkin's powder mill is believed to have been the first powder mill built in this country. In 1807 the first patent ever granted in America for the manufacture of felt hats was granted to Joseph Pitkin. In 1834 Henry and James F. Pitkin commenced to make the first watches manufactured in this country.

Although a member of the Church of England when he came to America, William Pitkin and his family became members of the Puritan Church of the Colony, "The First Church of Christ in Hartford." A manuscript volume of religious writings which he left, shows him to have been a man of devotion and of considerable theological knowledge. The Church later established in East Hartford, was called "The Third Church"

of Hartford. Into this church some two hundred Pitkin children have been baptized, and about one hundred and fifty of the same name received into membership. Mr. Elisha Benton's humorous lines, written more than a century ago and preserved in Major Samuel Pitkin's papers, giving advice as to seating the people in the meeting house, indicate the standing of the various families in the community. Of the Pitkins' the poem says:

> "As mean folks should never be mixed with their betters,
> You ought to distinguish and know the great letters,
> Especially all the great capital P's."

On his mother's side, Horace Tracy Pitkin was descended from Thomas Yale, the founder of the Yale family in America, who came with his mother and his stepfather, Governor Eaton, from England in 1637, and settled in New Haven. The third son, Elihu Yale, born in 1648, was left by his father in England in 1659, when he returned to America from a visit to England begun the previous year. At the age of thirty, Elihu Yale went to the East Indies, in the service of the East India Company, and remained in India about twenty years, acquiring a large estate. On his return to London he was chosen governor of the East India Company, and spent the rest of his life in England. He helped the college in New Haven so generously, that in honor of his munificence it received his name. The *Yale Genealogy* quotes his epitaph:

EPITAPH OF ELIHU YALE, ESQ.
Who Died July 22, 1721.
Interred at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, Wales.

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travell'd, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thriv'd, at London dead,
Much good, some ill he did; so hope that all's even,
And that his Soul thro' Mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare;
For only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Horace's mother was a daughter of the Rev. Cyrus Yale of New Hartford, Litchfield County, Connecticut, a lineal descendant of Elihu Yale. The grandfather was a neighbor and friend of the father of Samuel J. Mills, one of the group at the Missionary Hay Stack at Williamstown, the fountain of foreign missionary impulse in America. Litchfield County was a foreign missionary region. Dr. Trumbull in his account of Litchfield County's *Contributions to the Nation's Power and Fame* sketches the work of this one rural county in the work of missions:

"Samuel J. Mills was the earliest American student volunteer for the evangelization of the world. He was the leader in the little group under the haystack at Williamstown, when the storm came on as they prayed and as they purposed to go abroad. He was born in Litchfield County, where his father was a pastor; as was also the father of Adoniram Judson, who was

one of the first five missionaries to go out under the American Board.

"The first school for foreign missions organized in this country, if not in the world, was in Litchfield County. It included pupils from the Sandwich Islands, natives of Africa, and persons from various tribes of American Indians. A number of these pupils went back to the people from whom they came; and quite a number of those who saw them, on visiting the school at Cornwall, were aroused by this object lesson to go out as foreign missionaries. Among these was Hiram Bingham the pioneer missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

"Of the pupils in that Foreign Missionary School at Cornwall, ten went as missionaries to the Indians, seventeen to the Sandwich Islands and the others were widely scattered.

"Litchfield County was, in a sense, the beginning of American foreign missionary work. For years, it continued to be in the lead. It is recorded of Dr. Worcester, the early corresponding secretary of the American Board, that when the liberal contributions came in from this field in a time of financial embarrassment, he cried out with a grateful heart: 'I bless God for making Litchfield County.' And so said many another man of God, as the years passed on.

"Among the earnest and influential friends and representative advocates of the foreign missionary cause was for years the Rev. Dr. Augustus C. Thompson, a native of Goshen, of Litchfield County. He was one of the Prudential Committee of the American Board for more than forty years. He was a member of the deputation from the Board to visit the missions in India in 1845 and 1855. He was for a time the formal lecturer on foreign missions in Andover Theological Seminary, in the Hartford Theological

Seminary and at Boston University. He wrote an important volume on Moravian missions, another on Protestant missions, and yet another on foreign missions. Yet, while doing all this work at home and abroad, he was for nearly sixty years pastor of the Eliot Congregational Church at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and he was the author of very many sacred and devotional volumes that have made their impress on his generation. And this is but a single Litchfield County native.

"The Hon. Robbins Battell of Norfolk was one of the friends of missions who made Litchfield County a place to thank God for. He was a relative of two of the pioneers whose names are on the famous haystack monument at Williamstown.

"For eighteen years, he was a corporate member of the American Board, giving ever wise and valued counsel in its management and contributing of his means to aid it liberally in its ordinary outlays, and again, on special occasions, to lift its occasional debts. This continued to his life's close.

"A number of active missionaries to foreign fields were natives of Litchfield County, and all of them were worthy of their nativity. Isaac Bird of this county was a worker of note in Palestine, and both there and after his return, he did good service to God and to man. A yet earlier missionary from this county, Benjamin C. Meigs, did good service in Ceylon, which has been for years one of the strategic points of the world's conquest for Christ.

"In the first fifty years of American missionary history, it should be noted that, besides those already mentioned, and besides the children of Litchfield County natives born elsewhere, the Rev. Abel K. Hinsdale went from Torrington to

the Nestorian Mission; Mary Grant, wife of the Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, went from Colebrook to Ahmednugger in the Mahratta Mission; Julia M. Terry, wife of the Rev. Charles Harding, went from Plymouth to Bombay; Sarah M. Peet, of Bethlehem, with her husband, Benjamin C. Meigs, went to Ceylon; the Rev. John M. S. Perry went from Sharon to Ceylon; the Rev. Samuel G. Whittlesey went from New Preston to Ceylon; Sarah A. Chamberlain of Sharon, wife of the Rev. Joseph Scudder, also went to Ceylon. Besides those missionaries already named as going from Litchfield County to the Sandwich Islands, there should be mentioned the Rev. David B. Lyman, of New Hartford, who went to Honolulu; the Rev. Eliphalet Whittlesey, of Salisbury, who also went to Honolulu; Mr. Abner Wilcox from Harwinton to Hilo; Louise Everest of Cornwall, wife of the Rev. James Ely, went to Honolulu.

"Quite a number of the most active and influential missionaries among the Cherokees and Choctaws and Dakotas, and the Ojibwas and Osages, were from Litchfield County. In former days, the American Indians were counted a foreign nation,—as they are still, by many, treated as though they were."

Other great names of sons and daughters of Litchfield County are Ethan Allen, Harriet Beecher Stowe, John Brown of Ossawatomie, Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles G. Finney, Nathaniel W. Taylor, C. P. Huntington and Elisha Whittlesey, and the list might be indefinitely extended.

The traditions of New Hartford where Horace's mother was born, are in harmony with the deep

and distinctive spirit of the county. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, President of Williams College, was one of Mr. Yale's predecessors in this parish. At the third annual convention of the Sunday-school Teachers of Connecticut, held at Bridgeport in September, 1859, Dr. Hodge, of Bridgeport, said :

"Dr. Griffin once wrote a letter to Dr. W. B. Sprague, of Albany, giving an account of a revival in New Hartford, where he was first settled. He said he could stand on the steps of his house and look over into three parishes, where the rains of the Spirit were falling, where the Spirit was poured out upon them in a most wonderful manner. But in New Hartford no dew descended. He used often to go out, and stand on the steps, and look over into these parishes, where God was achieving such wonders by His grace; and O! how he did wish that it might please his heavenly Father to cast an eye of compassion on himself and his people, and wonder if the Lord had no blessing for *them*. With such feelings he said he went into his study one day, and prostrated himself on the floor. He did not kneel, he lay down, and rolled there in agony, and cried to God that it might please Him to bless him too, and also remember New Hartford. While thus engaged in prayer the words of the Psalmist, in the sixty-second Psalm came to him, 'My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him.' He said it at once occurred to him that he would prepare a sermon on that text. He determined to do so, and prayed over every line as he wrote it. On Sabbath morning he was so wrought up in spirit that he said when he went into the sanctuary he did not know there was anybody in

it—he didn't see them. He went into the pulpit, commenced the introductory service, and when he came to read his text, he read it in this wise—'My soul, wait thou only, *only*, ONLY upon God, for my expectation is from Him.' He preached the sermon, and went home, followed by forty men, inquiring with tears, to know what they must do to be saved."

Cyrus Yale was pastor of this parish from 1814 to 1854, the date of his death. In 1860 his daughter Lucy Tracy Yale, was married to Horace W. Pitkin at the house of her sister in Hartford. Mr. Pitkin had lived at the Manchester home, attending school until he was about twenty years of age, when he went South to Virginia to engage in raising mulberry trees for silkworms. There he remained two years, after which he went to Alabama as a missionary to the Cherokee Indians. One writes of him :

"He worked faithfully among them for six years, at the end of which time he took up the business of introducing the Osage orange hedge in northern states. At this business he earned the first thousand dollars that he had ever owned. Feeling very wealthy, he went home to Manchester, to live a year. He invested the $1,000 in a seed store in Louisville, Ky., in partnership with his brother, George W. Pitkin. The business of selling seeds and farming implements proved very successful, and the two brothers continued in it until the beginning of the war, when their business was wiped out.

"After their marriage in 1860, Mr. and Mrs.

Pitkin went to Louisville, Ky., to live. In the fall of 1861, they went to Philadelphia, with their one child, Lella, a baby at the time. In the following spring, Mr. Pitkin went down to Virginia and looked over the field. He was impressed with the great waste when 'camp broke,' the many useful and valuable things left behind. This opened his eyes to the needs of the soldiers, when tents were pitched again, and he saw an opportunity to serve the soldiers and support his family. Accordingly, he opened up stores in Alexandria and other places, and stocked them generously with supplies for soldiers. In this way he became known to a large number of soldiers and officers, and was able to help them in many ways. After the war, he engaged in the business of selling government supplies; things that had been ordered for armies and which were not needed, such as tents, uniforms, etc. From this, he naturally entered into the business of manufacturer's agent, where he made a very comfortable income. In this business, he engaged in partnership with Mr. Augustus Thomas, until the time of his death, November 8, 1889, at the age of sixty-six years.

"Horace W. was a most generous man, and gave a great deal to charity. He was also very modest, and did not even tell his family of the many ways in which he helped people. When I was in New Hartford, I heard from a number of their gratitude to Mr. Pitkin for some help which he had rendered them. When in Tryon, N. C., a retired minister told me with tears in his eyes, that Mr. Pitkin had 'helped him out' many a time. In Asheville, N. C., Dr. Lawrence, of the Normal school, said that Mr. Pitkin had at two different times given him checks for $1,000, for work among the negroes farther south. A present of a cow and feed was sent to a struggling

New Hartford minister, who had complained to Mr. Pitkin of the milkman's milk."

Horace Tracy Pitkin was born in Philadelphia, at 1824 De Lancey Place, on October 28, 1869. His two sisters were both older. His youngest sister died in Philadelphia, in 1892. The other sister was married to Charles Eliot, the son of President Eliot, of Harvard, in 1888. President Eliot has written the story of his son's life in *Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect.* Mrs. Pitkin died in July, 1881, when Horace was eleven years of age. The boy lived a wholesome, normal boy's life. The few incidents that friends recall only illustrate its natural and easy attractiveness and development. One friend writes:

"In 1870, when Horace Tracy was only seven months old, his father and mother went to Europe and were gone five months. A relative (Miss Nellie Holton) went to New Hartford and took care of the baby during those months.

"I have often heard it said that little Horace early showed signs of a very strong will and also a quick temper. His mother used to tell of Horace's first attempt at singing a tune. He was about a year old and lying in his cradle, and he was singing a church hymn, which he had undoubtedly heard his mother sing a great many times as she sat and sewed or busied herself around the room. The little fellow would hum the tune correctly until he came to a high note which he could not reach. His mother, thinking to help him out, would strike the note for him. But this displeased him very much and he would begin at the very first again. Time after time he

tried it without success, showing that he knew just what the correct note was, but could not get it. Each time he would go back to the beginning with a good deal of patience and perseverance for so young a child. At last, he sang it correctly and showed great pleasure at his success. He had a very accurate ear and when quite a young boy was able to sing a very good second. The Pitkin family were very musical, and Horace's father had a very good tenor voice. Horace W.'s brothers all had very unusual tenor voices, so that it was no wonder that Horace Tracy was so fond of music, and able to sing and play, with so much pleasure to himself and others.

"Every summer of Horace Tracy's life up to the time of his going to China was spent at the old Yale homestead at New Hartford. When a child, he was sent with his nurse, early in the spring, before his father and mother went. There he lived out of doors, fishing, rowing, sailing, driving—a healthy, active, strong boy. His father's devotion to him (his only son) and his interest in the boy's daily life and his guidance of him (as Horace used to tell me of it) were most beautiful. When he was a young lad, his father bought him a set of tools, not a cheap set, that would be mere toys, but a good set, parts of which Horace still had in China and used frequently. His father spent hours teaching him how to use them and took great pleasure in his progress. When about fourteen, he was greatly interested in electricity, and his father allowed him to wire the house with electric bells, teaching him how to conceal the wires. All of these things Horace enjoyed keenly. He was taken when but six years old to the Centennial Buildings and remembered well his intense interest in the machinery in Machinery Hall, and his father's patience in explaining everything to him."

A cousin of Horace's, a daughter of the Rev. Charles S. Sherman of Naugatuck, (who had gone as a missionary to Jerusalem, with his friend, Samuel J. Wolcott, D.D., of Cleveland, who was a descendant of Simon Wolcott and Martha Pitkin), writes of her recollection:

"It *is* desirable to know the beginning of a beautiful life. The first time I saw Horace was, I think, in the summer of '74, when with his mother and father and nurse, he visited our home. He was then a noble looking boy of five in kilts. I remember he went to church for the first time during this visit and was reported as a 'good boy.' It was the following three winters, I think, that I spent in that lovely home in Philadelphia, distinguished for its charity and devotion, and its sunny atmosphere. Horace's mother was a rare character. The springs of her life were 'hid with Christ in God.' She was one, who in the smallest details of life made her requests known to God and His peace was hers. Devoted she was, indeed, first to God and then to her family, her large circle of relatives, to her church, and its benevolences. Society too received her attention. She loved social life, conversation, study and travel. She believed in being happy where God places one.

"The father was by inheritance of strong religious nature, 'given to hospitality.' His generosity was unbounded. Giving himself in early life to missionary work among the Cherokee Indians, he felt later that his call was to support by his means, the work which others were doing. He dearly loved his children and took great delight in them, especially in the training of his son for useful manhood. He was a good business

man and prosperous. He had insight. He knew men and loved to hold converse with all sorts and conditions of men, to learn something from them. Besides his duties as elder in the Church, he gave Sunday afternoons to visiting the prisons, giving helpful talks to the prisoners. Later, he was greatly interested in political reform.

"I remember the morning prayers when all the family joined in singing the hymn, often selected by the children. And each said a verse. Horace's favorite was, 'Study to be quiet and mind your own business,' with emphasis on the latter portion of the verse. I remember at the table when the blessing was often sung, 'Day by day the manna fell, O to learn that lesson well,' in which he always joined. His life was a song. I have heard that he could sing before he could talk. I recall the racing down-stairs of the children after the New Year's reception was over, to eat up the meringue. I remember Horace's peculiar expression of impatience to his sister, 'Stop that, won't you not?' He had quite a quick little temper, over which he came to have splendid control. I do not recall any punishments in the house or need of any. I remember the Centennial and what a keen interest the boy took in Machinery Hall, and the morning hours of study in which Horace learned to read and recite arithmetic tables and several years later visiting in Philadelphia, when Horace was in the Latin School, his great diligence in study. It was at that time, I think, he had a telephone arrangement between his room and that of a friend on the opposite side of the street. I believe later they had a printing press and got out a weekly paper. I remember the Thanksgiving and other visits to the Connecticut home during the Exeter and college days and his jollity then. I remember the first time I heard him pray in Christian Endeavor Society.

It was an earnest prayer, but stumbling and brief, a cross which he bravely took up. I remember also the last time when he so grandly filled the pulpit and inspired his audience with his own enthusiasm for the work to which God had called him. I shall never forget his exquisite sympathy and trustfulness."

Two other cousins write:

"As I remember, he was as a child only remarkable for his excellent musical ear, being able to sing a good second at a very early age. I think his mother helped him; she had a beautiful alto voice and he always sat next to her. He always seemed to me to be perfectly normal and what a child brought up under Christian influence, ought to be. He always liked to go to church. When he was six or seven, he would sit still as a mouse watching the minister, partly to reproduce the minister's gestures, etc., for his own congregation of sisters, dolls and pussy-cats later in the day. He was very fond of fishing and he was often taken to the pond when his father and mine would go with Heber for the day. He was very companionable. I do not think that his mechanical bent was ever cultivated; like all of the family, he was skillful with his hands and ingenious in tinkering old clocks and mending frames or prolonging the life of decrepit machines.

"At the age of say six or seven years, a favorite Sunday amusement of his was conducting services with as large a congregation of the younger children as he could assemble. One afternoon, he had Francine, Grace, Mary and their nurse, Louise, in one room, while in the adjoining one, Marion, Susie Beadle, Florence and I

were an unseen audience. After singing, he began his sermon thus: My text is: 'God made everything.' Then the congregation evidently falling short of his ideas as to church etiquette, for his tone of reproof was very decided, 'Grace, people do not stick their legs out in the aisle in church-time.' After the discussion, which this remark caused (for Grace resented the criticism with some warmth) had ceased, he proceeded with his sermon, 'My hearers, do you see the blue sky above us? God made the sky. Do you see the beautiful green grass? God made the grass. Do you see those trees? God made those trees. Do you see that stone-wall beyond them? God made—no He didn't either, Ben made it; I saw him myself.' This final peroration was too much for his unseen audience and we withdrew, lest our levity should hurt the feelings of preacher and congregation, so we did not hear the end of the services."

There is one innocent reminiscence of the boy's experience at the Centennial Exposition in 1876:

"Horace's only remembrance, I think, of the Centennial was his being lost in the crowd. He was found crying bitterly but was able to give his address, 1824 DeLancey Place, and was brought home about five o'clock in the afternoon, before his mother and I knew that he had been lost. A policeman brought him home. Uncle John (Yale) and his wife had taken Horace with them. They had been there all day. They set Horace down and told him not to go away till they came for him. They were away less than ten minutes and to their consternation, he was not where they had seated him. He became

frightened and wandered off; thought they were not coming back for him."

Something has been said of his mechanical ingenuity. He and another boy set up a telephone system between their homes on DeLancey Place and Spruce Street. They also printed, when he was twelve years old, a newspaper, copies of which Horace had with him in China. "I recall," writes one, "his putting up in his father's bedroom, a contrivance, by means of pulleys on the ceiling, by which his father could unlock his door at a certain hour in the morning, without getting out of bed. This scheme was a surprise to his father and pleased him very much. His education was first through a nursery governess, later tutors and Latin School and later still, Exeter where he prepared for Yale. He was a good student and loved to know things and was interested in everything. He was very intense in everything he did and used to work hard at his books. Another thing which I recall was the father's gift of twenty-five dollars at Christmas time to each child, with the understanding that one-half of it was to be spent for charitable purposes, thus early training them into the joy and privilege of helping others and of giving of their own."

So he lived his simple, sincere life in earnestness and joy. "He had a healthy, happy boyhood," writes his aunt, "like most boys, there was nothing remarkable. He was a straightforward, nice boy." "Horace's boyhood was like

that of many other boys," says Mr. Ellsworth, President of the *Century* Company, "and there was nothing about it which we can recall which showed any special tendency, except that he was always a good boy." And President Eliot writes, "We retain only the general impression of his sweet and sincere character and manner when a boy." His father's business partner remembers him as "a retiring child in his contact with older people, so that," as he adds, "I saw but little of him—in fact, he was so devoted to his mother that he was not very much seen except in her company until the time arrived for leaving home for school, and after that, I saw him very infrequently. After his father's death, I saw more of him and it goes without saying that I became very much attached to him and grew to have a high admiration for his sterling character and manly ways, always modest and unassuming, but plainly displaying the quiet and sterling characteristics of his mother, who was, I think, one of the most devoted and lovely women I have ever known."

A fuller account of Horace's character as a boy, running on however into his later life, is furnished by his cousin the Rev. Heber H. Beadle of Bridgeton, New Jersey. Mr. Beadle's father, the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, was a missionary to the Druses in Syria from 1839 to 1842. War among the Druses made work impossible, and he returned to America and was for many years a Presbyterian pastor first in Hartford and afterwards in Phila-

delphia. His home in Hartford constantly had missionary guests in it and as Mr. Heber Beadle's account indicates, it was some word of his father's that led Horace into the deeper purposes of his life:

"From childhood, Horace was gifted with rare graces and, without effort, he won the love of all with whom he came into contact. As a boy, he respected himself and seemed to know, instinctively, what was right to do and knowing it, he did it. I do not remember that in all of his boyhood he ever did anything that gained for him serious rebuke, and yet he was a boy all over, just like others, full to overflowing with appreciation of fun and humor which made him the pleasant companion he always was. He hated meanness and everything that was underhanded and could not understand how any one else could be mean. He was apt to think that every one was as true and open as himself.

"He never was what could be called an intense student. He did not love books for books' sake; he never applied himself to learning because it was a delight to him, but both as boy and man, if there was anything that ought to be learned or that he ought to learn, he set himself to work with diligence and mastered it, but he was glad when the task was done.

"He was a young man of strong convictions, but very gentle in urging them upon others, winning his way to the end he desired by quiet persistence.

"It was his ambition to take up for his life work, the study of electricity and its application to the needs of the times. He might have made a great success of it, for he had an unusual apti-

tude in that direction. Some words spoken to him by his uncle, the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, turned his thoughts towards the ministry as being the highest calling to which any man could dare hope to be called in this life, and it flashed over him that it might be God's will that he should give up his ambition and take up this work in God's service. He gave the matter much thought and after many questionings with himself and much prayer that he might be guided to do just exactly what God wanted of him in the matter, he came to the conclusion that he must enter the ministry. He, at once, turned away from what had been the ambition of his life and began to prepare for preaching Christ.

"While engaged in his work of preparation, some words unconsciously dropped from a cousin, also a minister, turned his thoughts to the foreign field as the place where his future work ought to be laid out. That part of the field which seemed to him the most urgent in its needs was Africa, but he put himself in God's hands and held himself in readiness to go anywhere in all the world where God wanted him. When the needs of the China field were pressed upon him, he was as willing to go to China as to Africa.

"It did not matter to him on what spot of the earth God had need of his service, so only he could do God's will and work.

"Many of his friends were opposed to his giving himself to foreign work and pleaded with him to remain at home, giving many good reasons for their pleas, but he was true to his convictions and though knowing well the opposition and what he was giving up, he kept quietly unmoved in his determination to go.

"During his summer vacations spent at the old family homestead in New Hartford, Conn., he was accustomed to withdraw himself from the

groups of friends who always wanted him, for an hour's study of the Bible and for thought and prayer. The picture of him alone under the great ash with his Bible in hand will be a living memory to us for many a year.

"After this hour he would come back to us with shining face and ready for anything required of him, whether for a frolic or work on the farm. He seemed to be always ready heart and will, for any demand made upon him. He did much in the way of driving over the hills of New Hartford and arranging for Sabbath afternoon services to be held under the maples or on a neighboring farm, so that the many who never thought to go to church in the valley might be allured to an outdoor service. He never tired of this and when he spoke he compelled the attention and interest of old and young as few of us seemed able to do.

"He was thoroughly in earnest in all he did, whether it was the singing of a college song to give us pleasure, who never grew weary of hearing him, or the cutting out of the worms' nests from the apple trees in the hot summer days.

"He was ready for everything, either work or play, and was a thorough life-full boy, but as thorough a Christian at the same time. With all the ambitions and love of life and its pleasures that other young men are born with, he was a Christian in the highest and best sense and every one knew it.

"Man and boy, he was *sans peur et sans reproche.*

"We, who so loved him, thank God for him, for his glorious life and for his glorious death in defense of helpless women. It was like him, through and through, to give his life for them. He counted it as nothing so long as he was doing God's will, and he knew what he was

doing was the will of God. We would not have had him do otherwise."

This sketch of his boyhood character anticipates, however, the sober development of after years. But there was no rupture in Horace's life.

"E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth
In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth."

When he began to go to school in Philadelphia, he went to the Rugby Latin School. While still in the school, he connected himself with the Junior Department of the Young Men's Christian Association at the Central Building, Chestnut and Fifteenth Streets, where he is remembered as a boy "full of fun and with generous impulses."

In the autumn of 1884 he entered Phillips Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire. The Rev. George E. Street, pastor of the Phillips Church at Exeter and formerly a member of the congregation of Horace's uncle, Mr. Sherman, at Naugatuck, in a sermon preached at a memorial service in Exeter in the fall of 1900, recalled the coming of the boy to Exeter and his pronounced and courageous Christian character.

"Horace Tracy Pitkin was a dozen years ago a boy in 'Phillips Exeter' of high-bred, manly instincts, brave and courageous, without thinking of it,—popular in the best sense because he sincerely loved his fellow-students and offered them so much to love in his own transparent nature, ready sympathy and winsome personality. One read his character in his clear, open eye, entire

frankness of manner with the unconscious stamp of culture and true nobility in his address. His usually radiant face spoke of a happy disposition. At times, he was the gayest of the gay, ready for any innocent mirth or frolic. At other times, his look was serious beyond his years, with an added dreaminess of expression, as if his thoughts had carried him wholly out of himself and his surroundings into the realm of the ideal, where every noble dreamer lives sometimes. He was fond of music and a good musician. 'A good all round student' was the rating the principal, Dr. Scott, gave him in my hearing one day. Of too slight a build for heavy athletics, he delighted in tennis, and in it excelled. Possessing large means, he squandered nothing on personal vices, for he had none, while snobbishness was foreign to him. Our acquaintance began at the opening of the school year in 1885. Glancing down at the new boys in the students' pews in the old Second Church, one eager face met mine, 'Horace Pitkin' I mentally observed, meaning the father in Philadelphia and not the boy whose face bore his stamp so vividly. My surmise was correct; he was the son of one I had occasionally met in my early manhood while he was on visits to his brother-in-law (Rev. Charles S. Sherman, of Naugatuck), my own pastor in Connecticut. My interest in this boy was met with a naturalness and cordiality I wish was more common in boys coming hither in their intercourse with their pastors. A few Sundays later, as I was leaving church, this boy leaned forward from the Students' Bible Class to speak to me. 'Would it be possible for him to unite with the church at the communion service that afternoon with those I had announced as about to confess their faith?' I replied, 'It was usual to have an examination beforehand by

the Church Committee.' A shadow passed over his face and he looked down in silence. Drawing him apart into a pew by ourselves, I soon learned that he had set his heart on beginning his Exeter school life as an avowed Christian. Without further tests of his discipleship, and calling to mind, as Paul did with Timothy, his pious lineage, the unfeigned faith of his father and his sainted mother, and of his grandfather, Deacon Pitkin, of Manchester, Conn., of blessed memory, I felt convinced that here was a child of many prayers which have come to fruitage so early. He must come into the church and he must come to-day.

"More impressive as to numbers admitted have been other sacramental seasons, but none more so as I think of the subjects themselves. For between two aged men (Alfred Conner and Col. Coggswell Green, seventy-two and seventy-eight years of age) stood up this youth of sixteen to assent to the ancient creed of the Church, and to enter into covenant with it. So was fulfilled that day the prophecy, 'I will pour out of My Spirit and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams.' I am so circumstantial in this account because I deem it the critical period of his Christian experience. Had he in coming to a great school like this, hidden as some do, his light of previous religious convictions and training under a bushel, it would have only flickered, even if it did not go out. His was put on a candlestick, and it gave light to all around not only, but far onward over his own great career. He was at once a revelation to me how helpful a young Christian could be in a new place. The Christian Endeavor movement soon started in our church. He came into it as one of its active members, and most heartily. It was a joy to see him enter one of its meetings; not slipping into a back seat, but coming to the front

with a nod and smile of greeting, and then making it his business to see that every one had a hymn book and was well seated. He naturally became the first president. All the Young People's Societies of the town were then newly formed and aggressive. They joined in efforts to banish the then existing saloons, and no picture comes to me more vividly than one of these great gatherings filling a large church, with Pitkin as Chairman, presiding with the dignity of a senator."

One of Pitkin's classmates recalled in a letter to a friend after Horace's death, the outlines of his course at Exeter:

"How very sad it is about Pitkin! It is almost impossible for me to realize that I really shall never more be able to talk with him. The first year I was more intimate with him than any one else, except possibly yourself and Blair. He used to spend most of the time between recitations in old No. 19 Abbott Hall, with H. P. Blair and me. We used to lie on the bed and grind and jolly each other day after day. He gave me a small card photo of himself of that date, 1884, and I remember him better as he looked then, than at the time of the class picture. I used to be noted for my penmanship, you remember, so his print-like vertical writing always filled me with envious admiration.

"He was long monitor at the Second Congregational Church and for three years prominent in Christian Fraternity matters, the senior year being president. . . . His was a very wholesome religious life at Exeter. There was no cant about it. He was jolly as well as good. He seemed to feel that his influence for Christ and the Church

would be the greater if he were not ultra sanctimonious. I feel sure he not only was a better fellow as his course progressed, but that he steadily advanced in popularity among us, his classmates, who certainly at that time were not as a mass especially characterized by our piety. You will perhaps recall that at first we were inclined to class him with the '87' sanctissimi. Of the Christian Fraternity fellows, I think Pitkin was by far the most generally liked and respected. He was for three years prominent in Golden Branch affairs, the last term succeeding me as President of the Society. Upon graduating, therefore, he was President of the Golden Branch and of the Christian Fraternity and possibly of the Y. P. S. C. E. The only thing that I considered ever reflected upon him was his intimacy with old Scotty, with whom he used often to dine."

"Scotty" was Principal Scott of the academy and this jocose criticism testifies to the boy's gravity and reality of character in that he was on such terms of respect and self-respect with the head of the school. Indeed the friend to whom these recollections were sent, remembers Pitkin's standing with his teachers as well as with his fellows with satisfaction:

"He was always an industrious and successful student and throughout the course, stood frequently among the first five scholars in his class, and I think was never outside of the first ten. He was one of the earliest men from his class elected into the Golden Branch Literary Society, the oldest established and best known literary society in the academy. He was fond of music —played both the piano and the organ and sang,

and for these reasons, as well as for his general activity, he was always depended upon to take a leading part in religious activities of student life. He was never priggish, and had the sincere respect and liking of his classmates.

"He was never particularly active in athletics but played a very fair game of tennis and was devoted to that sport. His rooms were in a private house not far away from the academy yard, and as he was always most hospitable, his rooms were often the gathering place for many of his friends between recitations, especially if his friends lived at some distance.

"On the whole, his career at Exeter was not brilliant but it was essentially steady and progressive. He made constant advance in development of his own character and in the esteem of the best men in his class and of the faculty."

Horace's life at Exeter gave him his first stringent testing and discipline. There he was thrown as he had not been before, with fellows who smoked and drank and some whose talk was not the talk of a gentleman and a Christian. As his classmates have testified, he was no prig and he wanted to go with other men and share their ways. But he drew the line at habits of which he did not approve, which he regarded not as manly but as enslaving and he took his stand good-naturedly but with characteristic decision. He had grown up in cleanness and honor. He simply acted according to his nature. In one of his essays, Dr. Trumbull tells of an old Connecticut farmer whose son was about to seek his fortune in the city. The evening before he was

to go, the father took him for a last walk and talk over the place where the boy had spent his life. They went over the familiar paths in silence, all the memories of his past education in righteousness and purity of soul sweeping in wave after wave over the boy as he walked beside his father, until at last they returned to the garden gate again. Then the old man turned to his son, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "John, I have only one thing to say to you. Always do as you have a mind to." The boy needed no more. His only peril lay in doing as others had a mind for him. If he acted according to the integrity and honor of his own mind, schooled under the godly manliness of that old father, he was safe and free. When he entered Exeter, Horace Pitkin had his own mind and he did according to it. Though of course, some sneered at his "goodness," he abode by his principles and in the respect of right men.

The Christian Fraternity at Exeter was not popular when Pitkin entered the academy but he had the courage to identify himself with it and to do what he could to make it popular in a right sense and useful and influential in the school. Towards the close of his stay at Exeter, he was one of two delegates sent by the Fraternity to visit the Society of Inquiry at Phillips Academy, Andover. There was a good deal of bad feeling between the two academies. Trouble had arisen over athletics and the school papers were busy scolding one another. The issue of the

Phillipian, the Andover paper, for Nov. 2, 1887, which contains a friendly notice of the visit of the delegation from Exeter, has also a two-column editorial, beginning with the sentence: "The *Exonian* comes up whining as usual after defeat. Never in the history of the two schools has Exeter been able to take defeat gracefully," and closing, "We feel that we have reached that point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue and if the *Exonian* wants a few cold facts concerning the relative claims of Andover and Exeter men to the title of gentleman, we think we have them at our command and will be pleased to produce them if the controversy is continued." This will suffice to explain the tone of the reference to this visit by an old Andover man, whose acquaintance with Pitkin began at this time and who became one of his classmates at Yale:

"He was a senior at Exeter, and I a senior at Andover. He was doing foreign missionary work then, for at that time Exeter boys and Andover boys regarded each other with something of the suspicion and hate that Boxer feels for 'foreign devils.' Before that time the boys of the two schools came together only in annual athletic contests, and rancor and bitterness were frequently in evidence at these meets. The plan for fellowship between the Christian students of the two schools was receiving its first trial when Pitkin and another member of the Christian Fraternity in the Exeter Academy visited the Andover Academy as guests of our Society of

Inquiry. Well I remember our curiosity. Two live Exeter men who were not 'muckers'! We more than half suspected them. Society Hall was crowded. I think all were impressed with Pitkin's earnest, straightforward and simple manliness—I know I was. From that time Pitkin's life and mine have been curiously intertwined."

Pitkin was always grateful for the discipline of Exeter, the strengthening by temptation and opposition and the help of sympathy and the encouragement of good friends. In 1895, he wrote to the widow of his old Sunday-school teacher at Exeter a note of condolence and appreciation:

"We were not very studious or patient lads. He always was patient with us. To his influence at that time, I owe much, for he found me at the moulding period of a man's life. Never shall I forget his plea after Mr. Mills's revival that we should become Christians. I think that it was just after that, I did join the church. On all sides at my recent visit, did I hear of what a seemingly irremediable loss his passing on was. God grant another shall have his mantle fall upon him. Yet his work—how much grander and more comprehensive must it be now with the Father than it could be with us, for how otherwise could he have been translated! In his going on before, may we take of the influence of that life and press on to follow such Christ-lived lives in our turn—for his influence must not and cannot die."

Though Horace left Exeter in 1888, he revisited

the place frequently during his college and seminary course to deepen the Christian life of the school and to kindle interest in missions. By his life in the academy and by these visits, he left an abiding impression. "Of all the young men who have been under our church care here," said the pastor of the Phillips Church, "I can think of none who has been among us a more beautiful and helpful presence."

II

AT YALE

"DEDICATED
To the beloved memory
of
A Righteous Man

"Who loved God and truth above all things.
A man of untarnished honor—
Loyal and chivalrous—gentle and strong—
Modest and humble—tender and true—
Pitiful to the weak—yearning after the erring—
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern towards himself—
Who being angry yet sinned not,
Whose highest virtues were known only
To his wife, his children, his servants and the poor,
Who lived in the presence of God here,
And passing through the grave and gate of death
Now liveth unto God forevermore."
Dedication of the Life of Charles Kingsley, by his wife.

In the fall of 1888, Pitkin entered Yale. He threw himself into the joys of his new life, and entered at once actively into the Christian work of the university. At the beginning of his course he became a teacher in the Bethany Mission Sunday-school, and during his senior year he was superintendent. His successor as superintendent, Mr. Charles G. Trumbull, managing editor

of *The Sunday-School Times*, writes of Pitkin's spirit of work in the school, and incidentally brings out his growing positiveness, and even insistence of character and conviction:

"I rejoice that I had the privilege of working with him in the Bethany Mission Sunday-school. It was impossible not to be impressed there as elsewhere with what I believe were the dominant characteristics of the man, for he seemed a man to me then, and far beyond me in maturity and experience. It was easy to see his steady growth in seriousness and earnestness and intensity in what I believe was his passion for souls, as the college years went on.

"He was a skillful worker with others. I remember the genuine, complete surprise that overcame me when he suggested to me one day, towards the close of my junior year—his senior year, at Yale, that he would like to see me succeed him as superintendent of the Bethany Mission. After he had once brought the matter before me, however, I then realized for the first time that for months past he had been quietly but persistently 'working me in,' and familiarizing me with the duties of the superintendency, yet doing it so tactfully and naturally that I had not suspected his real object until he finally mentioned it to me.

"With all his intensity of interest in Christian work, he was a healthy, whole-souled being, throwing himself heartily into whatever he was doing at the time. His laugh was spontaneous and irresistible. At the social gatherings of the Sunday-school or of the teachers by themselves, he was the centre of merriment and good feeling. There was nothing of the ascetic or hermit about

him. He was liked by both men and women, and respected by both."

Others were helped by Pitkin's devotion to his Christian work. A classmate recalls as one of the most impressive experiences of his course, a sight into Pitkin's affection for a Sunday-school class:

"A little incident which gives me the most vivid recollection of him may be of interest. It was during our last few days at Yale, that I met him one Sunday afternoon on the campus, weeping. 'Why, Pit, what's the matter?' 'O,' he said, 'I have just been saying good-bye to my class of boys at ——— church. We have grown so fond of each other that I can't bear to leave them.' To me, in my selfish way, thinking of myself alone, this was a revelation. Here this man had sacrificed his time and energy to those boys, and was weeping because he could not continue to do so. Did he wear an air of 'I'm doing this thing for my reward in this world and the next'? No indeed. You knew absolutely with him that the guiding force was to do good from pure love of his fellow-men, and to me, as I said, it was a revelation, a startling proof of the good of Christ's teaching. I know of nothing in all my college course that did me half the good, morally, that meeting Pit that Sunday afternoon did."

It is significant of Pitkin's capacity for "tying things up" and securing definiteness of purpose that when he became superintendent of the Bethany school, there appears in the secretary's report of the school for '91 and '92, in Pitkin's

handwriting, the following sentence, signed by all the officers, no such entry appearing before:

"We, the undersigned officers and teachers of Bethany Sabbath-school Society, hereby express our desire to support and further the interests of the school during the ensuing year to the best of our ability, according to the constitution adopted June 27, 1863, and the amendments to the same adopted October, 1887."

In addition to his work in the Bethany Sunday-school, he was interested in the Grand Avenue Mission, some of whose work included the effort to reach "drunkards and dead beats." "He stands very vividly before me now," writes a Yale man, "as he leads the poor fellows in singing 'Throw out the life line,' and I have reason to know that by his earnest, personal efforts, some of the men caught the life line which he flung out to them." A student two years behind him writes:

"I was always impressed with his great earnestness and sincerity in Christian work. In our prayer-meetings, preparatory to our 'little excursion' to that part of the city (Grand Street Mission, New Haven) and on his knees pleading for and with those almost lost men, he showed the same zeal for the Master's work. He was greatly respected by his fellows because they believed his interest was genuine. I recall one instance when we had induced one poor fellow, who had seen better days, to brace up and let liquor alone and try to be a man again. He came on the Campus and Horace kept him in his room a few

nights on the window seat. Then he gave him five dollars to buy some better clothes with and try for a job."

Pitkin's roommate, for the latter half of his course, was Mr. D. T. Huntington, now an ordained missionary of the American Episcopal Church in Ichang, China. Mr. Huntington's recollections touch on Pitkin's Christian work in college, but cover also, sketched with loving discernment, his influence and the growth of his character:

"My roommate left me at the end of the sophomore year and somewhat to my surprise, Pitkin asked me to room with him. I felt a little doubt about it, but of all the blessings of my college course, I count my intimacy with him as by far the greatest.

"As a student, he was not remarkable, though taking a stand, I think, somewhere in the first quarter of the class. His genius did not lie in that direction, and he was occupied with too many other things. Neither was he an athlete. He was strong and played a good game of tennis. Football and baseball and rowing he was moderately fond of and did moderately well. He was fond of sailing and if I remember rightly, learned to swim while he was in college.

"In music, he was much better. He had a good tenor voice and sang with considerable feeling. It was a real pleasure to hear him play on the piano, and many a pleasant time we have had listening to his music, and that of one or two others, in spite of the occasional protests of other men in the entry.

"In the class prayer-meetings, he was one of the organists and a leader in every way. I should say that he was the best speaker among us, for he had a good deal of the orator in him and was on fire with the love of God, and all the men knew that whatever he said, he meant from the bottom of his heart. There was never the least suspicion about his absolute sincerity.

"Another of his activities was the Bethany Sunday-school, which has for a long time been under the care of Yale students. I was not connected with it, so cannot speak of it so well as some others, but I occasionally took a class. Horace was superintendent for two years, and the school improved greatly during that time. In the first place, a thorough canvass was made of the neighborhood to secure some scholars, and as a result the number was about doubled. Then the discipline was considerably improved. Horace was a good disciplinarian, and I don't think small boys liked to have him look at them hard. In the classes the children were, of course, occasionally refractory, but when the superintendent was addressing the school, never.

"A work of which I had a more intimate knowledge was the Grand Avenue Mission. There for two years, nearly every Sunday night and sometimes during the week, we went. Sunday nights, there were Evangelistic services in charge of a classmate, Mr. A. F. Shaw, now a missionary in Brazil. Horace usually played the piano, and often spoke. In the after meetings, he was always trying to show some poor drunkard the Saviour. He and the rest of us were taken in more or less by the cheats who frequent such places, but what matter? I know that some of those men will thank God throughout eternity that Horace Pitkin showed them the way to life.

"But the matter in which he was most inter-

ested, and to which he gave the most time and thought outside the regular course of studies, was foreign missions. The Yale Volunteer Band was one of the most energetic organizations I have ever known, and Horace was its leading spirit. There were the regular weekly meetings for prayer and mission study. In these meetings, which were not large (there were twenty-one men in the band at first, and there must have been an average attendance of fifteen), there was an earnestness and devotion of spirit which I have never seen surpassed. The prayers for all lands were such as were certainly heard on high, and they have left a lasting impression on the minds of many. Mission study courses were not then in existence, but much genuine, systematic study was done, and our own zeal was kindled. We were also prepared to give an intelligent answer to them that asked a reason of the faith that was in us.

"A Bible training class was carried on conducted by two future secretaries of the Volunteer Movement—Keller and Eddy (not then a volunteer)—and myself. Of this also Horace was the guiding spirit. Special meetings for prayer were held daily at certain critical times when we poured out our souls for the heathen and for God's servants who would not hear and obey His commands. A number of volunteers, several of whom are now among the heathen, resulted from this.

"Meetings of the Young People's societies in and near New Haven, were addressed by members of the band. Horace originated and directed this work, and was always the best speaker. But I recall even more distinctly than these other meetings, the meetings of the executive committee of three. These meetings were nearly always held in our room, and although I was not a

member, they gave me the privilege of sitting on the committee, which privilege I frequently exercised. I can see Billy Leverett and Billy Beard, sitting on the window seat, while Horace and I were contented with chairs. There we worked out plans for band meetings and appointed leaders, and made plans for the Bible Class and arrangements for Young People's meetings and talked over and prayed over men who were likely to volunteer, and volunteers who were getting cold. There humor and pathos and love and zeal all shone out as nowhere else.

"And I must not forget Northfield. How we planned and worked for those Northfield meetings! And when we were there the fun and the work! Everything from swimming in the river and tennis and baseball and Fourth of July celebrations, and a water fight with two young freshmen who dared to disregard our seniority, to the glorious meetings in the Hall or on Round Top, and the little meetings for prayer in private rooms or in the woods, and the personal work for volunteers—all came to him naturally and joyfully.

"But back of these somewhat vague reminiscences stands out a man whom I cannot draw—straight, strong, with a clear eye and sensitive mouth, whether in fun or in earnest, always doing with his might what he had found to do. Perhaps that was his most striking characteristic. He was no faultless saint. I have known more gentle, more lovable men, greater scholars, deeper thinkers, but never have I known any one with such power of translating faith into action. With him to believe, was to do. The half belief and quarter action which one sees and feels daily were impossible for him. I do not think he saw the way with as grand a vision as some men, but none followed it more closely. There

was a lack of shading in his character, especially in his college days. We kept up a more or less regular correspondence throughout his life, but from 1895, when I sailed for China, I did not see him again, until 1899, when I spent two weeks with him and his wife and little son—one of the finest boys that ever was and much what his father must have been at his age. The shading was beginning to appear. None of the strength was gone, but there was a delicacy there which had not always been his. If a man lives in accordance with his faith, it is only a question of time when God will mold him into perfect likeness with Himself.

"Then came that awful summer of 1900 and 'he departed to be with Christ, which is far better,' not the least among the many heroes who laid down their lives for Christ and for China."

These Northfield Conferences which have been referred to, exerted a great influence on Pitkin's life. He went as a freshman to the State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations and in the vacation at the end of the freshman year, he went with the Yale delegation to Northfield to attend the Students' Conference held there at Mr. Moody's invitation, to which from all the colleges in the Eastern States, five hundred of the best men came up for the study of the Bible, for athletic sports and for an honest consideration of their duty to live for others and to serve the world.

Almost every summer, thereafter, Pitkin attended these Conferences. It was at the first

one he attended that his missionary purpose took final shape, and expressed itself in his acceptance of the declaration of the Student Volunteer Movement, which at that time read: "I am willing and desirous, God permitting, to be a foreign missionary." How he came to take this step, he explained later in an article which he wrote for the *Student Volunteer* of February, 1896:

"On Round Top, at the Northfield Summer School of 1889, I signed the declaration. For two years a vague idea had possessed me that I might possibly become a missionary. I had learned much of the Volunteer Movement during the Conference, but had not understood the 'card' until that evening when, after hearing a careful explanation, I made the decision. Why did I make it? Simply because I could not see why I shouldn't. The question came, not 'Why purpose to go?' but 'Why not purpose to go?' The presumption is in favor of foreign missions. As I saw nothing that stood in the way of my accepting the challenge, I did accept it, believing that God had used my reasoning powers to that end.

"I had just finished my freshman year at Yale. Of course at that time, I had no conception of the great advantages of an early decision which confront the student of to-day. My decision meant to me that I had taken the stand and would go *if sent*, not that I intended to move forward, to equip myself spiritually and intel-

lectually, and to go unless the way should be finally blocked. Multiplying my life by aiding others to find the Lord's Will in conclusive thinking, never entered into my head. Of course, objections were to be expected from the family, yet I was not sure but that an early, open decision, and a life consonant with it, could be used mightily in battering down this obstacle. (I am sure of it now.) So I allowed the months to pass by before giving a hint at home. The state of the Board's finances did not then demand the early decision that it does now. Moreover, my ideas of mission work were very vague and, which was worse, no organization, such as now exists, stood ready with pamphlets, books and study classes to guide and fortify me, a new volunteer.

"But thanks be unto God, in spite of all this crudeness, He did use the decision so that, in my senior year, Yale had, instead of one volunteer and myself, a band of twenty-four; speaking had been started in Christian Endeavor Societies, and my own life, by prayer and reading, was more true to the purpose which the Father had implanted."

On returning to college in the autumn, he threw himself with characteristic earnestness into the work of interesting other men in the missionary duty. He became at once active in the work of the "Volunteer Band" of which Mr. Huntington has spoken and which was a little company of men loyally devoted to the pur-

pose of the evangelization of the world. One of Pitkin's classmates, N. C. Whittemore, now a Presbyterian missionary in Syen-Chun, Korea, writes with happy memory of the work of this Band:

"One of the strongest ways, if not the strongest way, in which he impressed me during the eight years I knew him in America, was by his spirit of prayer. Some of the pleasantest recollections I have of college are connected with the Band meetings in the semicircular room in Dwight Hall, especially when we met together for prayer. Of these meetings, even in our sophomore year, Pitkin was the heart and soul. There we learned to pray for the work and for one another as we went out to speak in the churches in a way that most of us had never done before.

"Before our Sophomore year (1889-1890) the Volunteer Movement had had practically no existence in New Haven, but from the date of Pitkin's volunteering, it took on new life and although I think not the Band's first leader, he was always the leading spirit in its meetings and work. His energy and enthusiasm caught at Northfield were always an incentive to those of us less on fire for the work, and led us to take up the study of missions and the work of arousing the interest in the churches, much earlier than we otherwise would have done. He was naturally an organizer, and fine executive, which qualities, together with his energy and enthusiasm, made him a splendid leader, and under his lead the Band did a very good work amongst the churches of the vicinity. On these errands, we always went out strong in the strength of the Lord, for if near at hand, we went out direct from prayer-

meeting, or if at a distance, we knew the Band at New Haven was praying for us about the hour of our meeting.

"I was with Pitkin too, in New York at Union, but only for two years, as he stayed out a year to travel in the interest of the Volunteer Movement. There too, his indomitable energy and enthusiasm made itself felt at once, and he became a power in the missionary life of the seminary.

"During our last two years in college, a number of classmates were in the habit of gathering around the old open fire in Tibbit's and my room in the old Brick Row, of a Sunday evening, and on those occasions, I remember he was always especially welcome, for with all his serious earnestness for the work, he was a bright, genial companion, full of life and fun."

Another Yale man, who went out as a missionary to India, and who was in the Yale Divinity School during the latter part of Pitkin's college course, writes:

"My first acquaintance with Pitkin was at the time that the Student Volunteer Band was formed at Yale in 1889. We soon found that he was one of the most earnest and enthusiastic of our number. I remember especially the boyish simplicity and directness of his prayers. Those little mission band meetings in the 'Semicircular Room' at Dwight Hall are among the brightest memories of my life at Yale. Later, when I was in the Divinity School, the mission bands had union meetings, and Pitkin entered into them with the same hearty earnestness and zeal which characterized him elsewhere. It was there that he first became acquainted with G. H. Ewing, with whom he was afterwards associated, at Paoting-

fu. I believe that his joyous, consecrated life quickened the missionary spirit of the theological students. His religion was of the robust, hearty, healthy, joyous and natural kind; the variety which has the most influence on young men. I believe that all of us who knew Pitkin are better men for it, and the news of his martyrdom in China has increased our devotion to the cause to which he gave his life so that 'he being dead, yet speaketh.'"

Among those who felt the influence of Pitkin in the Band, was one now a Presbyterian missionary in Hwai Yuen, China, the Rev. E. C. Lobenstine, who writes:

"As I had made up my mind long before I entered college to be a missionary, I naturally on hearing that there was such a thing as the S. V. M. in existence, and that the volunteers were meeting weekly in Dwight Hall, sought them out, and my first recollections of Horace are as leader of that Band. There were fifteen or twenty, most of them seniors, and Horace was the centre and soul of the group. His deep earnestness and whole souled devotion to the great cause to which he had given his life, impressed me powerfully. I had never before met a young man whose consecration to the work of the Master was so entire. He did not work for Christ and the heathen from any sense of duty, but because he loved to. Whatever the struggle through which he passed, when he made his decision to be a missionary, and it was not an easy one, he had passed out of it into that fullness of joy that comes from knowing that one is doing God's will.

"It all came as a revelation to me of what col-

lege Christianity could be, and from my first acquaintance with Horace, I was attracted to him. Something of the unbounded admiration and reverence that the average freshman has for the captain of the 'Varsity football team in the fall of freshman year, I had for him; something of the same pride at having him walk across the Campus with me, or invite me to his room. I used to watch his life with careful scrutiny, and one little incident from those days has always stuck in my memory. It was then the custom for lady visitors who wished to attend our College Chapel, to sit in the back gallery. Whenever any of these were present, the seniors, on rising to sing the opening chant, would turn around in their seats and stand with their backs to the pulpit. From my position in the gallery I could see Horace, and I noticed that he did not turn around with the rest, but joined with the choir in the morning song of praise. He sang as though his whole soul was in his voice, and as if therewith he was really praising God. The attitude was characteristic of his entire life. He put his whole heart into his work, and God always seemed very real to him. He lived in the consciousness of the Divine Nearness. It was this that gave the tone to his life. It kept him ever hopeful amid discouragements, and never allowed the flame of his enthusiasm to grow dim. During his college life, it made him untiring in his zeal for awakening among his fellow-students a sense of their responsibility to carry the blessings they had received to the heathen world; and it sent him forth as one of the pioneers in trying to bring a similiar message to the young people of the churches. He early caught the vision of the latent power for missions there was in the great Christian Endeavor movement, and he spared no effort, both among volunteers and among the lead-

ers of the Y. P. S. C. E., in bringing the two organizations in closer touch. The past few years have most amply proved the wisdom and value of the work he thus inaugurated, and many a person now looks back to him or to some other volunteer delegate, as the one from whom he first caught the Christ-view of the world."

Even while in college, as has been suggested, just as more widely later in the seminary, he was active in extending missionary interest among the young people in the churches of the four counties about New Haven. He was also one of the organizers of the Boys' Club, in New Haven, which, during his freshman year, reached a membership of one hundred, and has been handed down since to the charge of each freshman class.

In February, 1891, he went to the first Student Volunteer Convention in Cleveland, and was one of the assistant secretaries of the Convention. There were eleven delegates from Yale University, two of them from the Divinity School. Of these eleven, five went to China, one to India, one to Korea and one to Brazil.

Another classmate, the Rev. H. W. Luce, and a fellow-missionary in China, though in another province, and in connection with another church, writes of Horace's college life :

"Immediately on entering college, he identified himself with its religious interests. Not a few men made shipwreck of their college Christian life, or at least made it null and void of power, during

those four precious college years, just because they waited to see how things 'went' religiously in college, not realizing that the position one takes the first few weeks will, in the majority of cases, determine the religious trend of one's whole college life. Not so Pitkin. He was governed always by the inward principle and life, and he must at once take his stand regardless of any outward condition. Through all his course from first to last, his fellow-students knew where he stood, and all knew that for every Christian service he could be counted on.

In later years he often spoke of the vagueness of his early ideas regarding missions and of their requirements. At first he thought a man need only go for a limited time, and this mainly as a fine preparation for becoming a useful mission pastor at home. Later, when he began to realize the need of the heathen world, he saw it demanded all of a man's life. But it was this very memory that later made him unwearyingly strive to let others know what the claims and demands of the heathen lands were on the lives of the followers of Jesus.

"There was a period at Yale when the religious meetings about which the religious life centered (and possibly it was true also of the religious life itself), were at a low ebb. But for several years previous to Pitkin's entrance there had been a gradual change until at the time of the entrance of his class it became so honorable and influential a thing to be officially connected with the religious organization of the college, that political methods for the first time entered into the election of the class religious representatives, though this was brought about by men who were never seen at the religious meetings after the elections. Notwithstanding that such a change had taken place, there was little interest

in missions, and as little knowledge of them. It was Pitkin's hope and prayer that this too might be changed. He began by speaking to those whom he knew best about his hopes and his plans. He tried in every way to get men to go to Northfield; daily he prayed for the men for whom his heart longed, pleading that they might be led to give their lives to God's service in the dark places of the earth. Gradually, some men yielded, other volunteers came in from other colleges and schools. This encouraged him. Volunteer meetings were started. Missions were studied by this little group of men. Frequently, others added themselves to the group, until, at the time of Pitkin's graduation, there were, I think, twenty-four volunteers in Yale. But the work went on and the graduating volunteers continued to pray with those still in college, that even a greater and broader interest in missions might be taken by the college which they loved so much. Gradually, through much prayer, missionary meetings were started in the various classes. Yale volunteers returned to address the students and to talk with them personally about the claims of the missions. Finally, the large Sunday evening university meeting was thrown open to such a meeting. Missions came to be supported with some liberality, and it might be said that Yale could be counted among the Missionary Colleges. This spirit has continued, and she has sent forth from her midst the 'Yale Band'; a group of young Yale students who were remarkably blessed in some of our large cities in arousing a strong and intelligent interest in Young People's Societies, planting dozens of missionary libraries, and suggesting many helpful methods of work. Of course many have been at work bringing about this result, but the initial impulse and the beginnings of the work may be traced to the decision

and conviction of Horace Pitkin in the first year of his college course.

"While in college, it often happened—perhaps as often as once a week—that we could see him going across the campus just as evening came on; and those who were best acquainted with him knew that he was going out to 'speak on missions.' He firmly believed (and his whole life was but an expression of his belief) that men must *give* as well as *go;* and so, whenever opportunity offered, he was found speaking, before churches, Sabbath-schools and Young People's Societies. It is believed that in this quiet way during his college course, he was able to turn some four or five thousand dollars into the treasuries of the Mission Boards; a fine record for any college man; a remarkable one when we consider that the development of student work for missions had hardly begun."

In a somewhat similar vein, another classmate, now at work in India, Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy writes, speaking also of Pitkin's passion for music:

"Even in freshman year, I remember him as one of the most earnest men in the class. In his secret life, in his daily walk with God, in devotional Bible study, he was perhaps the most consecrated man in the class. It was he, among the two thousand then in the university, who was first ready to hear God's call to the foreign field. The rest of us, I think, were not within calling distance. Each had his own ambitions and plans. He was the first to be ambitious for God and for His Kingdom. And, having yielded his own life, he became a tireless worker where he was. He did not postpone his life, but lived then. Before

ever setting foot in China, he had raised up a band of a dozen of the strongest men in Yale (many of them followed him to China); he had aroused missionary interest in Christian Endeavor Societies throughout Connecticut; had raised $5,000 for the Board and had planted the missionary interest so deeply in the religious life and organization of Yale that it has never died out, but even now, after ten years, is deepening, with the promise of yet greater things. When we came to college there was no missionary interest, no volunteers, no missionary meetings and no money given for missions. With Pitkin, the present missionary interest in Yale began. His interest may be farther reaching than that of any man in a decade or more at Yale, for his works have been made manifest that they were wrought in God. Directly or indirectly, we may trace to the influence of his life, or to the movement which he began, the present and what we believe will be the permanent influence of Yale in missions.

"In his sophomore year at college, his father died. It was a real and deep sorrow in his life and made him feel much alone. He was thrown more than ever on God, and he was drawn into yet closer communion and more complete surrender. During these days, his deep, sensitive nature seemed to express itself and to find relief in his piano. Not in set pieces but in the greater freedom of improvising he poured out all the sorrow and loneliness and longing of his heart."

Of his general standing in college Mr. Bronson writes:

"He excelled in all, for it was all part of his religion. As a student he was good, missing Φ, B, K,

stand by but a small margin. He wrote frequently for the college periodicals, and was an editor of *The Yale Courant.* In athletics, as a tennis player he excelled, and took an active interest in football and rowing. Doubtless had he been somewhat more mature physically in the early part of his course, he would have taken a prominent place in both of those sports. He was physically strong and well developed, increasingly so even after leaving college. Like Paul he kept himself in training. His musical ability was a great joy to himself and to his friends. His room always contained a piano, and many a jolly song and good time did his friends have there. During part of his course he was a member of the University Glee Club. In addition to these other manly traits, a happy buoyant spirit, a sunny face and joyous disposition were always characteristic of him. So proverbial was his success in overcoming difficulties that a phrase containing a very bad pun on his name, but many times found to be true, became current among his friends early in his course: 'If anybody kin, Pit-kin.' (He was usually called Pit by his classmates.)"

In his freshman year Pitkin began to contribute to *The Yale Courant.* His first article appeared in December, 1888, and was entitled, "An Episode in High Life." Oddly enough it is a story about the Chinese Emperor, and deals humorously with his power over the lives of his people. "'Off with his head,' roared the Emperor." The case laid before the Emperor by his "Chancellor" shows that Pitkin had already become familiar with some idiosyncrasies of the Chinese mind:

"Two merchants, having attended a fair in Hangchow, while returning home, found themselves in a region known to be infested by cutthroats. They finally arrived at an inn, but were refused admission, as men known to be robbers had called for them a little while before; and the proprietor said he was unable to drive them off if they should scent the travellers.

"However, he advised them to hasten to the mandarin, who lived a small distance beyond.

"They were kindly received by this mandarin, by name Loh. Preparation for resisting an attack was made by fixing the gate, so that only one person from outside could come in at a time.

"At midnight a band of men appeared and demanded admission. It was given. But as a rush was made to get in, one man succeeding at a time was killed; and when three or four lay dead then was the gate shut.

"The robbers waited some time; but finally knocked and asked where their comrades were. For answer the head of one was thrown over the wall.

"The robbers seizing this, hastened to the Justice in Hangchow, and accused Loh of attacking them. But then Loh himself appeared and told the true state of affairs.

"However, the Justice ordered both parties to be confined until he could learn the exact state of the case. This the robbers objected to, and asked permission to return to get the bodies of their comrades, or else they might be stolen.

"This seemed only just to the Justice, and although Loh begged him not to grant it, saying all his household would be murdered, he gave them their liberty.

"The next day when Loh returned home, since the Justice had found he had been misled,

he found his whole family ruthlessly murdered, —not a soul escaping.

"'And now,' ended Wee, 'what shall be done to this recreant Justice?'

"The Emperor thought and thought, knitted his brows and unravelled them again, and finally said: 'After due consideration, I think—I think —he—ought—to—be—beheaded!' ending with such a jerk and ferocious expression, that Wee could hardly persuade himself to remain long enough to reply, 'Thus shall it be.'

"Then the Emperor smiled, and looking at his pipe smiled still more, till his spirits rose to the magnitude of his smile, and he began to hum,— an unprecedented catastrophe,—'beheaded!—be-headed! and so——' But here he stopped, for he realized that the Emperor of China should have nothing to do with the 'Mikado.'

"Then, laboring under the delusion that he had made a 'merry jest,' he renewed the smiling process, until falling back among the pillows, he soon was lost in slumbers!"

During his junior and senior years Pitkin was on the editorial board of *The Courant*, and he contributed in all eleven stories, a descriptive sketch of "A Sunset near the Matterhorn," and a bit of verse:

"Why call that banjo 'piccolo'
That to the upper scale doth go,
Methinks 'tis wrong to call it so;"
Says she!

"When wrong was right, and all awry
They named it,—though it were a lie,—
A 'piccolo for 'pick-a-high;'"
Says he.

Two of the stories relate to old negroes who

had been in slavery. They are evidently reminiscent of that contact with the South and its life which he gained through his father's southern experiences, doubtless related to Horace as a boy. There is a touch of pathetic interest in both of these stories. A chief of police from Ceylon, the Glencoe massacre and bull-fights in Spain figure in two other stories. But, characteristically, most of his stories deal with some mechanical contrivance. One tells of a professor's photographing a class without its knowledge, while he had his back turned, catching in the picture a member of the class purloining a copy of the coming examination paper, which he had seen in the professor's desk. Another deals with a proposition to recite by a phonograph concealed on the person. "A Legend of Zululand" tells a tale of the origin of the boomerang. Three are western stories, two of them railroad tales. One brings in an ingenious contrivance for stealing money out of a ticket office money drawer. And the other kills off the villains by means of a pile driver, to the handle of which the hero had been tied with the purpose of having him run over by a railroad train crossing a new bridge he had just built. "E Pluribus Unum" tells of a wife who secured the acquittal of a husband accused of a murder which he had not committed, the dead man having been killed by a live wire which had struck him on the forehead, but in a way which no one could account for or would believe possible until the ingenious

wife discovered the secret. They are pleasant, wholesome stories, revealing clearly the mechanical genius, healthy uprightness of mind, bright wit, and kindly, cheerful hopefulness of their writer. It is not hard to feel in them his cleanness of principle, and his robust independence and integrity of life.

Pitkin did not regard himself as one of the popular men. How he felt is indicated in a letter from China in 1898, to Mr. Bronson, who had written to him for a letter for the Sexennial Reunion of the class:

"As for the reunion letter, I have written none, because I have not been able to be assured that missionary letters have a place in such a gathering. It would be a different thing had I been popular in the class; then would a letter be of interest to all. And whatever of mission interest there might be in the letter would be received in a good spirit for the sake of the man. Trummy could write such a letter. For me to write one, would seem to be dragging mission things in by the hair of the head. So I have not written."

In this judgment, he did not do himself justice. "It was exceedingly impressive to me to see at our decennial dinner," writes one of his friends of the class dinner in 1902, "the evident love and reverence the men bore towards Pitkin. One of the speakers said that we ought never to meet as a class without paying tribute to the memory of Horace Tracy Pitkin."

Probably the tragedy of his death had something to do with this mellow and reverent tenderness of feeling. During his college course, he was altogether too positive and pronounced a character to purchase popularity by the least abatement of principle or conviction. What his position was and how his character affected his relation to men and also much about his habits and ways is set forth in the recollections of Mr. Luce:

"From the very first entrance into college, he took a firm moral and Christian stand. He never drifted nor followed the crowd as many did, because it was the easiest or most popular thing to do. Conscience was law to him; he was ruled by principles within rather than by outside forces. This was one of the reasons, perhaps the main reason, why he was not widely popular. He and the world were separate and compromise of any form was a thing not to be thought of. This spirit revealed itself in many ways. For instance, it was the custom of an outgoing Board of Editors of the college papers to give a banquet to the incoming Board of Editors. At these and various other banquets, wine was used. Not a few earnest men felt that it was sufficient to go, and manifest their position by having their glasses turned down and thus unfilled; but Pitkin could not look on it in this light and so stayed away altogether. It cost him much to do this as he was able to enter into the other fun, the speeches and the songs, with peculiar zest. But with him, the cost of a thing was never considered in determining what was right and wrong. But even if men did not always agree with him, they always respected

and honored him for the earnestness of his convictions and the courage he had to stand by them. He was popular with the few who knew him best, who saw his eagerness to help men, his desire to minister and not to be ministered unto; and who could see that the brusqueness which was sometimes manifest, was only the striving to keep under control his extreme sensitiveness. In addition there was something of loneliness in his nature; that loneliness which causes every man, even the most frank and open natures, to lead a more or less solitary life—but it was much emphasized in Pitkin. We felt it most when at evening time we gathered for a few moments in his room before work began and he would sit down to play at the piano, not from notes, but as his spirit led him. Often at such a time, Pitkin seemed to be far away, alone in another world, feeling things and thinking things which he would have been unable to share with another. We always felt that it had grown out of his sorrows connected with the death of his parents and sister, though he never said so and no one would have thought of asking him, or in any way trying to penetrate this reserve place in his nature. If he failed in being popular, it was because of these things—the sternness of his convictions, the hypersensitiveness which was always his greatest cross, and the reserve in his nature which was not shared by even his nearest friends. I doubt if any one but Jesus ever penetrated this solitary place."

Mr. Trumbull, who has been already quoted, writes:

"I shall never forget one night at Northfield when we were together, and he pleaded with me to enter the foreign missionary field to which he

had then pledged himself. The way was not at all clear for me then to pledge myself to the Student Volunteer Movement, and it was soon after that the indications began to point towards my coming into this work in *The Sunday-School Times*, in which I have been now for ten years.

"But it was not easy for Pitkin to brook the suggestion that any man as free as I was then from a definite call elsewhere, should not consecrate himself to the foreign missionary service. I did not like then the intensity with which he brushed aside any reasons that I gave for not pledging myself to that service. But I realize now, as I look back on his life and character and work and death, that it was that very willingness to see but one side of the cause for which he was willing to live and to die, that must have been his source of power. With what fervent earnestness must that young soldier of Christ have pleaded the Gospel to those who needed it in China! The foreign field needs men as intense as Pitkin, and I thank God now that I knew him, and had the privilege of working with him."

Another classmate writes:

"In fact one of the chief features of my remembrance of our class prayer-meetings is of Horace on the front row, often sitting by himself, then standing to deliver his testimony in his own earnest way. Such an one among young men opens himself to criticism. Perhaps it was because of the very earnestness and strong decision of his purpose. Doubtless, too, he felt that in a world of open sin, compromise with evil, half-hearted Christian service, there was need of being out and out in one's influence and profession."

Mr. Eddy writes:

"He was not popular with the men outside of the religious circle at Yale, for there was no man in the college who took such a decided stand against the worldliness which then pervaded college life, as did Pitkin. On the question of dancing, cards, the theatre and similar amusements, he took a stronger stand than any man in college. In the matter of separation from the world, in which American Christian college men are so far behind the Christian men in the British Colleges, he received his teaching directly from God, and, independent of the opinions of men, he stood, if need be, quite alone."

Still another classmate, the Rev. O. H. Bronson, writes:

"Perhaps he cared too little for a certain kind of popularity. I know he was liked. As the secretary of our class told me to-day, 'Everybody liked him.' And everybody who knew him loved him. Many of the strongest and finest men in the class were among that number; and their number grew. They were his true friends."

Probably there is nothing contradictory in the varying views of Pitkin's character and his position in the class. To men of serious purpose and high mindedness, his life appeared attractive and strong. While doubtless with those of diverse tastes and standards of life, he was not what would be called popular, though he commanded their respect and commands it the more now as they look back upon his life and see that he was

completing the work and testimony of all the years in the brief time given to him here.

Other men recall the elements which won for Pitkin the abiding respect and affection of many. Thus one says:

"I remember Pitkin well, having been a member of the same eating-club for a large part of the college course. I remember him as singularly direct, cheerful, manly, courageous and positive. He took for his ambition the ambition of St. Paul, to be pleasing to his Heavenly Father. Horace was blessed alike in his perfectly clear and definite conceptions of duty, and in the unflinching courage with which he lived up to them. Exacting as his ideas of duty were, I never discovered that they engendered the least trace of sombreness or gloom. He scarcely felt the 'weary weight of this unintelligible world'; and I think it was because of the childlike simplicity that made him perfectly contented and happy in the twofold blessing invoked by Chrysostom: 'In this world, knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting.'

"Of Pitkin, if of anybody else in the class, it may be said that he was of the stuff of which heroes are made. I do not believe that anybody ever questioned the sincerity and purity of his life. Above all petty antipathies or differences of opinions, if we had any, I believe the whole class feels a deep reverence for one who lived and died as he did."

Another writes:

"Horace Pitkin, or 'Tracy,' roomed just across the hall from me in Lawrence, so that I often heard his voice in the same entry, and listened to

his playing the piano in his room, besides sharing the same fare at at least three boarding houses during different years of our course. He was a good scholar, a 'good fellow,' interested in various features of college life. But he was preeminently a religious man, not a recluse, not a bigot, not a wiseacre, but on the contrary a strong, cheery, healthy fellow, fond of fun, opposed to affectation. He had his gibes like others, poked his fun like others. He was pure of speech, pure of habit. Once reference was made to a classmate friend of his who was a Student Volunteer, but who had the habit of smoking. Horace expressed his regret at the habit by saying: 'But it's the influence upon his character.' Nobody could attend the religious meetings at Yale without being impressed with Horace Pitkin's presence. His place was always on the front seat and he made it his custom to let his voice be heard for the cause to which he devoted his life, with manly bearing and earnest words, addressing us as 'fellows.' His was a whole-hearted nature. His sincerity was shown once, when, speaking of the cause to which he gave his life, he said to me, 'I would die for it.' And how little I could comprehend then a Boxer uprising, and his name among those who gained a martyr's crown. And now as I look back I regard Horace Pitkin as one of the most devotedly consecrated and heroic Christians I have known."

Another of his classmates, the secretary of the class, declares:

"The one thing that remains in my memory most distinctly about him is his unfailing geniality and love of good fellowship. He was essentially

a sunny tempered man and very fond of sociability, and I am sure everybody in the class liked him."

Mr. Luce writes:

"There was a large social side to his nature, which was always manifest to those nearest to him, in whose presence he felt no restraint. How he enjoyed a spread in his room, with what merriment he would go to the piano and dash off a rollicking humorous song, of which he had a large number at instant command! Innocent larks of every kind and practical jokes were entered into with keen boyish interest. If there was sorrow in his heart, it was not so great as to overshadow the joy in his heart, nor his love of fun."

And one of the men in his class, who as a student at Andover had met him first in the old "Mansion House," writes to confirm this view of Pitkin and of other men's opinion of him:

"Please remember that Pitkin was not of a solemn aspect. No more cheery and hearty greetings did I ever receive from my fellows at Yale than when Pitkin met me on the walks with a bright smile and a 'Hello, Tuck, how are you?' If you were in Northfield in '89 when we dwelt at Hillside cottage, the abode for that year of the Yale delegation, you remember Pitkin in the general meetings, also at the mission rallies on Round Top, that is now not only hallowed as the resting-place of the mortal remains of our beloved Mr. Moody, but also as the spot from which Pitkin learned to look not only across the Connecticut flowing a few rods away to the beautiful hills

beyond, but far, far away to the lands to which he gave himself, and from which he looked across the great river to the eternal hills of God whose welcome he has received.

"At Northfield Pitkin was the life of the meetings, and he could be the life of the students' frolics—when at ten or eleven o'clock ghost-like figures and pillows went flying through the corridor of our sleeping abode.

"I thank God for the precious memories of Northfield, a great chapter in my life. One special act of personal kindness I must recall. Like many a lad at Yale, I had to work my way. One day my attention was called to an advertisement in the *Outlook—Christian Union* then—Pitkin had been quietly asking the world to supply me with tutoring for the summer and was paying the bill. Life is richer for having known him."

The summers of his college course were spent as the summers of earlier years had been, at New Hartford. They were wholesome, hearty vacations in surroundings full of the best influences; the old atmosphere of the famous county and some of the strength of its "age of homespun" as Bushnell expressed it, bathing and interpenetrating him. "I am working very leisurely in the study line," he writes in one vacation, "but hard at exercise." In the vacation of the junior year he writes in one note:

"Thanks for all the information, and now I want all the names and addresses of the fellows who signed at Northfield. Find out as soon as possible from catalogue, etc., and let me know so as to start a 'round robin.' I am off for

Canada on a 'Fresh Air' thing and expect a circus."

The "Fresh Air thing" was an expedition to Canada with a company of poor children from New York City, sent for an outing to the country. He was anxious to learn who of the Yale delegation had volunteered at Northfield, that is, had signed the declaration of the Student Volunteer Movement, expressing the purpose to become a foreign missionary, so that he might follow the men up. What Northfield had been to him, it was to others also—the place where life came to itself and set hard in the will to serve. The spot where this purpose crystallized and found expression became to him, as it is to many students, the dearest spot in the world. To the end, the memory of it never faded as he saw it that evening when he finally made his decision and gave open expression to it: the clump of pine trees on the side of the hill and the little birches on the top; the sun setting red and glorious on the Berkshires; the Connecticut stretching like a sinuous, silver cord up the valley; the lengthening shadows across the new mown fields; the scent of the clover and the green grass and the four hundred men lying on the hillside and thinking of the meaning and use of life, and of the light falling softly on the purpose of it, from the example of Him who nineteen centuries ago lay on the hills of Galilee; who was among men as one who serves, and who came not to do His own will but the will of His Father who had sent

him. Horace Pitkin had grown from his infancy to love principle and abide by right and the Northfield influence of reality and openness and whole-heartedness and unselfishness fed all the original purpose of his life, and nourished him into maturity of religious character, and the will to do at once a man's positive work in the world.

As he left college, the qualities which he possessed were those of a definite and positive personality. "His energy was exhaustless," writes one, "and his earnestness in his chosen line of work, remarkable."

Another speaks of his thoughtfulness and considerate kindliness. "I recall," says Mr. W. L. Thacher, "the cheerful and thoroughly devoted way that he lived. His friendly unreserved greetings made him noticeable. His common sense and persistence and foresight impressed me. Few men have made as much impression upon my life as he did."

And above all he had learned the meaning and the power of prayer.

III

AT UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Soul rule thyself. On passion, deed, desire lay thou the laws
of thy deliberate will
Stand at thy chosen post, faith's sentinel. Learn to endure.
Thine the reward of those who make living light their lord.
Clothed in celestial light, these walk secure,
Masters, not slaves. —*Symonds.*

In one of his letters of the summer of 1892, Pitkin reminds a friend of "our mottoes, old man," referring to two Bible verses he had chosen for the members of the Yale Volunteer Band: 1 Thess. 5 : 25, "Brethren, pray for us," and 2 Cor. 5: 14, "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died." In the spirit of these "mottoes" he entered Union Theological Seminary, New York City, in the fall of the year.

He laid himself out at once to deepen the missionary spirit in the seminary, with such success that Eddy and Luce, classmates of his at Yale and in the Seminary, both became "Volunteers" and what he called a "mission revival" in a letter to Mr. Bronson, developed. Mr. Bronson was at the time teaching in the Thacher School in California. This explains some of the allusions in the letter:

"I suppose that you have heard from Norman or some one of our doings in these diggings, and so I shall tell you but little.

"First of all, much obliged for the letter which told me of the chance of Norman's being overcome by the last one of yours, as it enabled me to cheer him up a little with 'cheer up, old man, the worst is yet to come,' and that brightened him up considerably. I suppose you are having a grand loaf, superintending exams. and such chores, with a day off to ride your pony—or mule, rather . . . pardon me! But I tell you there is no rest for the weary here as yet awhile, for I am way behind in my work at the present time and have no time to be fooling in writing to you, but I am putting it down as mission work. However, the work this term is not a circumstance to the work last term, for the Hebrew is getting a good deal easier and the other work is mostly in getting hold of lectures and 'sich.' But then you must count in also the mission speeches to be made, yet, since the increase of available force in that line, I have been enabled to put the responsibility off on Luce and Eddy, and so have not made more than fifteen or twenty speeches this year.

"But have you heard of our mission revival of this term? It was truly a work of God, and to Him be all the praise and glory! It was simply the fact of a volunteer's dying in our class that brought the fellows together and broke the ice. Of course, his connection with the movement brought the same very prominently before the eyes of the men and the question turned very pertinently on a personal consecration of self to the work. The evening after his death, we held a class prayer-meeting, which was led by Eddy, who had just signed. Of course, he led it in the direction of missions and one and another got up

and stated their personal reasons for and against. This broke the ice and every man in the class was approached and talked to as the Master led us, and we had daily prayer-meetings in the room and had a list of men to pray for each day, and at the end of the week we had scratched off four and they were with us praying for the rest. The movement did not stop there, for the upper classes have felt the stir, and two of the most prominent men in the class are thinking very earnestly about the subject. Besides this, we have had a Foreign Missionary Day, which was given up to papers and addresses on all sorts of subjects, and this created more thought, but now preëminently, the question is not talking to men, but praying for men, and so I write this letter as a missionary letter, to get your prayers on the other side of the continent, and just as at New Haven, though separated, we can try to pray together at the same time. We meet right after lunch at half-past one each day! (1 Thess. 5:25).

"If you come to the seminary next year, you will have at least four volunteers to start in with, and God only knows what grand things may be accomplished by taking things in time and not waiting as we did.

"May the Master be very near you is my prayer. . . . Be very strong, study very earnestly missions now that you have a chance and be a wondrous man in prayer, for this is the kind of a man the seminary wants and the world needs, and the Volunteer Movement too, and the Master will wonderfully bless your efforts in His cause. This is from my heart!"

Mr. Luce and Mr. Eddy certify to the leadership of Pitkin in this revival, and to the intense character of his seminary life. Mr. Luce writes in

the third person as follows of the seminary course:

"The years in the seminary were happy ones. Pitkin, Eddy and Luce were next door neighbors, that is, they had rooms in the seminary closely adjoining. When Luce was in college preparing to enter the law, he always felt that Pitkin was praying that he be led into missionary work. The latter part of senior year, Luce decided to enter the ministry, and the following vacation wrote to Eddy, urging that he join him in going up to the Union Seminary in the fall. Eddy had just left the Y. M. C. A. work and was uncertain what his future course would be. The fall found these three friends and college classmates at Union. There was Pitkin, with his constant purpose and his quiet, steady influence for missions, and to the two others, it seemed as if the time for a frank and careful consideration of the claims of missions on their lives had come. Pitkin was applied to for 'missionary facts and figures that one could absolutely rely on.' Daily, after dinner, the matter was discussed in all its bearings, but it was not in the discussions nor through the facts that light came, but in the quiet of the prayer time where the convictions were born that led to action. In all this, the influence of Pitkin's example had its work, but we always felt his prayers had a greater part. We shall never know the part that his prayers played in all this, nor the greatness of his joy when these two old friends were led to purpose, if God permit, to go to the foreign field. From that day forth, the prayer of the three men was like that of one man. Once each day, and often several times a day, we met to pray over the things pertaining to our 'great purpose' as Neesima would have called it. Other volunteers united, and together,

two by two, we would go out to the various churches in New York City and the surrounding towns to speak on missions."

Mr. Eddy writes:

"In Union Seminary, his influence was always stronger for missions than any man in the seminary. He was busy day and night planning for meetings in the seminary, itself, or the churches in the city. During this time, I was not clear in my own purpose to go to the foreign field. I was interested in missions. I hoped to go, and I thought probably I would do so, some day. But while uncertain myself, I saw I was neither influencing other men to go nor working in the churches to arouse interest and solicit funds. But there was Pitkin working night and day, a strong and positive influence for missions among the men in the seminary, and pressing the claims of the heathen before the churches all over the city. It was this contrast between this wide usefulness which was the result of his definite purpose as a signed volunteer (ready to go and crowding every moment full of work till he did go) and my own inactivity and inefficiency from a missionary point of view, which forced me to seek the definite guidance of God. I saw it was not only a future question of some day going to the field, but a present question in that the preparation to fit myself for the work and the opportunities for service called then and there for men to 'understand what the will of the Lord is,' and to do it. God knew, then why should not I? Pitkin's life was to me the unanswerable proof that God could guide and an example of the possibilities of service open to any one who knew God's will. I remember the night I went up to Pitkin's room and told him I felt I must

know God's will for my life. After prayer together I went to my own room, and without excitement or very much emotion, I waited quietly and asked God to guide me surely and unmistakably. He did. The simple conviction came that it was His will to go. And from that moment no shadow of a doubt ever came.

"As it had been with Pitkin, it became a great power to string my life to one great purpose and a motive to intense activity to fulfill it. That week Luce and I decided or rather let God decide for us—and from that time we three planned and prayed for the cause that became dearer than life to all.

"I remember as we went down for exercise in the old gym. after grinding Hebrew and Greek all day, how the missionary purpose gave zeal even to our exercise and as we did our mile together or had a round or two of boxing, the thought often was 'We must put on muscle for China. We must train for something better than the football game. This will carry the Gospel many a mile.' How little we knew then that for dear old Horace, the strongest of the three, the race would be so short or the martyr crown so near. Short as was his life, I never knew him to waste a moment. A sentence in Mackay's life impressed him much—'I must be more terribly in earnest where I am, knowing that I must so soon go elsewhere.' And more fully, perhaps, than Mackay, before he sailed his own life fulfilled these words. He might have sung even had he never reached China: 'To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.'

"During his first year in Union, his work was chiefly amongst the churches. The second year, Mott asked the three of us to visit the colleges of New England and New York, going out each Saturday and Sunday."

While loyally at work winning lives, Pitkin was zealous in increasing the spirit of beneficence. He, himself, had fine principles as to giving and he consistently preached them. He had done this in college. Mr. Luce speaks of some instances of this during his college course:

"Pitkin was blessed with a goodly share of this world's goods, but he early learned the lesson of Christian stewardship and the blessedness of giving rather than receiving was often his. I imagine that few, if any, knew how much money he gave away, as it seemed to be his delight not to let his right hand know what his left hand did. Desiring that a certain student be drawn towards missionary work, he quietly arranges that the class shall add an extra delegate to the Northfield Students' Conference, while he will bear the expense. Another student needs help and an advertisement is inserted in the papers, unknown to the student, seeking a position for summer vacation work. The little son of the woman with whom he boards is in Buffalo and the mother longs to see him, but there is no money to make possible such a visit. The mother is proud and Pitkin knows that if one of her boarders were to give her the money, it would wound her. But a goodly check is made out, sent to a college classmate in Buffalo, and the boy comes home, helped by an unknown hand to enjoy a happy visit with his mother. Little did they think that the man who sat daily at their table, rejoicing in their joy, was the one who had made it all possible."

And Mr. David McConaughy for thirteen years a representative of the Young Men's Christian

Association in India, who had known Pitkin from his boyhood, testifies to another striking incident of his generosity and faithfulness:

"After entering Yale and coming under the influence of the Student Volunteer Movement, he caught the spirit of self-sacrifice and with two of his classmates assumed my support as a substitute in India. I thus became linked with him in a living partnership. The knowledge that he and his colleagues at home were denying themselves in various ways, so as to be able thus to keep their representative at the front, until they could go themselves, was a real inspiration to me."

What Pitkin's principles were, he set forth in a careful paper, which he read at the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance which met in Auburn, N. Y., in 1892, during his first year in the seminary. It seems worth while to quote this paper in full, both for the light it throws on Pitkin's character and opinion and also for its own sake as an appeal for sincere Christianity in the matter of our relation to our money:

"Systematic Giving."

As the time is so short I am unable to treat of this subject in all its phases, and therefore must needs confine myself to one central line of argument, leading to a method of giving which seems to me to be far superior to any other in bringing the giver closer in sympathy with and love to the Master, the first great Giver of all.

In this busy, bustling, business world of ours, we are so much engaged with the words, buy, sell and pay that when we come out on the broader plane of the significance of the word give, we seem introduced into a new world of thought, and we must stop in wonder to examine this interesting phenomenon of Christian giving, wholly apart as it is from natural philanthropy moved by pity or natural generosity.

Let us, therefore, consider the why, what, and how of the subject; that is,

I. The motive of the giver.
II. The gift of self.
III. The gift of possessions. (*a*) How much? (*b*) How?
IV. Some practical thoughts as to the collection of gifts given.

I. The motive of the giver.

We know well the word bargain, and how we treasure for its intrinsic worth that thing gained by the transaction, while the gift, if received in a true sense, is of a value measured only by the love towards us in the heart of the person giving. And not one whit differently, but with far more scrutiny, yet with how much the greater love, does our Lord and Master, Owner, yet sharer with us, of all things we hold as stewards—does He who is omniscient and omnipotent, look down into and pierce the hidden recesses of our hearts to find out—what? The quantity or mere price of our gift? No, no; but the motive,—the motive underlying it all; for "if" the readiness (or willing mind) is there, it is acceptable according as a man hath, not according as he hath not.

A glorious thought it is, brothers, that we can

go forth immediately to preach, first to ourselves, then to others, that the Christian dispensation includes in this phase of giving also the weak and the poor and many owners of the widow's mite; that a man may be poor in possessions, and yet rich in God's sight, for would a man desire greater wealth than God's love? Yet "God loveth a cheerful (willing) giver." God grant, then, that we may be ready to preach everywhere the crying need of a motive,—the best and the only,—and forthwith to present that alone matchless one, coming straight from the word of God.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us." "Give" has ever been the word in our Father's house, and so "He gave His only begotten Son;" and we come under the rule of grace by which "we love Him because He first loved us." So that it is because our hearts burn with the sacrifice on Calvary, not because our ears tingle with the command of Moses to give a tenth; because our desire is to offer thanksgiving and praise, not because the law demands this or that. For these reasons, then, our motive must be "the love of Christ," loving not that we may live, but living that we may love,—ay, loving even to giving up of life.

With this motive burning fiercely in our breasts, there is no chance of our giving because the next neighbor does, because our father did before us, or because we feel well, or feel ashamed not to; indeed, "God is not mocked." How mean and despicable these ways really seem, and yet for many years many people, Christians too, have so given and probably will so give, unless we do our duty in enforcing the highest of all motives, "Gift for gift, love for love."

Then our first gift should be,

II. The gift of self. 2 Corinthians 8: 5—"First they gave their own selves to the Lord."

Suppose men say a man is a Christian. Is he so nominally, or has he really, in the deepest, widest, longest sense, given himself to the Lord,—"bought with a price," yet accepted as a gift? Press this question home prayerfully to ourselves, and then to others; for surely in this we have the solution of the giving problem, since if the consecrating oil has touched ear, hand, and foot, it must be but a small step from gift of self to

III. The gift of possessions.

(*a*) How much?

"Not as little, but as much, as we can," must be our motto. Remember, we are following our motive,—"Love for Christ." If God gave this unspeakable gift, how are we to do else than give the largest amount of our possessions we possibly can to Him? I have seen it stated that though we may not be bound rigidly by the Jews' tenth, yet seeing they gave so much under the light they had, we should give much more in proportion to our greater light; that is, the more as Moses is replaced by the Lamb of God, the One whom they for so many years longed to see, but whom we have seen; the more as the veiled face of the glory that excelleth,—just so much the more should our thanksgiving and praise offering be.

On the one side we hear the subtle argument, "If a man is a Christian, he does not need to be preached to about giving." What a glorious cloak for selfishness! Unfortunately this world and ourselves are not ideal, and unless our walk with God is very close and His Spirit finds our consciences very susceptible to His slightest touch, we do need "first to be taught," as Peter puts it, and then stirred up "by way of remembrance."

On the other side, however, how often we hear from speakers of the crying need for money in home, foreign, and city mission work, forced as they are to put this forth, in all the vivid imagery at their command, as an argument to stir hard hearts of men and soften stiffened wills that may loosen purse strings, too many times hard-knotted about well filled pouches,—whose gold, by the way, does not belong to its seeming owners, but to a Somebody else; that is to say, putting forth as chief argument for any money at all for anything, that which should be put in second place as a guide to giving, not a motive,—confounding propulsion with steering to such an extent that men veer to all points of the compass with their money until disgusted with this catch-as-catch-can principle, they finally pocket it again.

When will we get back to first principles, and take unto ourselves the lesson of giving what we have which Peter teaches in "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have," and so stir up our friends to earnest giving in His name and for His sake, even though the needs of the field were never to reach their ears or affect their sympathies? We then have settled that just as much as we can possibly spare shall be devoted to God's work, because "the love of Christ constraineth us."

(*b*) How?

One caution: though we are saved by grace, our minds and hearts, so long averse, perchance, to giving in a truly Christian way, must not be expected forthwith to become obedient to this greatest of graces, but must be schooled until "to give" becomes truly the most joyous part of our worship. To this end must we work, and the scheme which I bring forward, if it seems to be the best for accomplishing this result, is the

scheme for us to adopt, however much of a struggle it may cost us to break away from any plan long practiced, but fraught with the danger of serving God by the go-as-you-please method. So may we sit at the feet of the Master, each one trying to gain a new light, a new purpose as to His own way of giving, that each one may be assured that if he but follow the Master's desire, as far as he is concerned, money shall not be lacking for His kingdom in time to come.

How many times have we scanned 1 Corinthians 15: 58 and 16: 2,—it may be superciliously, as something all well enough for the brethren of Corinth to observe, something needful to meet the exigencies of that time; but as for us at the present day, with our entire difference of business methods, though we may be "steadfast, unmovable," even "abounding in the work of the Lord,"—"What appeal," say we, "is this for us, 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him'?"

One man may take up the Bible and prove by proof texts that thus and thus is the correct method of giving; while another points out that with those two golden strands which run from Genesis to Revelation, representing Christ and missions respectively, there runs a third thread, outcropping here and there more or less distinctly, which brings to our eyes God's method for our "giving"; and though a distinct picture of the whole as a completed scheme is impossible, yet proof texts in this or that place may be cited as partial examples, although these texts in large measure must not be taken as direct law for all time. Such a passage is this one of Paul's. This command was not, like some special instructions as regarded customs given to particular churches in such tremendously trying and critical moments

as we can hardly understand, but it was the method of giving recommended to a body of Christians (the same method as that sent to Galatia) who, as far as this phase of their Christian life went, were in exactly the same position as our churches are now,—appealed to in behalf of the poor brethren in all parts of the world, whom now our mission boards can but meagrely help, for the treasuries are well-nigh empty,—not much meat in the Lord's house for Him to be proved by. So that it were indeed necessary, seeing circumstances fit over circumstances so neatly, that we should take this instruction as a law to ourselves and the Church we represent.

Men do this, but only partially, for they butcher the text, making it read, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store," forgetting all about the "as God hath prospered him," which by the way is the more important, as it is the re-echo of God's word, spoken by His holy men, ringing down the ages, and tersely summed up in "Freely ye have received, freely give."

As an aside, do we notice Paul adds: "That no collections be made when I come." Could not this be because he wants their whole attention given to learning something new from him, and themselves devoted to imparting it to others, instead of occupying their minds with how much they should begrudge him, even going to the length of compelling him to stop teaching on more important subjects to describe, and thus arouse their sympathies for, the suffering of the brethren in Jerusalem? And with what far keener zest and earnestness would men to-day go to listen to a story of mission work if they knew no collection was to be asked,—for this would be useless if each were laying by himself in store as God has prospered him,—and thus they would

rejoice in God's wonderful manifestations and even decide to lay by a thank offering for very joy at their participation in this work; but for the speaker—what heart-deep pleasure to speak to an audience of that caliber!

Shall we then make these verses a law unto ourselves?

Men practice three ways of giving:

1. Let us call it the "hand-in-pocket" way; that is, giving when and as we feel like it.

2. Systematic giving, literally,—if a cent in youth, a cent in manhood, a cent in old age, regularly, conscientiously, each week.

3. Systematic giving, broad sense; that is, Christian giving.

(*a*) Systematically, "Upon the first day . . . lay by."

(*b*) Proportionately, "As God hath prospered him."

(*c*) Administering this as a trust fund.

It should not require a very far-seeing mind to discover the fallacy of the first way. At each Sunday service or at some urgent appeal we put our hands into our pockets, pull out and select a coin with hardly a thought or prayer, except perhaps a hidden sorrow that it is not as small as we would wish it; for we are not administering our money as a trust fund now, but we allow our selfish natures to have full sweep. You say, "But giving in an impromptu fashion is more of an instinctive thank offering." Is it? Does God consider a gift given with very little thought—except for the moment only—as full of praise to Him as part of a portion of money dedicated to Him with earnest prayer every time our books are balanced and we put aside our proportionate sum for His fund? I think not. So the first way does not fulfill our motive, thanks to God for Christ's love.

"No," says the man with his thousands, "I give systematically. I was taught as a boy to put in the plate five cents a Sunday, and for my father's sake and because I am used to it, I do the same now." How would it be with our friend if the thousands he possesses became hundreds or tens or fives? The same five cents? I judge not, for men of that stamp have rules that work only one way. But it is wasting time to argue for or against such a system,—dead, machine-like grinding out; no heart, no thanks, no love, no joy,—in fact, no Christianity. So we are shut out from these two ways as unscriptural, commonly practiced though they may be, and are forced to the last method.

"Better" is the implacable enemy of "best." Many a soul has, perchance, been lost by choosing a better course—better than the "worst"—instead of the best. Many a life work has been partially paralyzed from choosing, maybe from selfishness or because of ignorance, the better rather than the best work, and many a church has been indelibly injured in its labors because of the choice of the better mode of collecting finances (seemingly easier, not easier in the end I believe) rather than the best mode, which springs from a self-denying prayerful giving. We tread dangerous ground. A man is judged according to the light he has, and it behooves us to think carefully as we discuss, finally, systematic giving on Christian lines.

(*a*) Systematically,—each week, each month, or any other short period of time, but *regularly*. There are two reasons for this:

1. The Bible says so. This much we are sure of, that in every important passage relating to giving to the Lord, regularity and system are insisted upon.

2. It is businesslike. What man ever man-

aged his business unsystematically and succeeded? When will men manage on business principles the Lord's work,—including gifts to Him? Method brings joy,—a real joy, a glorious satisfaction. A man in love with his business, and thus attending to it carefully, usually succeeds; while one spasmodically attending to his work just as his feelings go, ends in failure, and has but a joyless past to look back upon into the bargain. Of course, the strength of the chain is in its weakest link, and if we are strong in all our links of business in the Lord's work, except that of "giving," that one will be our hindrance. If we use system in prayer, Bible study, and church work, why not, in "giving"? For he who keeps indiscriminately the fifth, seventh, or ninth day as his Sabbath soon observes no Sunday at all. So we must use common sense, which will in due time lead us to systematic giving; but with the guidance of His Spirit, and "In His name," we shall also be led to a proportionate, systematic giving.

(*b*) Proportionately. Shall we pay a tenth at least, or proportionately to our income above or below?

The tithe existed long before the Jewish nation and contemporaneously with it among outside nations, and was claimed by God from Moses some decades before the specific law in regard to its Levitical introduction and use was expressed. So it was adopted and continually referred to, last by Malachi (3: 8–10), and side by side with the Sabbath,—which institution seems to have existed in crude form before the Jewish nation,—without direct abrogation in the New Testament, and it should continue to be a force to-day, while in fact it was observed by the mass of the Christian Church up into the Dark Ages. Is there not reason for keeping this idea now? But in the

case of the tithe's use, where does proportion come in? The tenth is the Lord's by debt, just as any other debt, only this is a debt of love, honoring the Lord with the first fruits. Then if this amount is according to our income determined before God in prayer, is it not proportionate? But suppose God prospers us beyond expectation; since we have asked Him to bless us, can we withhold our thanks and praise offering? But this extra comes under the Jewish category of freewill offerings, and much more tallies with Paul's advice: "As the Lord hath prospered him." "Freely ye have received, freely give."

But many consider the tithe not binding at the present time; so let us look at six reasons for simply proportionate giving:

1. It is scriptural. It is the foundation of God's word that gift must be made for gift, at least so far as it is possible for us to do it.

2. It is recognizing God's hand in our want, moderate living, or comfortable fortune, thus bringing us closer to Him in love, warning us in prosperity, and cheering us in depression. But I believe that if a man gives his proportionate sum, God will take care of the rest, and his income minus the Lord's gift will accomplish more than all if kept for his own use. It is simply faith in God. He requires a seventh of our time, and if we take that seventh away we suffer for it in body, and just so much will we suffer in purse and spiritual blessing by taking away our proportion in money.

3. We give more for a fact. This is the practical side of the question. A seminary man is proverbially "strapped," and yet I am sure he will be convinced that in the past he has been giving far too little, when he comes to reckon it up in the light of proportion.

4. Our hearts keep warm from not having to refuse aid; our thought goes out with our treasure, and comes into full sympathy with the aided ones, for our heart is not touched as it might be by "I wonder if I really could afford that." Myers says: "There is a difference between throwing money into a collection plate and putting money into it." The thoughtless giver gives, and cares little for its destination; the prayer-consecrating giver has a decided interest in the use his money is put to.

5. It keeps the dead hand from having all the giving to do. All honor to those who have left beautiful sums for grand purposes as they have left this world; but a new generation is here, and is it not more well pleasing in His sight to give our share while we are living from day to day, than to leave it all when we cannot possibly take it away? And besides, we may miss our calculations, and our untold sums slip from our fingers before we depart from this life; and where then will our gifts unto the Lord be? A man wants the blessing from bringing the tithes into the storehouse to fall on his own head; but if he does not have a chance to wait for it, what good will all his money be to him?

6. The settling once for all of a proportionate sum saves wear and tear of deciding each time. Why, we have covenanted with the Lord, and if in a momentary evil hour we might not give as much as as we should in a normal frame of mind, this pledge would keep us strong and tide us over the danger; for I do not think such artificial bulwarks erected with due consideration undermine, but rather strengthen, one's Christian character. But more than all, a deciding on unbiased lines is made possible; for, besides devoting our money systematically and proportionately, we must lay it aside as a trust fund.

(*c*) Administering the money as a trust fund. We pay our proportion regularly into a fund, either in actual cash laid aside in a drawer, or as a book account credited from our income or expense account,—preferably the former; and as we pay out the sums, we duly note them and balance our Lord's books, thus keeping as strict an account with Him as with ourselves. How can we disburse this money in any but a judicial way? With what a broad and unconfined gaze may we sweep the horizon of distress and appeals for aid! Gladly we give out what is especially the Lord's, and many a time do we add to this a thank offering.

This adds the capstone to our system. Brothers in Christ, shall we then decide on a proportion before God as a gift for a gift? Shall we lay this sum aside systematically? And finally, shall we disburse this fund as a trust fund in a business, even more, in a prayerful way?—money thoroughly consecrated beforehand, and at last cheerfully given, for "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Pitkin was very active in the work of presenting missions to churches and young peoples' societies. For the first two years in the seminary, he was at this constantly. Either he or Luce or Eddy was out almost every evening, and sometimes all of them were out at the same time. Some felt that he was overdoing it and that his primary work of preparation for his missionary life was neglected. In a note after his death, Professor Palmer, of Yale, whose son and Pitkin were out riding together in April, 1892, when Alfred Palmer fell from his horse dead, from

heart failure, speaks of the feeling of disappointment with Pitkin's sacrifice of his studies, but interprets it in the light of what happened:

"In my poor wisdom, I regretted that in his seminary course he so sacrificed the opportunities for solid acquirement and preparation for his missionary work, in journeyings hither and thither to make popular addresses and attend religious gatherings. We can see now that it made less difference than it then appeared to make, in his ultimate usefulness, and that what good he did then was clear gain. Yet I should feel the same in regard to another man next year. It is not wise to spend the seed-time of life in the attempt to harvest something. But in the actual plan of his life, which we did not know, doubtless that more miscellaneous activity had its place and purpose. He was a fine fellow and he died at his post like a man. It is not what we should have chosen for him, but what his Master willed. In the prayer-meeting in which my son and he took part, the evening before my son's death, Alfred first and Pitkin next, alluded to a text which had been read 'Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?' They spoke of their idea of readiness for the Son of Man's coming to every one in his turn. Pitkin at least was ready for the fateful hour and found faithful in it. 'O, si sic omnes!'"

It was well that Pitkin did his work without waiting for the future, for the future stopped for him as it began. And even if it had been otherwise, while it is possible to err in the direction in which some felt that he erred, it is better to err

in that direction than in the other. While men live, let them live without passing fruitless days in the dream of fruitful days in some future time that may never come. There is far more of this among young men than of the intense fervent zeal which burned in Pitkin, as it did in his Master. The lesson of Bonar's hymn was ever with him:

"Time worketh:
Let me work too,
Time undoeth:
Let me do,
Busy as time, my work I ply
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

"Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as sin my work I ply
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

"Death worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as death my work I ply
Till I rest in the rest of eternity."

Something told his soul that he must work the works of Him that sent him while it was day for the night was coming when no man could work any more. Mr. Lobenstine, who succeeded him as President of the New York Volunteer Union,

remembers the way he made the doing of his Father's will the meat and drink of his life:

"I followed him as president in the Union and know the prayerful work he put into it and the excellent spirit that prevailed amongst its members. Here, as elsewhere, he lived for Christ. His work was his all absorbing interest. Zeal for missions consumed his life. His meat and drink seemed to be to work for the heathen world. We used to urge him to go out speaking less and to spend more time over his books, but he was deaf to our arguments. Did he know that for him the night was coming soon, when he must stop work? Probably not. Yet he never doubted that he was led of God in the course he pursued and that by following it, he was doing His work. I was impressed that year at Union—the year after he had travelled—with the large 'back-correspondence' he carried on, and with the pains he always took to help every one who applied to him or seemed in need of it, though I think it must have been hard for him to do so, as he was not naturally a good correspondent, and we, his friends, often thought he treated us badly enough in the letter writing line. It was, however, but another instance of the way he let his service of his Master control his life and take the precedence over all other claims. For myself, I know that I never fared so well hearing from him as the year it must have been hardest for him to find time to write, but that year I was especially in need of his advice for the work at Yale.

"Sometimes, as I think over his life, it seems as though I knew but one side of it, for our intercourse centred so largely about one thing. Yet we have been together, on many different

occasions, in many places. We have tramped and sailed and fished together; we have camped out together; we have visited in each other's homes; we have been together in our recreation as well as our work—still as I remember him on all those happy days together, it seems as though the Master and His service was never long absent from his conversation and never from his mind. It was not a part of his life, it was his life, and it seems to me that his last message was its perfectly natural end. It was 'just like Horace' to say that then.

"He did much for me and I have always looked upon his friendship as one of my greatest blessings. It would be hard for me to say how much I owe to him; but I know he helped me much and taught me among other things, that a man does not have to wait until he is thoroughly well equipped—until his preparation is completed—before he can begin his life work and be of real service to his fellow-men."

During his middle year, he and his associates spent a good deal of time working up interest in the Second Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement held in Detroit, March, 1894. One of his characteristic letters to Huntington, who was in the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Conn., indicates his interest and his breezy methods. He is writing in the interest of the Inter-Seminary Alliance as well as of the Volunteer Convention.

"Dear Trummy: Well how do you do? Haven't heard from you in a dog's age, but I suppose you are grinding harder than you were

the other year when your favorite trick was to cut as many recitations as possible without getting hauled up and allowed to attend the examinations somewhere else. But don't you care, old man, the goose hangs high and we are all in it! I send you this programme, and won't you see what you can do about it? The seminary has never been represented before and this is the chance of your life. I suppose reduced rates may be made, but I am not sure. We are making efforts to get the General in and Scott of Virginia has been tackling them. The Episc. haven't been showing up in the past and now is the time to start them off. I think it will be a bully convention, such as these conventions are . . . that is, to meet the other seminary men and get a few pointers. But mostly to get together and see each other and keep the seminaries in touch. Then also for the untravelled ones, it is a capital thing for them to see the city. But the thing we want this year is to get as many seminaries together as we possibly can to make this year the high water mark if possible. Of course, the Volunteer Convention comes right after and if you are going to that, why you won't want to come to this, but that will not keep your seminary from being represented as that will make it all the better for sending down a substitute, who besides will probably get a better waking up than you would. Post the notice up or do anything with it you want and let me know in the sweet bye and bye. Work comes very hard these days and there is a good deal of the outside speaking. Next term it will be mostly every week among the colleges of New England and New York under the Y. M. C. A. stirring up for the convention at Detroit and for volunteers in general. Eddy and Luce will be at the head of the work and I will work in wherever I can.

We have made twenty-three speeches thus far this term, and one church gave the foreign board the same evening that we spoke, $905, and so are supporting a missionary. It got into some of the papers and when I was in Philadelphia the other day, they told me they had been reading about the work. We have thus addressed about 4,000 people thus far, and this is only the beginning of the winter work. But I suppose you are right in the game also, only you are the lonesome to be called on.

"Have seen 'Loke' a number of times, and at Thanksgiving Mac was down and we all took dinner with him. Doug. vaccinated Eddy the other week and he had a sweet time with the taking thereof . . . all right now! Exams. come next week and then I fly to Boston. I was at Hartford Thanksgiving and spent the night there, on account of missing the train. I was sorry not to know whether you were in town or not, for I would have taken your little bed and put you on the floor, but as it was, I stayed with the Burrs on Main Street.

"My piano has come down and we have great times in the early evenings getting Hal Tweedy to beat the box . . . he can do it some too. There is a man in our class, H——, who speaks of you once in a while. Pretty decent sort of a chap! Nothing new under the sun has sprung up, and when I see you again, next February, either here or at Detroit, I'll have more to tell.

"Keep a close grip on the Master in your speaking, old man, and give God the glory right along. That is the hardest lesson I think a man has to learn.

"Your wife,

"HORACE.

"I can sign myself that way, seeing as how you are to be a 'celebrate,' and so no future damsel will mind reading this letter if she finds it tucked away somewhere."

Mr. Tweedy, who was able to "beat the box," recalls the breezy geniality of Pitkin, his atmosphere of candor and reality, as his dominant qualities:

"No new stories, no special experiences occur to me, but the truest impression remains of the purest, truest and—if the adjective is rightly interpreted—sweetest spirits I have ever known. There was somethig so sunny, so sincere, so simple about him. Our dens were at one end of the seminary hallway; and he was ever bursting into my room with a laugh or a jovial story, or dropping in for a quiet talk and leaving behind him one of those benedictions which drift from a man's soul into a fellow soul. I do not remember ever hearing him say an unkind word to anybody. I cannot recall any action of his which I felt that I would like to change. There was about him an atmosphere of religious manliness, of devoutness, without sanctimoniousness, and of piety, without a suspicion of hypocrisy or cant. His was one of those rare natures that seem to have been born expressly to live forth in their simple beauty the good tidings; and somehow, being dead, he yet speaketh."

His effective work in the seminary and the success of his work with Luce and Eddy in connection with the Detroit Convention led to his being invited with his two friends to spend the year 1894-1895 in the travelling secretaryship of the

Student Volunteer Movement. He accepted this call. It will be best to tell of the work of that year in a separate chapter. At its close, after a summer vacation beginning with Northfield and ending with building a boat, he returned to Union for the senior year, Luce and Eddy going for this last year to Princeton Seminary. This year in the seminary, he gave himself to his seminary work. Invitations to speak came almost daily. He refused practically all and gave himself to study that year with persistence and success.

All through the seminary course, work had its proper relief in play. Some of the play had its distinctly useful side. Dr. W. S. Bainbridge, who came into contact with Pitkin in the work of the Students' Club in New York, an organization under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, designed to furnish a religious centre to the work for students in New York, recalls some of this play that was also work:

"While he was a student at Union Seminary and I was on the staff of the Presbyterian Hospital, I got to know a large number of the theological students. One day in the spring, I think it was '94, Pitkin and McGill came to me and asked if it would be possible for them to get a few practical points before they should go to the foreign fields. They said there were several and mentioned Eddy and Luce who were going far away from any physicians and some of them were going to take wives with them, and they felt the need of some information on certain definite subjects. I saw the need as they did, and

knowing what the foreign missionary work really is from personal observation, I said I believed it could be arranged. I consulted with Dr. Hayes, and we both agreed to give up for some two months and a half, every free night that we had for these men. The class was formed of Luce, Eddy, Pitkin and McGill. They were given a few books to study and every other evening they would come to the Presbyterian Hospital, see a few practical things in the line of accidents or general medicine in the wards, and then for an hour and a half, recite the lesson given to them at the preceding meeting of the class. The nights that I did not have these students, Dr. Hayes took them. We went over a good deal of ground which would be of practical value, and since then, I have heard from practically all of these noble fellows that they have had some use from what we did together at that time. One evening we came to the subject of poisons. They had all had a good supper and it was a question as to who was to lose the good food, for one of them was to have his stomach washed out. They drew lots and I must confess that it was the first time in my life that I have seen theologues put up a game literally on one of their own number. They fixed it up that it would come to Pitkin, for I was told he had put up some pranks on the others and they thought it was justifiable retribution.

"Pitkin was one of God's noblemen and his memory and life must be to others as it has been to me—an inspiration."

His seminary course gave Horace three happy and useful years, happy because useful. He was not postponing his life during these years; he was living. He believed that the way he was

distributing his time was in accordance with duty and he had always rested easily in the conviction that doing the will of God, as Dante says, is tranquillity.

IV

AMONG THE COLLEGES OF THE WEST

"I have the lines drawn and the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now I can count for something. If I make a long break or parenthesis to get strong I shall lose my opportunity. No man is living a life worth living unless he is willing, if need be, to die for somebody or something."—*Samuel Bowles.*

"I will most gladly spend and be spent out."—*2 Cor. 12:15.*

"In the summer of 1894," says Mr. D. Willard Lyon, now one of the secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association in China, but then representing the Theological Seminaries of the United States and Canada on the Executive Committee of the Student Volunteer Movement, "I attended the Students' Summer Conference at Northfield, where I fully expected to see Mr. Pitkin, for his name was being considered in connection with the travelling secretaryship of the Student Volunteer Movement. But in some way or other, Mr. Pitkin had gotten an inkling of the fact that his name might be proposed in this connection, so he deliberately stayed away. Before the end of the Conference, it became more and more evident that Mr. Pitkin was one of the men to undertake the work of carrying the missionary

message to the colleges. A telegram brought him to Northfield just as the Conference was closing. With the same humility that had kept him away from the Conference, he hesitated to accept the invitation of the Executive Committee, but when once his duty became clear to him, he not only offered to work without any remuneration whatever, but generously undertook to bear all his own travelling expenses in addition."

Not only the work which Pitkin and Eddy and Luce had done in arousing interest in the Detroit Convention but also their work as Christian men in College and as Volunteers since and their personal qualifications, marked them out as the exceptionally prepared men for the travelling Secretaryship of the Student Volunteer Movement, and they agreed to accept the call. Pitkin spent the summer in prayer and preparation. On August 18th, he wrote from New Hartford to Huntington:

"I hope you will go out to the Episcopal seminaries in the fall and stir them up. It may open the way, too, for the secretary who will be up in that region some time in the winter.

"I don't know whereabouts in China your work will lie. I think that you can count on my being in the region of Peking. I have sent in my application to the American Board in order that if they grant it soon, I can use it in my work during the winter. Words from a man far enough along to be accepted by a board will come with more force than from a stripling who everybody thinks will never get to the field in the end.

"Well I must stop. Pray for us as we for you.

"Why not revive the old 1 Thess. 5:25?

"Yours in the grandest work in the world,

"H. T. P."

Sickness prevented his attending a Conference at Lake Mohonk as he had planned. But in October, he began his work as secretary, making his first visit to the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., on October 2. During the year, he visited the important institutions in all the states from Ohio to Colorado and from North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, south to Kansas. Eddy and Luce agree in their judgment as to the character and result of his work. The former writes from India:

"The Western colleges which have been the strength of the missionary movement from the beginning, fell to Pitkin. And it was providential. He was able not only to secure more volunteers than any of us, but also to use his gift for organization in the field which then most needed it and could best carry out his methods and suggestions. During the first half of the year, we separated and worked apart. After Christmas, we came together again for the campaigns in Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. In neither of the former were we able to accomplish much when working together. Each was accustomed to his own methods. But in Philadelphia, we prayed for a deeper unity and greater power. On the morning of the last day, I remember hearing the saintly Peter Scott, then just returned from Africa, praying that Pitkin

might be filled with the Spirit before he spoke that night. We were all in need of deeper blessing. I do not know how Pitkin spent the day. He was alone in prayer and so were we. But I shall not forget hearing him that night. It was evident that something had happened and that there had been a definite transaction between his soul and God. It was evident that the Spirit of God was upon him by the presence of Jesus Himself in all he said and did. It was a mass meeting of students and though it was already late, he held the entire audience with great power. Nor was the blessing only temporary. From that time on, there was more fruit in his work in the colleges. I remember his showing me a few months afterwards, his note-book in which he had prayed for men by name even in the colleges he had visited before he received this anointing of the Spirit. Man after man had decided and given his life to God and the mission field long after he had left the college, yet as a direct result of his work and prayer. It was a rebuke and a lesson to see the power of his prayer life, in its capacity and wide sympathy as he kept in his grasp his whole 'back track,' and in its definiteness, persistence and faith."

Mr. Luce writing from China, expressed the same judgment :

"Pitkin took the field of the middle West, where most of missionary interest had at that time been awakened. Not a little work had been done in creating and organizing the missionary life of the colleges, but it needed strengthening, unifying and more careful detailed organization. It was for this work that Pitkin was especially fitted. He had a mind for minute

things, for working things out in detail and this power together with his deep prayer life brought to the work in the West, inspiration and increased efficiency. In his letters how often he spoke of praying for the 'back track' as he called the institutions which he had already visited. His faithfulness in praying for that 'back track' is seen in the large numbers who volunteered after he had left the institutions behind.

"As to methods of work, the secretaries for the year worked in marked harmony because they had long thought and prayed and talked together about this work. In the matter of securing volunteers, it was without doubt the most conservative year up to that time. It was agreed that no person should volunteer while the secretary was in the institution, unless that person had previously considered in a personal way the matter of missions as a life-work. This principle was faithfully adhered to, and we believe with good results. It was estimated that at least half of those who volunteered sent in their declaration cards after the secretaries' visits. It was for this 'back track' that Pitkin poured out his heart to God without ceasing, and God heard and answered abundantly."

From each college he visited, he sent back to the office of the Volunteer Movement a careful report. These reports are full of evidence of his ability and painstaking care in looking after the details of organization and counsel necessary to insure permanency and they are interspersed with shrewd observations and comments. He commends a student in a theological school as "a 'common sense piety' sort of fellow who will

make a good man—bound to get to the field through any Board that will send him." He frankly describes the faculty in another theological school as "neutral as regards missions." He rejoices in the fact that in another institution, a certain energetic student would "be out a year—better so, as he did all the work himself and caused discontent. Now all will work together." In a college in Wisconsin, he says the "S. V. M. has a black eye by unworthy volunteers. Out of forty, only two have reached the field." He records his judgment that "only those practically sure of further missionary study should be allowed to sign (the Volunteer declaration). Ignoring this in the past has been disastrous." He points out the men who are leaders and those who are likely to become so to the end that they may be followed up and his reports of volunteers contain the names of those who have since completed their preparation and gone out to Korea, Persia, Mexico, Syria and other lands. He was ever careful to promote prayer as well as study and he scattered leaflets on prayer wherever they would do good. From the State University in North Dakota, he reports: "Two 'Secret Prayers' planted with strong suspicions of new prayer life being developed"; from Yankton College, "Students very poor but one 'Prayer set' planted. Others will follow"; from the South Dakota State University at Vermillion, "Eight 'prayer sets' planted. . . . Means business. . . . 'Prospects bright as the promises of God.'" From

the Nebraska Wesleyan University, he writes in the way of advice to the next secretary who may visit the institution, "Push to conclusive thinking. They will give you enthusiastic turnouts, particularly after-meetings. Use them—expect great things." His advice for the next visitor to the Normal School, Peru, Neb., whose president he pronounced a "fine man" is:

"To be broad and show how by facing this question, as the Lord calls most of them to home work, they will then stay to enter teaching as a Christian occupation and try to instill into pupils a practical (very important!) Christianity. There is a tremendous field open for Christian teachers who realize their opportunities in public schools."

Of the Normal School at Lincoln, he writes: "A grand opening—not for volunteers, perhaps, but for sending Christian teachers to home schools to teach foreign missions."

Other bits of advice for future visits to institutions, which he had visited, are:

"Go in hot—all clear field. But don't urge to too hasty decisions. Sow the seed—reap that of last year's sowing.

"Doctor is head of faculty—but cranky. I rubbed him wrong way. Look out!

"Urge one thing for Band, *i. e.*, life!

"Go in and push to limit. There will be rebound enough.

"Tie to B——, get the facts from him—but do your own thinking and conclusions."

Of a visit in Colorado, he reports:

"My work spoiled in part by insufficient warning. Ran into Booth, Gunsaulus and minstrel show—so no opportunity except to try for picked up meetings."

In the reports of the series of meetings which he and Luce and Eddy held in the medical schools in New York City and Philadelphia in January, he calls the Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia, "the strongest spiritual man's college," noting specially the influence of Peter Scott who led a prayer-meeting every morning with from thirty-five to forty present. Bellevue Medical in New York is pronounced the "most godless institution in New York City." Of the Volunteer Band in an Eastern theological school, he bluntly reports that it is killed by its chairman, "fresh and useless." He often refers to "fighting-question-men," that is men who are trying to get away from the appeal of need and the whispers of duty and will not face the issue squarely. From a College in Illinois, he writes:

"Meeting led to meeting. It was Washington's Birthday—so time was free. At each meeting it was shown volunteering meant business. Two girls their mothers wouldn't let come after the first meeting. The best men and women started thinking deeply. The last meeting was memorable for the presence of Him. The whole work is on a new plane. The literature will be bought and read—a study class will be formed. Prayer will be pursued. The nine and others who met last will pray for each other. A revival

may be the result. The Y. M. & Y. W. work is very low. Of ninety Christian men, fifty are members of the Y. M. and of fifty Christian girls twenty are members of the Y. W. This missionary interest will bring new life to the workers. Oh, God has been good!"

From another institution in the same state he reports: "A revival, of three weeks but not a sign could I see of it." In another college he was eager to get some good men interested. The band was "just a little chumpy set." His last report sent in closes with an appeal to rescue the situation in a certain college in Ohio by prayer.

In addition to his reports, he wrote constantly to the offices and his letters are marked by his characteristic breeziness. In one, he apologizes for a mistake that had been made: "I am regretful—I was not omniscient, but tried to get at the truth. Hurrah for me; I'm always a puttin' my foot in it. . . . Be very patient (I expect only God can give it to you) with me and my mistakes." Again, he writes: "Please always send to me all cards (signed by Volunteers) sent in from my back track to the office. We have agreed on a system for sizing up the signers and will use the backs of the cards for it." From a college in Iowa, he writes: "The Lord has been blessing me richly thus far. The hearts of the students have been opened by no power but that from on High. Now I am in the hardest place in the States. Oh, for a fullness! I am confident He will not desert me. You know I have tried

Him too many times the last few months to be afraid of His lack—but my lack; well may I be kept weak as weak can be!" In the Dakotas he writes a letter dated "En route—on cattle train. Two miles an hour for Mitchell from Fargo. Nov. 8th or 9th," closing, "Excuse me if I can't write straight English, I am tired."

During the year, he contributed a number of short articles to *The Student Volunteer*, the organ of the movement, full of practical suggestions for the better organization of the work. In the "Secretaries' Corner" he says:

"For effectual work and prayer, a Band requires a unity born of complete sympathy among its members. This sympathy often is weakened by unjust criticism resulting from an ignorance and consequent misunderstanding of a fellow-volunteer's motives. Does your Band know itself? Do all know why any one member lacks time to work for missions or that another is tortured by hindrances crowding in to keep him from the field, while both fear being misunderstood? Small attendance at the Band meeting often is a symptom of such condition. Try a testimony meeting, every volunteer telling his reason for signing the declaration and his present position. Speak freely, frankly and prayerfully. Make the meeting deeply devotional and pray for each other by name. Arrange lists for daily prayer that definite obstacles be removed and perfect sympathy and unity prevail. Great blessing may result."

Again he urges upon volunteers their responsi-

bility for removing any financial impediment to their acceptance by the Mission Boards:

"The Volunteer Movement says: 'Recruit the men, money will be forthcoming.' But this does not mean that the money will appear without the utmost exertions of the men. Fellow-volunteers, as a Gideon's band, as men planning to go abroad, if God permit, are we defeating the accomplishment of our aim by expecting Board secretaries and missionary pastors to work their life-blood out to make possible our sailing? The Boards do not send us—Jesus Christ sends through the Board. His money is in the Church. It is not given because of lack of interest, of which ignorance is at the root. Shall we dare to leave school without every young people's society in the vicinity having been educated and fired by our words and by the exertions of missionary committees enthused by our suggestions and the books lent from the college library? The Church cannot withstand His appeals through us. Go, expecting great and definite things; otherwise, can we say to Him, if refused by the Boards for lack of funds: 'I really planned to go'?"

In the same issue, March, 1895, he presents an elaborate scheme for "Band Correspondence and Records" with a view to holding for the missionary work all volunteers who have left their institutions. In the issue for May, 1895, he speaks a word for that squareness and frankness which he had always exemplified in himself:

"We volunteers need special guidance of the Holy Spirit, when approaching our college com-

mencement. A volunteer has stood for years it may be, as one planning to enter missionary service, should God permit. Perhaps his education is completed, yet family and financial reasons must temporarily detain him at home. Maybe he has some years still of graduate work on which he cannot immediately enter because of finances. Shall he boldly tell his fellow students his position? Here many a volunteer makes a mistake. He simply says nothing and quietly slips away. Silence suggests guilt. From that moment he throws himself open to all manner of unjust criticism, whereby in future years he and the whole movement through him, may be seriously harmed. How much better, should every graduating volunteer state plainly and frankly in one of the final student meetings his present position and future expectations, making full profession of his fixed determination and ambition to enter the foreign field whenever God would permit. Supposing he be seriously hindered, such affirmation may be used of God for others in mightily strengthening weak decisions and in leading to new formed purposes. Our last testimony! Shall we not ring it out for His glory, every volunteer who graduates this year!"

In the closing issue of the little magazine for the college year, he urges some special suggestions for the summer work of volunteers:

"1. See that all graduating volunteers give their public testimony before leaving the college.

"2. Have every volunteer take at least two missionary books from the library for the summer. If necessary, let the Band be responsible to the librarian for their safe return.

"3. See that a prayer list for the summer is

made out for the Band, definite requests being attached to each name. This could be done at the last Band meeting. This season is the critical one for many volunteers. Parents must be won over, churches awakened, self conquered. Pray one for another definitely.

"4. Press missionary speaking on the conscience of each volunteer. Draw a few startling facts from the table in *The Student Volunteer*, Jan., '95. Burn in the imperative need of using the opportunity of this summer. 'We are to be missionaries now.' Remember: (1) If possible, always speak to introduce some scheme for giving. (2) Keep account of increased gifts to report next fall to the office."

He was ready to have his own sincerity tested by the practice of his life, especially in the matter of giving and he pressed this as a good test of reality upon others.

This year in the Student Volunteer Movement was a year of service almost limitless in its influence. In it, Pitkin left an ineffaceable imprint upon scores and hundreds of students from New England to the Rocky Mountains. He revealed higher ideals and he brought more divine power to many young men and women beginning their serious living; and all over the world, at home and abroad, are those who owe to him their chief impulse to the wider service. "I don't think we ever had a guest more zealous for God's service," writes one in whose house he had been entertained. "I can never forget," says another, "the day Mr. Pitkin was at college, the first

winter I was there. He spoke twice and the texts which he used, I marked in my Bible. One was 'The field is the world,' and the other, 'As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so I send them into the world.' I remember the first was a very strong missionary appeal and coming from one who was soon to go to the field, it was doubly forceful."

Mr. H. W. Hicks, Assistant Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, writes:

"It was through Mr. Pitkin that I first became interested in foreign missions. It was on a Sunday night in connection with his visit at Cornell University, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1894. He had addressed a meeting at my request, in the Congregational Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and after the meeting followed me to my room at about eleven o'clock on the campus. He spent an hour with me, presenting to me the claims of missions. Although I did not become a student volunteer at that time, I have always dated my positive interest, which has led me to my present place, from the hour of that interview. It is needless to say that I rejoice very greatly over the results of his work, which have raised up so many young men to do the work for which he gave his life."

The work that Pitkin did was of the greatest value to the Volunteer Movement. In some institutions in the West, mistakes had been made by his predecessors in the secretaryship. These created a prejudice against the Movement, which

he had to overcome. In many cases, he did overcome it, and everywhere by his care and patience and progress, he strengthened the influence of the Movement and confirmed its members. The Rev. Harlan P. Beach, Educational Secretary of the Movement bears strong testimony to the will and enduring character of his work: "Perhaps his services," says Mr. Beach, "rank only second among the scores of secretaries that have served the organization. Both in the colleges and at the summer schools, his earnestness, definiteness, enthusiasm and constant prayerfulness, made contact with him a thing long to be remembered."

Mr. D. Willard Lyon, who knew well what Pitkin was doing and the method of his doing it, says:

"During that year which he gave to the work of the Student Volunteer, it was my privilege to be quite intimately associated with him. The correspondence from the colleges regarding his visits and all his own reports passed through my hands. There were four things which impressed me very much in his work during that year. He had great power in working with the select few. It was his habit to search out in each college that he visited, the few who had the missionary spirit, and tie himself to these until he had gotten them thoroughly committed to several definite lines of action. In his public addresses, he could not be weak, but he was particularly strong in personal dealing and in work with the few.

"He was extremely practical. There was scarcely a college that he visited where he did

not start a missionary alcove in the library and get the students pledged to raising some definite sum towards the support of a foreign missionary. He organized a Volunteer Band wherever there were as many as two volunteers. He started many students in the work of speaking on missions to the churches. He suggested feasible methods for the awakening of a missionary interest among the students of many a college. He did not live in the clouds, although he often stood on the mountain-top where he could catch visions of the world-wide field and the God-planned campaign. His strength lay in the fact that he could translate his visions into practical lines of action.

"He was very thorough. It was not enough with him to make suggestions. He saw to it that the proper steps were taken to put the suggestions into effect. He knew how to bring things to pass. To his vigilance during the time of a visit at a college, he added an effective use of correspondence with the colleges on his 'back-track,' stirring them up to go on in the good work they had begun. His own thoroughness did much to beget the spirit of thoroughness in those among whom he worked.

"He was most conscientious in fulfilling his obligation to pray for the students. In the busy rush of travelling life, he always found time to pray for the colleges that he was yet to visit, that the students might be prepared to hear God's voice and obey it. In his memorandum book, he kept full notes regarding each difficulty he met with, either in the life of the college or in the lives of individuals, that he might intelligently intercede in their behalf when he was gone from them. He loved especially to pray for those who had poured out their hearts to him and had asked for his prayers."

At the close of the year, Pitkin attended the Summer Student Conferences, working especially at the Young Women's Conferences at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and at Northfield. Mr. Lyon's sister, now Mrs. H. B. Sharman, who was also one of the travelling secretaries for the year, was present with him at Lake Geneva and remembers the intense earnestness of the work he did there:

"How little I dreamed as I said good-bye to Mr. Pitkin on the wharf at the Geneva Camp in '95 that I should never see him again, and that after a few brief years his life should be crowned and completed by a martyr's death in China. We had been comrades in the service of the Student Volunteer Movement—he and I—and his two true Yale friends, Mr. Eddy and Mr. Luce. From the time we met at the 'setting-up conference' in September until our common work closed, in the summer following, we were all comrades in service. My memories of Mr. Pitkin and his two friends are of a pervading courtesy and of sincere and open-hearted co-operation. I remember the kindest of brotherly notes that caught me on the wing and told me that Mr. Pitkin, who was passing from college to college in the great central West, was remembering to pray for me and sympathizing with me in the difficulties I had to face.

"But it was not until the Women's Conference at Geneva, that I felt I had learned in a somewhat adequate degree to know Mr. Pitkin. I had admired him before—one could not see his strong face and not begin to admire him—at Geneva I came to know him. He had been conducting the missionary institute at the Men's Conference which had just closed, and he stayed

over to help me with the same work at the Women's Conference, and to conduct a special training conference for summer campaign speakers. He entered most sympathetically into my plans and gave me the benefit of his experience and special knowledge of the colleges of the West. He planned with me, counselled me and worked his hardest for the development of the missionary spirit of the gathering. Every day, before the missionary institute hour, he came to my tent and we sat under a tree and discussed very frankly the plans for the day, and organized the effort. In these consultations, he showed himself clear-headed, thoroughly practical, wisely balanced, stably enthusiastic and intensely in earnest. It was a personal delight and inspiration to me to be thus associated with him. My point of view was such, that it is more difficult for me to describe the effect Mr. Pitkin produced on that conference of several hundred college women. The effectiveness of the missionary phase of it was certainly due in considerable measure to him. There was a deep interest manifest among the girls in regard to their personal responsibility to the foreign field. Many of them came to us for personal interviews—to Mr. Pitkin as well as to me, and they seemed to talk with him as freely as to me. The meeting which more than any other one aroused in the girls this personal interest, was a life-work meeting on the lake-front in the twilight—my most precious memory picture of Mr. Pitkin is of that meeting, at which he made the concluding address and appeal. I had not seen anything of him for several hours, for he had not appeared at the supper-table. I knew he was outside the camp, somewhere in the quiet woods, praying about his message. He came seriously to the meeting with bowed head and sat by a tree on

the outskirts of the company. When his turn came, he rose with that majesty which consciousness of a God-given message inspires one with, and spoke out. It was an appeal to those who knew not God; an appeal to those who knew him to make Him known, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. How many hearts that appeal reached, none of us know. The sower had sown the seed, and the exquisite parable of Jesus is evermore true. Before the Conference closed, Mr. Pitkin was obliged to leave. I felt the work heavier when his work was withdrawn. I had promised to write him fully about the closing days of the Geneva Conference, and he was to write me about the missionary department of the Eastern College Women's Conference at Northfield, which he had consented to conduct. When his letter came, it was triumphant. He wrote that it had been in every way the climax of the year's work which he had been doing. The interest in missions was vivid and growing. Girls who had never thought of a personal duty to the non-Christian people of the world were awakened to serious thoughtfulness about it, and by thinking of it were brought to a clearer realization of the spirit of obedience which Jesus expects of His disciples. Mr. Pitkin's letter did not close without a rhapsody of thanksgiving that the Conference had brought to himself the greatest personal blessing of the year."

Regarding the Northfield Conference he wrote to Mr. Bronson that the twenty-one volunteers at the beginning grew to forty-three before the end. A graduate of Smith College who was present tells of his remarkable influence at this Conference:

"The Missionary Institute at Northfield in 1895 was my first experience of a spiritual science—if the term may be so used. The combination of practical working method with constant spiritual fire was a thing astonishing to me. I have never seen it equalled in any religious training class, and it still remains my ideal of what such a class should be. Mr. Pitkin's opening prayer seemed to set the tone of the day. The deep sense of personal responsibility would have been almost given without the tenderness of yearning caught from the Father. Throughout the list of suggestions for missionary meetings, for libraries, for study, the means never obscured the end in view. Almost the only outside speakers that year in the institute were volunteers, giving to every session the personal touch of a fresh consecration. And the volunteers grew as they have never done in a woman's conference, before or since. The meetings of the Volunteer Band in the late afternoons are as vivid to me as if I were there this moment. I was not a volunteer: Jesus was not my Master even when I went to one. I sat on the stairs outside the upper floor of Stone Hall at first in an uncomfortable wonder that such prayers could really be—and then in an increasing awe and yearning to understand the fellowship which made that upper room a holy place. Every day more came, of those who were thinking seriously, as well as of those who had already decided. No one was urged to sign the card, but every moment of the leader's time in the last part of the conference was filled with personal interviews. They were often held of necessity in a room where we passed through, and I was struck by the impersonality of Mr. Pitkin's attitude, the thought that he was always talking to God about the questions, about the life which was before

him. The result was that girls were taught, almost unconsciously, to do the same thing for themselves, to go before God alone with the question of life-service. Through the summer and the fall and winter the question was quietly decided by many, who are now on the field, or whose lives at home have steadily counted since for 'the least of His brethren' abroad. The lasting impression of his work because of the depth of his own spiritual life, because of his tremendous convictions was evident from the beginning. The intensity of his purpose was in every line of his face and I never saw it relaxed except under the influence of music, and in greeting to older speakers whom he admired and reverenced. Then the sweetness was as evident as the constant strength."

While he was working for others, his own soul was expanding. This year was a year of strong and steady development of his character and spiritual power. In a letter to one of his relatives, written in the middle of the year, and replying to an inquiry, he says:

"God knows I have pondered over the words 'Baptized with the baptism'—Yes, it is a warning come in time, and yet I believe I am ready for it, though there must come much before the complete victory be obtained. But the past only leads me to trust the future. To look at my life two years ago and then at it now, makes me praise God all day long. Still what illimitable heights ahead!"

As he gave, he gained, and at the end of the summer of 1895, he went back to the seminary

for his final year, set fast in great qualities which his last year of study confirmed and solidified. Mr. Eddy testifies as to some of these:

"He exemplified the four 'alls' of Eph. 6: 17 —all prayer, at all seasons, in all perseverance, for all. He was already learning Paul's secret of doing 'everything by prayer.' His prayers were always beautiful. He came directly into the very presence of God. He took God seriously in prayer. There was a simplicity, a directness in his prayer that made one feel that he knew God and knew he would get the answer. There was too a tenderness and depth of affection in all he said, that showed how close he lived to the Father's heart. He worked hard, but he prayed harder. He knew where the power lay and that it was not in him. Great as was his success at times and much as he came before large audiences, I never knew him by a word or act to be puffed up. He was always humbly dependent upon God. He always gave Him the glory, when the work was done for he knew who had done it. I never knew him to lose that intense earnestness and strain of pathos as he pleaded for the millions that were a burden upon his own heart.

"His short life was an illustration of earnest consecration and single devotion to one great purpose. When God called, he did not seek to evade that call like foolish Jonah nor like another rich young man, did he fail God when his life was put to the test. Like Timothy, he 'cared truly' for the estate of those for whom Christ died. Like Paul, he was ready not to be bound only but to die for China, for he loved not his life even unto death, and like Epaphroditus having 'gambled' (Greek) with his life to supply

that which was lacking in the service of others; he came not nigh to death only, but laid his life down for Him whom having not seen he loved.

"When the news came of his message for his little son—just when to human eye all looked dark and hopeless, when his own life was cut off almost before he had begun his work, when China was murdering those who were trying to give her life—I saw then that the old flame for missions and his Master had not died, but burned to white heat to the last."

Horace knew now "the most great peace" of which Beha was so fond of speaking but whose secret the Persian lacked, and he knew also the source of power. Had not Jesus on the last, the great day of the Feast of the Tabernacles stood and cried saying, "If any man thirst (for peace, for power) let him come unto Me"?

V

APPOINTMENT BY THE AMERICAN BOARD

"And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I: send me."—*Isaiah 6: 8.*

"While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or Islam the burden of proof rests on you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign field."—*Farewell words of Keith Falconer to the students of Edinburgh and Glasgow.*

"I WELL remember," says Dr. Palmer of Yale, "the hour in which he put his hand in mine at Worcester in 1893 and said, 'This day has decided me to give myself to the Board.'" He had grown up in the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, but his ancestral relations had been with the Congregational Church and he, himself, had been more directly connected with the Congregational Church since he united with the Phillips Church in Exeter at the age of seventeen in 1886.

The application to the Board was written at New Hartford under date of August 12th, 1894, as follows:

"*New Hartford, Conn.*
"*August* 12th, 1894.

"*To the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass.*

"HONORED SIRS:

"In accordance with the 'Manual,' I wish to make application for foreign missionary service under your Board, and would answer the questions and suggestions contained in that 'Manual,' as follows:

"1. History of my life:—

"Being born in Philadelphia, Penna., Oct. 28, 1869, I am now twenty-four years and ten months old. My father was the son of Deacon Horace Pitkin of Manchester, Conn. I was educated in Phila. until the fall of 1885, when I entered Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, and graduating there I took the Academic course at Yale, where I was graduated in 1892. I then entered Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and have now completed two years of study there.

"2. My Religious Experience:—

"I was brought up under Christian influences, wherefore there was no sudden change at the time I became a Christian and joined the Church (2d Cong. Exeter) in the spring of 1886. This lack of apparent change was partly due to the fact that I had been led to take a more active course in the Christian Fraternity in the school during the six months preceding my public confession. Since that time I know that my Christian experience has been growing deeper every year and that my desire to do better work for the

Master has constantly increased. Above all I have had the witness of the Spirit in power manifested in my own personal life and in the active Christian work.

"3. Health:—

"Though I was not in very good health as a child in Philadelphia, as soon as I attended school in the country, my condition was greatly improved and ever since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. I am sure I have a sound constitution.

"4. My Christian Work:—

"As to the work I have done for the Master, I can only say that I have endeavored to be actively at work ever since my conversion. I had the delight of starting a Christian Endeavor Society in the church at Exeter, and afterwards of working actively in the Y. M. C. A. at college. I spent six weeks in mission work in New York City one summer, and for two winters had part charge of a Rescue Mission in New Haven. Also, I was teacher and superintendent for three years and a half in a mission Sunday-school at New Haven. During my study in Union, beside the work for foreign missions, I have devoted odd times to the work in the hospital wards and in Rescue Missions.

"God has used me in stirring up foreign mission interest in the Church and Endeavor Society in New Hartford, so that now they are supporting in part a Japanese student (I believe) and a Syrian student.

"But since my sophomore year in college this work has been secondary to that of stirring up my own interest and that of others in foreign

missions. As a member of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions since the spring of 1889 I have been definitely expecting and planning to become a foreign missionary unless the Lord should prevent. Because of this aim I have been able to arouse the interests of many other men so that they have taken the same step, but more to teach the Young People's Societies about the great work, until God has had a chance to put it into their hearts to give a number of thousand dollars for the work of His kingdom out there. For this reason I have been asked to take the position of travelling secretary of the Volunteer Movement for the coming year, and therefore I shall be compelled to delay my seminary course during that time while I spend it in visiting the colleges in the interests of the movement.

"5. My Call to Foreign Mission Work:—

"The reasons for my decision to become a foreign missionary, God permitting, are hard to state. My father had been a home missionary for some years, my nearest uncle, Rev. E. R. Beadle, had been a missionary to the Druses, and I had always heard much of foreign and home missions until there was a vague impression formed on my mind that some day I should be a missionary. It was through the influence of facts brought before me at the Northfield Summer School, in 1889, that I could see no reason why I should not turn my head and heart towards foreign missionary work, with a purpose to do that work unless the Lord prevented. I do not think that at that time I fully comprehended the meaning of the work as a LIFE work. I had a vague notion of a few years of service, perhaps with a little romance connected with it, and then a return to an active pastorate in this country.

Not until after some eight months was the conviction forced upon me as to what the foreign service really meant. From that time on I have tried to inform myself in regard to the work and to help others over the hard places.

"From that indefinite idea of the character of missionary service and the very indefinite call received at Northfield (with the way blocked in all human probability through the age of my father and the sickness of my sister) by the end of my college course I found that God has been opening the way for me by taking both the father and the sister to Himself. My study had shown me the true depth and glorious possibilities of the missionary service, and I knew perfectly that God wanted me to work for Him in the uttermost parts of the earth. There has been no call from the clouds, but the facts of my life and the result of study inspired by, and carried on under God have been a sure and certain call to His work in the waste places.

"6. My Finances:—

"I am profoundly thankful to God that He has given me so much of this world's goods that I am able to offer myself to the Board as a self-supporting worker. My plan now is to try to persuade a church or party of churches to support me through the Board, and then I shall give to the Board for general work a sum equal to my support. In this way a church or set of churches will have a living link in the Field while I can give money to the Board for forms of work which are necessary, but not interesting for the majority of the churches to support. But this plan is only a plan, though God permitting, I shall be able to go free of all charge to the Board in any case.

"7. Reasons for Entering the Ministry:—

"I entered the ministry after carefully weighing the matter in the light of the work to be done in the foreign field. For a year or two the question between it and medicine was an open one, but I decided to take up the theological profession in view of the talents God had given me for ministerial and pastoral work, and because of the greater need for that form of work in the foreign field—greater not so much in the way of immediate results as in the way of laying a foundation which must be laid in any mission field if any other form of work is to survive. The ordained missionary seems to me to have the more intimate connection with the evangelistic and educational work—these are primary, not secondary, duties for him.

"In view of this I am preparing to go out as an ordained missionary to preach Christ and Him crucified, with as little as possible of what I think about Him and with as much as possible of what the Word of God says concerning His life and work.

"8. Preference for Field:—

"I have all along been drawn to work in the Northern Mission in China.

"First:—Because of the need for workers there and the glorious possibilities in the work there.

"Second:—Along with the study of the different fields has the conviction come that I should avoid a tropic climate. Experiment here has shown that I am not able to stand a hot climate or hot weather long continued. If Africa were incomparably worse off for workers than China this question would be of little importance, for as a matter of fact we have little chance for trial of conditions here, but inasmuch as I realize the

vast importance of the work in China, and the immense need of workers there, I must prefer to work in that country. I want to go just where the Master can use me best. So far I have not had light otherwise than I have stated. Perhaps in the future, circumstances will lead me to alter my opinion. I have consulted Rev. H. P. Beach of Springfield on the subject and he advised an early application to the Board, in order that if it seemed at all best, proper measures might be taken to insure the gratification of this preference. I trust that you, sirs, will not misunderstand me when I say frankly that as this conviction has been laid so strongly on me that from my present view-point (God only knows what the future will bring forth) I might be compelled to decline a designation, should it be impossible at the time of my departure for you to grant me under your Board work in this field. At the same time I know that you will understand that I do not wish in any way to use my peculiarly fortunate position, in having my own support, to influence your choice of the neediest field for my work. To feel that YOU thought that I felt that money would influence your decision in regard to my future work and that I might have my preferences regarded simply because I was able to go self-supporting while another candidate less fortunate might be compelled contrary to his preferences to accept any field that was offered—this would be unbearable. I hope the frankness you ask for in the 'Manual' will be accepted in the spirit it is given. However, an understanding at this time will save possible difficulties.

"However, I shall not be ready to be designated for two years and in that time conditions may be changed. Of course in case of declination of designation, I should seek to go out under

the Presbyterian or some other Board, until I was led to see that the Lord of the Harvest wishes me to work in some other part of the Foreign Field.

"9. My Early Application:—

"My reasons for early application therefore are, first, to aid the Board in granting this preference (of course I mean the probability now of its being granted THEN) and second, for the influence the fact of an appointment will have on my work in the coming year. To go before the College men and Church members in the position of one so far along as to have been accepted by the American Board will undoubtedly give weight to my words, and I believe that we are justified in using every proper means to break up the prejudices of men that the Word of the Lord may have full course to the end that they may recognize the imperative claims on them of the Foreign work.

(Signed) "HORACE TRACY PITKIN."

After writing this letter, he went off to the Adirondacks but he was back in New Hartford in September and on the eighteenth he wrote to Dr. Daniels, "I send you the statement of Faith that you desired. In this last, I have tried to be frank in order that we may understand each other at the outset." This was his statement:

"I believe in the Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

"I believe in one God, maker of Heaven and Earth, our Father, who so loved the world that He sent His Son Jesus Christ to live and die for it.

"I believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten

Son of the Father, of the substance of the Father yet a distinct person; that He took on human form and came into the world, lived a life like ours, tempted in all points as we yet without sin, died, rose and ascended into Heaven where He ever lives with the Father; that He lived to proclaim the Kingdom of Heaven, to teach us by word and example as contained in the Gospels how to live in that Kingdom, and that He died, made to be sin, that full atonement might forever be made for the sins of those who believe on His Name; that now with the Father He ever makes intercession on behalf of His believing ones, and that He sends the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him.

"I believe in the Holy Spirit, that He is a person, that His presence is made possible by the death of Jesus Christ; that He is the Convincer of Sin, the Advocate, the Revealer of the Father, the Interpreter of Christ's life and words, and the Teacher of all things; that thus He is the Sanctifier of the soul and that through Him all our work is to be performed.

"I believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are a progressive revelation of the Father culminating in the revelation of Jesus Christ; that they were written by men peculiarly under the influence of the Divine Spirit; that they are the sufficient and only infallible rule of faith and practice, and that they are the means of making wise unto salvation.

"I believe that all men are sinners and that the wages of sin is death; that our Father 'not wishing that any man should perish' has provided a way of escape by sending Jesus Christ into the world to redeem the world; that this redemption is, first, regeneration and justification, and then growth in sanctification through communion with the Father through prayer, through fellow-

ship with the Son and through the Spirit's aiding us to follow the example and teaching of Jesus Christ—thus to eternal life; that thus this redemption is a gift from God and is made possible to all men, the worst and the best, through their belief in Jesus Christ.

"However there have been, are, and will be, very many who having never heard of or had an intelligent conception of Jesus Christ are nevertheless striving to find God according to their best light. I cannot but have a reasonable hope that the great love of the Father will at sometime and somehow guide these souls to their long-wished-for goal. The Scriptures seem to me to teach nothing definite on the subject. But this I leave with God. Meanwhile I know that the Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of His Christ; I have the command of Christ to go to work for this end; there are the gigantic mountains of sin and suffering to be surmounted—all this is enough for me, and 'hope' or 'no hope,' my Saviour has been too much to me for me to hesitate to take Him to the open sores of the world that I may help Him to be the healing of the nations.

"I believe in the resurrection of the spiritual body; that God and His Christ will come to judge the world, with issues of eternal life and eternal death."

In reply to other questions asked by the Board he wrote:

"I believe the Doctrines as set forth in the Creed of 1883.

"I know that I am a Christian because my whole life has been changed and day by day I love less the things that the Father would not

have me love, while I love more and more the things that are well pleasing to Him.

"The Holy Spirit has worked in and through me so that I cannot doubt but that I am a child of God.

"I am trying to help myself by picking up a little medical knowledge. A very helpful series of quizzes with two doctors for three weeks with the practical work in the hospital and dispensary during and for some time after, has given me a basis on which to acquire constantly more knowledge of how to take care of myself and others, in emergencies where a doctor is not at hand."

As to his motive for desiring to be a missionary, he replied:

"As the Father hath sent me into the world, so I send you into the world, 'For I am persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord,' and that love is the love that constrains me. For preparation I am trying to live closer to Him day by day. It will be my life work, God willing."

He stated he had been accustomed to study eight hours a day or, with recitations, eleven or twelve. As to his habits of exercise, he answered: "During winter-work, running one-half to one mile with ordinary 'body setting up' exercise seems to suit me best—an hour a day." "I am learning day by day, I think," he said, "to bear responsibilities calmly and cheerfully."

The Board of course sought testimonials from

those who knew him. His cousin, the Rev. Heber H. Beadle wrote:

"He meets the requirements as nearly as any one I know. I know of no disqualification in his case."

The Rev. George E. Street, of Exeter, said:

"He was a happy, consistent member during all his course at school, helped organize the Society of Christian Endeavor, kept Christian boys in the Academy up to their duties in their own religious organization, the Christian Fraternity, and after going to Yale, where he stood high in rank as a scholar, he retained his interest in the church and its institutions, usually coming to us every year to encourage young Christians in their work, and later on when the missionary spirit had seized him, to impart his enthusiasm in that great cause to us all.

"Of all the precious young men who have been under our church care here, I can think of none who has been among us a more beautiful and helpful presence."

Dean Wright of Yale replied:

"In body, mind and character he is a strong man. His intellectual qualifications are of a high order and his work in college excellent. He did a great amount of Christian work while a college student and I once allowed him a two weeks' leave of absence as a delegate on national Y. M. C. A. business, because Mr. Morse assured me he could not find elsewhere so good a representative. When he graduated, he had many calls to Christian work in different lines, and I felt that

his success was sure in any of them. His only thought was to select the career in which he could work for Christ.

"He has enthusiasm, perseverance, independence combined with respect for authority, capacity to organize and direct, and is a ready and effective speaker. In my opinion, he is admirably qualified for the foreign missionary service, and I only regret that if he goes to a foreign field, his service will be lost to his own country."

On behalf of the faculty of Union Seminary, President Hastings said:

"He is a decidedly superior man in every way and stands high in all departments. I am delighted that he is going to the foreign field, though he is the kind of man we need at home.

"In gentlemanly habits, in Christian zeal, in scholarly attainments and in oratorical ability, Mr. Pitkin ranks high in his class.

"I congratulate you that you can secure such a young man for the great work."

The Rev. Harlan P. Beach with exceptional opportunities to know him, wrote with discrimination and earnestness:

"If ever a man trusted in God and was thoroughly consecrated to the work of missions, Pitkin is. The zeal of the Lord has eaten him up in the matter of extending His Gospel to the heathen nations. Missions is the atmosphere in which he walks and which is his vital air.

"I know of only three or four men who are such men of prayer as he is. Nothing is at-

tempted without prayer and I have never slept in a room which is more of a Bethel than his room in Union Seminary.

"I am quite sure that he could work harmoniously with others, though if stationed with men who are inclined to be lazy and not thoroughly interested in mission work, I fear he would chafe much. There is danger that one who has made such a thorough study of missions and who really knows more by far of the broad work of missions than most men on the field, would hold strong views as to the possibilities of the service; yet he probably would not do more than make a strong appeal for progress and then if opposed, pray the matter through.

"Few men have clung so persistently to his purpose as Pitkin. Nothing less than a voice from heaven could turn him aside from his desire to preach the Gospel to perishing heathen.

" He is a man of some versatility. His knowledge is broad and he has a taste for invention as his room, rigged with various electrical appliances devised by himself, shows. If he has not changed his plan, he is studying elements of medicine this summer, that he may be provided against the time when his station physician leaves his place and some one is needed to help out in an emergency. Practical things needed on the field he has eyes open to also, so that aside from a theoretical fitness for the field, he has superadded these more prosaic matters.

" Pitkin is in receipt of an income of $3,000 a year or was when he last talked with me about it. That money is the Lord's and will be used mainly for the mission, at least that is the conclusion which he reached after a long consultation with me a year since. He would thus not only be self-supporting, but pay a large portion of the expense of the work. He would probably

continue to support the work abroad which is already in his heart."

It is needless to say that the Board rejoiced to appoint such a candidate and he was accepted on Jan. 29, 1895, and assigned to the North China Mission. He attended the annual meeting of the Board in Madison, Wis., in October, 1894, and the following year, he made a notable short address at the meeting in Brooklyn in October, which made a deep impression but was not reported. A wise country minister in Connecticut recalls his impression of this meeting and his recollection of the strong young life, which he watched and studied:

"September 15, 1895, I preached in New Hartford in exchange with the pastor. Immediately after service, I was expected to go to the minister's rooms and meet his wife who would take me to the hotel to dinner. She said to me, 'Mr. Pitkin played the organ this morning.' I think some of my people had spoken his name to me before as if he was some one I would know well and I (as I sometimes do) waited for information to come in due course instead of asking who and what is he? So as the pastor's wife said, 'Mr. Pitkin,' it was something of a blank to me. She told me farther that Mr. Pitkin was to take charge of an outdoor meeting that her husband had been conducting through the summer at Stubb or Maple Hollow (at least Pitkin was to speak of foreign missions). The meeting was on my road home and I went and then first met Pitkin. He spoke on foreign missions. He had some il-

lustrative material, such as is so often used so cheaply as to make one feel 'That is cheap trash.' It was not so with him; he did not use it to show how much he knew and as if it were all he knew or nearly so. His mind was saturated with information and his heart was full of intense feeling on missions and he wanted to make his hearers see and feel.

"The next time I remember seeing him was at the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. in Brooklyn, that same fall.

"The Board gave an invitation to the C. E. societies to be present in a body, giving them the centre of the hall and sending the ministers to the platform. Dr. Dunning of the *Congregationalist* made an address; I am not sure who else spoke, but Pitkin was one speaker. It was, of course, not the easiest place for a young man but Pitkin did not seem to be awed by the occasion. It was to him an opportunity to plead for the cause he loved and he did it in a frank and manly way. My verdict was 'He has scored another success.' A few weeks (perhaps only a week or two after this) the Conn. C. E. Union met at Middletown. I was visiting my father at Ivoryton (in the town of Essex) and went up just for the day. The president announced that he had desired to have a missionary impulse given to the meeting and looking around and inquiring, he was told that if he could secure 'Chaplain' (now Bishop) McCabe, he could be sure of accomplishing his purpose. The Chaplain spoke. Then he said that at the meeting in Brooklyn of the A. B. C. F. M. he had heard Pitkin and had secured him and introduced him. Again he was master of the occasion. He was the hero of the missionary hour. It happened that his train for New York and mine for Saybrook left at about the same time and we had a few min-

utes' conversation. I was again impressed with the charm of the man. I am not easy to get acquainted with; I am not (I think) considered social, but it was a privilege.

"He was natural and I half think that many of the people took him as a matter of course without thinking how he impressed them or asking how good or great he was."

To go out with Horace, the Board appointed on May 12, 1896, Miss Letitia E. Thomas of Troy, Ohio, who was a graduate of Mount Holyoke and had been at the Young Women's Conference at Northfield, in July, 1895, where she and Horace met. They became engaged that winter. He communicated this happy intelligence to Mr. Bronson in this characteristic note:

"DEAR OLIVER: It's all broke out in the seminary. Not the smallpox—oh, no, my son—but the fact that I am engaged to Miss L. E. Thomas of Troy, Ohio. I'll tell you all about her when I see you—but let this cheer your heart and make you well quick. See!

"In the seventh heaven,

"HORACE."

They were married October 6, 1896, Miss Thomas having spent the preceding year, while Pitkin was concluding his course in Union, at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

The day after the wedding, they went to Toledo to attend the annual meeting of the American Board and in the evening of October

8th, went on to Cleveland for his ordination which took place in Pilgrim Church on October 9th. The Moderator was the Rev. H. M. Tenney, D. D., of Oberlin; the Rev. James Brand, D. D., of Oberlin, preached the sermon. The Rev. Judson Smith, D. D., offered the ordaining prayer; the Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D. D., gave a missionary charge to Mr. Pitkin and the Rev. H. A. Schauffler, D. D., to the people, while Mr. Beach made an address on "The Right Hand of Fellowship."

The relationship of Pilgrim Church to Mr. Pitkin's ordination was not accidental. How the relationship between Pitkin and the Church began is indicated in the following letter which he wrote to the pastor, the Rev. Charles S. Mills, from Union Seminary, May 6, 1896:

"It may seem somewhat strange to you to receive a letter from me. . . . The American Board has appointed me to go to North China this coming fall. . . . I am just finishing my course in Union Seminary this city and after some work this summer shall expect to sail about October or November. . . . Now to the point. The Lord has given me enough money to support myself through the Board on the field. But I have no living church back of me as I go, and on the other side, no body of people are to be particularly influenced through my being on the field. It has been the conviction in my heart for years that no one ought to go to the foreign lands without leaving a society back of him which

should be deeply interested in his work. But this interest can only come in the fullest measure when that society is helping in a very direct way to support the said man. His interest in them also is deepened largely from the fact that they are supporting him. Since my visit to your church last spring, the thought has often come to my mind, would it not be possible for your society to have such an interest in my work and in me. My thought is simply this: Whatever would be my regular salary would be paid by the church here to the Board for me and I in turn would give to the Board a similar amount for the other expenses of the Board which are just as necessary as salaries, yet which do not appeal to the church as much as the support of workers does. In that way I have a living link at home and the church has its representative on the field. But of course, this will mean giving an extra amount to accomplish this.

"Perhaps the thought of this was started in my mind from some remarks made by some of the members of your Young People's Society at the time of their banquet which I attended. These were to the effect that they hoped they might have a share in supporting me. If this spirit could be carried into the church, I have no doubt but that the work could be done. In my work among the C. E. Societies and churches, I have become convinced of the value of the representative on the foreign field. At the same time, I have seen where those representatives have made grave

mistakes in the correspondence conducted with the church supporting them. This education may not come amiss in the coming time.

"I think that you see my point. I dislike writing such a letter . . . it would be tenfold easier for me to go out and support myself and have nothing to do with the churches at home. But the work of a missionary it seems to me is twofold . . . he has a duty to those with whom he works and a duty to the constituency at home and if he has no such constituency it is only pleasing to the Master that he can get one as soon as possible. It may be, Mr. Mills, that you cannot see your way clear to entertaining the thought, for your church, of carrying my whole probable salary . . . say seven hundred dollars, yet you may see the way open to accepting part of it, at least a half, we might say. It might be possible for me to get some other church to take the other half. To you I have made the first appeal. With the Board in the financial straits in which it finds itself and with this scheme of relieving along lines which are only to the advantage of both parties in the highest degree, I ask you to consider the question very seriously. I know that you will all understand me when I say that I believe that my education, my experience in the work among the colleges and churches—if you wish, my wife from the state of Ohio—these may appeal to your church for the sought-for funds.

" . . . Please write me frankly. . . . I shall understand. In the meantime, I shall pray that you may be guided into the will of the Master."

This letter led to an arrangement by which the Pilgrim Church was to support, through the American Board, Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin as its missionary representatives in China. The Church was to provide Mr. Pitkin's salary through the Board, and the Women's Missionary Association Mrs. Pitkin's through the Woman's Board, Pitkin giving from his own funds, the amount of their salary to the Board in lieu of supporting himself as he would have done if this arrangement had not been made with the Church. The farewell meetings in the Church were held on October 24, 1896. Pitkin wrote of these to Dr. Smith on October 29th:

"It will rejoice you to know of the very manifest presence of the Spirit in our meeting with Pilgrim Church Friday–Sunday. Mrs. Pitkin and I managed to address or sing to almost every department of the Church's more strictly religious organizations. . . . The Sunday services, closing with a small farewell meeting in a side room of those in the Church most deeply interested followed by the communion service, were mightily used towards our being welded together into one common interest and sympathy. It is a matter of profoundest joy as I recall the depth and richness of spiritual power in those meetings."

The Calendar of the Pilgrim Church for November 1st spoke with great enthusiasm:

"DAYS OF BLESSINGS. No pen can depict the wonderful experiences connected with Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin's visit a week ago. We can only lift our hearts to God in gratitude for the marvellous outpouring of His grace upon us and upon those who go out as our messengers and His servants. That the whole plan of our connection with them is of divine design, that already we have reaped from it a glorious harvest of spiritual strength, and that it will bring untold blessings to us all in future days, we all most heartily and gratefully believe, and we pray that we may be prepared to receive and employ the grace of God which is so abundantly given in response to our prayers and gifts."

In his memorial sermon of November, 1900, Dr. Mills referred to this "day of blessing": "Was there ever a day that meant more? How deep the emotion at the farewell service, yet how little we knew that we would see his face no more! How the song Mrs. Pitkin sang at that Friday service thrilled us all!

"'The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of the free-born!
There's no night in the Homeland, but aye the fadeless morn;
I'm sighing for the Homeland, my heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland, to which I'm drawing near.

"'My Lord is in the Homeland, with angels bright and fair;
There's no sin in the Homeland, and no temptation there;
The music of the Homeland is ringing in my ears;
And when I think of the Homeland, my eyes are filled with tears;

"'My loved ones in the Homeland are waiting me to come,
While neither death nor sorrow invades their holy home;
O, dear, dear native Country! O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland, of Thy redeeming love.'"

VI

THE JOURNEY TO CHINA

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—WHITTIER.

THE new missionaries sailed from New York on November 11, 1896, on the *St. Paul*, among their most congenial fellow-passengers being Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Chamberlain of India. They had a quiet passage with seven hours of fog and seventy steamer letters and reached London November 18th. They kept a journal of this trip, as they expected to be six months on the way, visiting Europe and Palestine, and the missions in Egypt and India, and Pitkin wrote back letters to friends and to the Pilgrim Church and to the Board. Much that they saw is what all such travellers of earnest purpose and intelligent insight see, but it will be well to quote some extracts from his journal and letters to set forth his general course and his judgments thereon, and to illustrate the character that was nearer its crown than it dreamed.

They saw the Abbey and St. Paul's, of course. Pitkin wrote to the Pilgrim Church from London in his letter of November 24th, addressed to "Dear Fellow-Pilgrims at Home":

"Two places in that wonderful Cathedral held our attention longest. One was in front of a simple white marble slab set in the wall of one of the aisles. The upper part was carved with faces of full strength and purity. The lower part showed in relief a man addressing an audience from a platform. Two of three inscriptions on the stone I remember—they were, 'The world is my parish' and 'God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.' Can you guess the names of such men?—men who have been thought worthy of a place among men of world-fame? Every one has heard of Charles and John Wesley. And of them, it is recorded in imperishable marble, 'The world is my parish.' O, God grant that many a Pilgrim may count it a thing most well-pleasing to God to continually say (and act in accordance with the saying) 'The world is my parish too.' We have started well—may we run so as to attain!

"The other place was before a brass slab let into the floor of the nave. It recited in a few words that here rested the body of one carried from the centre of Africa, missionary, explorer, philanthropist, who in his last words, penned in his diary, breathed a blessing on any one who would lift a finger to help in healing the open sore of the world—do you know him?—buried with all the honor that Britain could give—a man who following the Wesleys, took his parish to be the world—David Livingstone, it was. Cannot some one read his Life and learn of the life which

so beautifully represented that of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth?

"Many other things have claimed our attention. The 'Tower' which has been fortress, palace and prison in turn since the time of William the Conqueror—my! nearly 850 years ago. The wonderful British Museum with the cases packed with all the old relics of the world. Think of seeing clay tablets written on in the time of King Hezekiah and before him; or stones carved in Pharaoh's time and even hundreds of years before that!

"Then there was St. Paul's Cathedral with monuments to noted men. Every Pilgrim boy ought to be fired with a desire to emulate General Gordon who only served his Master, when it is inscribed on his magnificent tomb, 'To Major-General Charles Gordon . . . who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God.' Who will follow that—'Heart to God'?"

On this Sunday in London, they heard two sermons; one in the morning in Christ Church from the Rev. F. B. Meyer on the Holy Spirit, and one in the afternoon at St. Paul's on the awakening of Great Britain to the fact that she is disliked, the congregations differing as greatly as the themes.

From London, they went to Paris for a week. Of the McAll Mission he wrote to the Pilgrim Church:

". . . More and more these salons are becoming the outlet for the missionary activity de-

veloped in the young people of the regular Protestant Churches of the city. So the McAll Mission accomplishes the twofold object of saving and of helping others to save. Note two facts and see the need of work in France and Paris—of 40,000,000 people, the Catholic Church claims less than 3,000,000 as actual adherents. The large portion of the remainder are nothing in religion. Why in Italy, of the 30,000,000 people, less than 10,000,000 can be counted as real members or adherents of the Catholic Church. On the blanks of application for Associate membership in the little Y. M. C. A. in Rome, in the space opposite 'Religion,' the last three applicants, though nominal Catholics had marked 'zero'—they had no religion. But another fact—Paris is divided into twenty districts. Each district has a public library. In at least ten of these libraries there is not a Bible to be found. Think of it! No wonder one of the clerks in one of these institutions reported to an inquirer for a Bible that the book was out of print! At the largest salon, The Philadelphia, I saw a most respectable audience gather for Church service. Then we went to the slums, where Mr. Grieg, President of the McAll Mission, has his Sunday-school. Those bright-eyed boys and girls in a low room back through a narrow alley—boys and girls who could sing with a will (they must have to patch the roof often) and most wonderful of all—boys and girls who could answer the questions like a flash—questions put just as fast to them by Mr. Grieg. 'This is the strong point in French children,' he told me. Why shouldn't it be with United States of America children too?

"After the service, we went to the church building of the salon and took supper with some twenty of the young workers, girls and boys

from the shops and factories, who used to be helped in the Sunday-school and now are the helpers. Then came church service, where I had an opportunity of saying a few words through Mr. Cluett as interpreter. Over each pulpit in the salons is written 'We preach Christ crucified'—so that was my text for them. For musical instruments, they had the organ, violins, 'cello, and two mandolins. Every one joined in right heartily as they sang the Gospel Hymns in French. At nine o'clock came the Christian Endeavor meeting. There was consecration meeting. They gathered—about twenty-five—in an upper room and held a meeting just like ours at home. The roll was called, each one answering with a text. Then an opportunity was given to say what this one or that one hoped to do the coming month. One said 'Help trim the Christmas Tree'—another 'speak to the girls at my counter'—these represent the types—combining the practical and spiritual lend-a-hand with material and spiritual bread. Then came the Scripture discussion with a good deal of animation. Finally, kneeling, all prayed. In the midst arose the hymn, 'Shall We Gather at the River,' which I recognized from the dear old tune. At last came 'More holiness give me,' and we arose from our knees to go out thanking God for that saint Adam McAll, who was sent of Him from Scotland to inaugurate this marvellous work. I wish that all might see what I did of it. No doubt but that Cleveland would lend even a mightier helping hand in this warfare.

"One peculiar thing we notice on the tombs of departed heroes and saints in the Catholic Churches and that is the sentence '*Orate nobis*'—'Pray for us'—that is for the dead. But we take it, your fellow-pilgrims, and for us living, we ask it of you '*Orate nobis!*' '*Orate nobis!*'"

The travelers went from Paris to Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples and Pompeii and thence from Brindisi to Greece. Of December 22d, in Athens, Horace writes in the Journal:

"In the evening after writing the Journal, about nine o'clock, we drove to the Acropolis in the moonlight. The carriage left us (I had a revolver in my pocket) and the guard let us in after examination of our permesso. Clouds were in the sky but the alternate shadow and brightness only increased the beauty. We moved to all different points and finally at 10:30 turned regretfully homeward. Walked back in the moonlight (two days after full moon) and reached the hotel by 11:15. Glorious day!"

From Athens, he wrote to his "Fellow-Pilgrims" in Cleveland:

"Six weeks day after to-morrow since we left New York,—and how much has been packed into those weeks. Many a time has the wish of the farewell telegram you sent us been fulfilled in these days. Amidst all the change of scene,—with the thousand dangers around us, within and without—'The Lord be gracious unto thee and give thee peace' has been our constant experience. We are sure you will all ask of Him to make it even more an abiding reality to us as we near the more definite mission fields where so much lies to be seen and understood. This is for us, but will you not add to it the prayer that we may with the reception of such blessing be the givers of even greater blessing to those whom we touch in the many places of our journey?"

On December 29th, he and Mrs. Pitkin touched at Beirut and went on the next day to Jaffa on the way to Jerusalem. Their letter to the Church, descriptive of the Jerusalem visit, was written from Benares on April 7th:

"Tuesday night we went aboard a small steamer for Jaffa (Yaffa, the old Joppa) the port for Jerusalem. A storm came up and in the morning, we anchored a mile off Jaffa, wondering if the boats from shore would dare come out to us. Fortunately, they ventured and a boat came tossing on the huge waves. As it was made fast to our ship, one wave carried it down level with our keel and another up almost even with the deck, while the boatman skillfully fended off and helped us along the steps which were hung on the side of the ship. It was rather dangerous. There sat Mrs. Pitkin on the lowest step with the boat far below her. On a wave the boat rose, two men seized her by the arms and simply threw her into the boat, where she was caught by the boatmen. I was treated in the same way, luggage followed and the boat shoved off. The nine rowers bent to their oars, keeping time to an antiphonal chant between them and the head rower praying to Allah for help. Jaffa is a little, frightfully dirty place, so we took the first train for Jerusalem, fifty miles away. It seemed odd to see a railroad, but this has been running only a few years, managed by a French company. The locomotives are two that were used between Chicago and the World's Fair.

"Now came a week of sight-seeing that made the Bible in its references to Jerusalem and vicinity seem very real to us. One day was spent in

the city. We saw the Ecce Homo arch with the adjoining pavement and the two stones between which Pilate sat. We followed the Via Dolorosa, the traditional path which Jesus took to the cross. Along it, the Catholics have indicated stations where He rested. But, of course, this street is at least fifty feet above the original street as rubbish has filled in the valley. So we passed to the most remarkable building in Jerusalem, founded by Queen Helena in the fourth century—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a low stone building, covering about half an acre and containing thirty-seven stations at which something connected with the crucifixion is said to have taken place. These the Greeks, Latins and Copts own, sometimes commonly, sometimes separately. You enter the door—in front of you is the slab on which Christ was laid after the Descent. This, all three of the sects own. To the left, is an iron cage, indicating where Mary, the mother stood. To the right, up several steps the cross was placed and the hole leads down into a cave where they show you the grave of Adam, so arranged that the cross must have rested on his skull. Thus they typify the washing out of sin. Around the sides of the church are rock-hewn caves. As we pass through them, we see here the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus; here the spot where Christ appeared to Mary; here the column to which He was bound; here the place where they cast lots; here where they crowned Him; and in a large cave, the spot where Helena found the three crosses; the true one of which was proven by its power to raise the dead. In the Greek chapel at one side of the church, we were shown the stone, which marks the centre of the earth. From under this came the dust of which Adam was formed. In the centre of the building is the sepulchre; a small chapel of two rooms, one con-

taining a piece of the stone which closed the tomb, the other the tomb itself. To see all this mass of superstition and tradition; to know that only Turkish soldiers keep the three sects from murdering each other, in their fanaticism; to hear of the scenes of riot and even of death, when on Easter Day the mob crowds in to light their candles from the holy fire that priest-craft makes to blaze from the tomb; all this makes one's heart sick within him.

"Another day we spent in compassing the walls. We saw the so-called 'tomb outside the walls,' but one must confess that it has a remarkable air of truthfulness. The hill near by, the Jews call Golgotha and mock and spit at it to this day. The tomb is an unfinished one as we would expect. The groove, where a mighty stone must have rolled, is plainly visible. Few tombs have windows, but this one has an aperture, corresponding to the Gospel narration. Having passed the place of the stoning of Stephen, we crossed the Brook Kedron and ascended the Mount of Olives. Buildings have been erected on spots where Christ is said to have ascended (the Latins say one, the Greeks another), where they say He taught His disciples to pray, and where the traditional tombs of Joseph and Mary are. A small garden is shown as the site of the Garden of Gethsemane. But in spite of these traditional excresences, when once on the Mount, we could imagine ourselves back in the scenes of 1,900 years ago. The surrounding mountains and valleys, the far-off Dead Sea, with Pisgah beyond all, lay just as they did when our Master walked here.

"The site of the temple on Mount Moriah was most interesting. No Christian is allowed in the precincts unless with a pass and special Turkish guard. The beautiful mosque of Omar, whose foundation Mohammed is said to have laid, stands

over the summit of the Mount, which the devout Moslem believes even now to be suspended in the air, having started to follow Mohammed to heaven, but stopped by Gabriel, whose handprint is shown to prove the story.

"On the side of the enclosure, facing the Mount of Olives, is the Beautiful Gate. Until recently, a Turkish guard was kept there day and night and this for 600 years, because an old prophecy stated that the Christians would one day recapture the temple through that gate. We know that Christianity will win some day, but not by the sword but by His spirit working in the hearts of men.

"Our trip of a day and a half to the Jordan was charming. Starting wrapped in thick rugs, we gradually shed them as we descended the 3,900 feet to modern Jericho in the Jordan plain. Three miles away, a few sand mounds probably mark ancient Jericho. The road is wild and the scenery beautiful. Troops of wandering Bedouins make it dangerous, but we had an escort to guard us. One poor traveller whom we passed, without an escort, was robbed an hour later. At this season, the plain of the Jordan is sticky mud. Our horses and mule struggled bravely and the three miles to the Jordan were covered. As we saw it—a very muddy and uninviting stream about fifty yards wide, flowing deep and swift. We tried to follow it to the Dead Sea, but on account of the mud, were unable to go and had to give it up.

"Another day was spent in driving to Hebron and back, forty-eight miles in all. The mountains rocky and bare now, but soon to be smothered in flowers. The valleys plowed or just turning green, peasants and shepherds with their flocks, all presented scenes of unparalleled interest.

"Tuesday was the Greek Christmas Eve and on that day the patriarch entered Bethlehem in

state. The square in front of the little Church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian church extant, was thronged with the gaily dressed worshippers. Under the altar of the church is a rock-hewn cave where worshippers kneel at the place of Christ's birth, at the place where the cradle stood and at the place where came the annunciation to Joseph. We attended one service, but could not stop for the midnight service, when the patriarch marches through the streets and three times around the church, bearing an image of the Christ-child in his arms. Hundreds of pilgrims come to this celebration.

"Of mission work, we saw little as our time was so short. The main effort is directed towards Jews, Catholics and Armenians. Even societies started for Mohammedans have turned to this work for the moment, realizing that until after the Turkish power is broken, and the nominal Christians show a more evangelical spirit, there is little to be expected from the Mohammedans.

"Jerusalem is the most filthy city we have visited, and the Jew quarter is the worst of all. The narrow streets with all the offal from butcher and grocery shops as well as from the houses thrown into them, and with the mangy dogs prowling around, are simply indescribable.

"Thus ended our week in Jerusalem. Wednesday evening, January 6, 1897, we were once more on the sea bound for Port Said."

The Egyptian section of the Journal is entertainingly written, but it is descriptive of the country rather than of Pitkin's character. Of Sunday, January 17th, he writes at Assiout:

"This morning at nine, part of the crowd went off on an excursion to be gone till noon. Mrs.

W. and Mrs. M., also Miss V., and we-uns started for the American Mission service. After a fairly long walk, we entered the courtyard of the mission, went up some stairs, knocked, were answered by a nicely-dressed girl, daughter of the head missionary, who showed us into the church. It was filled with young men and Herr Missionary was preaching in Arabic, so we didn't linger but walked up into the town and back to the boat. This afternoon, we spent in Bible study and this evening we tried a few songs, but too many people are around, so it is unpleasant. The boat has been going all afternoon, and if everything keeps up, we shall sail on all of to-morrow and hope to reach Denderah Tuesday noon. Mrs. W. suggested I give a service on deck this afternoon or evening, but we have kept out of the way—for what reason?—I don't know!—only we don't want to."

At Keneh, he says:

"We mounted and rode up a long avenue to the town, quite a fine place, to all the pottery works. But lo, we ran into the celebration of the birthday of an Arab saint. Such a crowd in the market-place! Camels in rich trappings with rugs!—oh, oh! Just one for our floor in China, please! Then other camels had big-covered houses on their backs, concealing clothes, etc., of the deceased. A brass band was blowing, cannon were firing and a big crowd at one side was watching races. We managed to get up close and saw the finest Arab riders come dashing down the line and rein up instanter, almost throwing their horses, whose mouths were red with blood. Altogether it was a most interesting sight."

On January 28th they sailed for Ismailia on the P. & O. boat *Arcadia*, and began to get insight into the ways of life on the English ships in the East. These are extracts from the Journal:

" . . . The vessel is sailing free, so we don't get much wind. They are busy with all sorts of games on the Port Deck, which is the cooler of the two. Bean-bags, which consist of two crews passing five bags on a round trip through five players, and having victory depend on the speed of the trip, seem most exciting. Then 'Shuffle-board,' 'Rings,' etc., all form a constant fund of amusement. We sit and watch as we are too weary to enter into the exercise. They have asked us to do so at a shilling apiece, but we are novices while they have been working since Brindisi. No, sirree! But we get a back-gammon board and are in the midst of that harmless game.

"Oh, Sunday after dinner, while playing the piano during second dinner, the purser sent up and asked me to cease. The reason I know not. Sufficient was the sour. A Japanese nurse is on board. Nice happy little woman with a big bow for a bustle. There are four Chinese too, all in one saloon cabin. The English you can watch all day with never-ending amusement. The best joke was this evening, when a gentleman at the table with Mrs. F—— asked her if those young couples were not very lonely and felt it badly that the English would not speak to them. He said that it was always so. For instance, as for himself, he was an editor, a mercantile pursuit, and so the three English at his table would never speak to him. He must have been very self-depreciative. As for us, we were quite content to be by ourselves. The only thing that does

trouble us is whether we have done all we could for those about us by this line of conduct. The captain, Loggin, is an earnest Christian, much interested in Moody."

They landed at Colombo on February 7th. The journal says:

"Headache and mean feeling, so we rested till four o'clock, when I discovered I had left my New Testament on the steamer. She was due to start at six, so I got a rickshaw and went out to her in one of the catamarans, a curious boat made of a long log on which two planks are nailed to form sides. Then to keep it upright, two bent poles are lashed to the top sides and extend some ten feet to a smaller log sharpened and bent up at each end, to which they are lashed again. Two men row on the side away from the poles and to counteract the side motion, the steersman rows across the boat, so keeping her straight. There is room for two passengers facing each other. It was a novel experience and the sea was decidedly rough. I found the book in the stateroom and came up to look around. Everything was black with coal-dust. The purser told me it takes three washings really to get things clean once more. This is one of the disagreeable features of a six weeks' trip, necessitating two coalings on the way. By six o'clock, I was back and the trip had cost 100 cents (Ceylon)—a rupee, or thirty-two cents in our money. Cheap!"

It was rather late in the cool season to visit India and it soon grew very hot. On March 6th, Pitkin writes in the journal of the ride to Sholapur:

"To-day has been the most trying in our whole trip. No one warned us of the heat. We had no water except in a small bottle. The soda at stations is tasteless. The heat was terrific and the dust awful. I was afraid Letty would collapse. We couldn't stand the breeze through the windows. It was like a furnace heat. We had to wear our topis for fear of the sun through the roof. But all bad things come to an end, and after the ride through the desert —for everything seemed a barren waste—Mr. Edw. Fairbank met us at the station with his little girl and we were soon in the tonga, driving home. Everything is dried up here and not a breath of wind stirring. It is hot, there's no doubt of it. Mrs. Fairbank gave us a warm welcome and we had a little nap before dinner. Beds looked too good to be resisted and we were soon in them."

The good sense of his observations of the work is illustrated by his account of the Sunday spent at Sholapur:

"The night has been warm, but still we slept, and at 9 A. M. we went off to the little Eurasian service for the railroad people, that is nominally under the Government Chaplain, but the missionaries take it for half the year. I took the service entirely and preached, which was very pleasant as the audience filled the building and were very attentive. We were introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Harding, the oldest missionaries in the Marathi Mission. They seem like delightful people. He is a large man with long beard, quiet, deep voice and a man of executive ability. He is very fond of music and has put many of the lyrics to music. We came home and were about the

house till five o'clock, when the evening service came at the mission church. In place of the preacher, a Brahmin doctor in town preached. He is said to be a great help to them, as he has influence and money. The service was not as orderly as the services down south. The boys of the school were restless; the women did not respond to the service and there was much going out and coming in. One good thing was the number of Hindus who stood in the doorways and listened. As the church is right in the city, while the mission compound is without the walls, it makes the service able to reach a larger number of Hindus. In other missions they have spoken of the difficulty resulting from a church too secluded in a mission compound. This evening, Mr. F. had the boys of his school on the porch and with Mrs. F. at the organ and baby Adelaide between them in a high chair, they sang hymns and lyrics, and then the boys divided into two groups, those who had listened to the sermon and those who had not. Then followed questions on the sermon and the meeting was closed with prayer. He is touching these boys very closely. Hardly a boy leaves his school unconverted. To the Hindus, to send a boy to school means his conversion. In the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Harding came over, and we had a charming talk. Mrs. Harding was a Mount Holyoke girl. Dr. Harding has had a very interesting experience with a community which of itself became Christians, and one of his helpers went out to baptize them. They were perfectly independent, but by and by, their boys going to school learned what the mission was doing for others; at mission meeting, delegates had their eyes opened, and they asked for teachers supported by the mission. Dr. H. partially yielded; now he is sorry he did. What might have hap-

pened is hard to say. Mr. Fairbank believes that more responsibility ought to be put on the native preachers. Mistakes will happen, but when will anything be done towards independence, if a start be not made soon."

After southern India, they visited Ahmednagar, where they were greatly impressed by the work of the Humes in the American Board Mission and they then went on to visit Agra, Delhi, Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta. At Lucknow, they saw something of the Methodist work and Pitkin observes in his Journal:

"They have had only one-tenth of the usual baptisms this year, for two reasons—1st, they are afraid of rice Christians, and 2d, they know that famine relief is refused to Christians. When asked about early baptism, Mansell said that most baptisms took place after a good deal of previous instruction and they were always followed by much more of the same. In a word, baptism seems to the Methodist a more formal way of expressing what in the South is expressed when a group of families ask for a school and promise to give up idolatry, etc."

At Calcutta, he was impressed by the great opportunity for work among students. Of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association for student work, he writes to the Pilgrim Church:

"This building lies in the most unique student centre in the world. 1st, because within a radius of one-half a mile from this as centre, live

41,000 students in upper institutions of learning. Take New York City—all her students, men and women, in her higher institutions of learning, amount to not more than 15,000 in number. But here are 41,000 packed into small space, with this building in the centre. 2d, because these students are of many kinds of faith—Mohammedans, Parsees (Indian fire-worshippers), Hindu sects by the hundred, Jains, theosophists, sceptics and atheists. 3d, because, of these, many have heard little of Christianity, some nothing, more enough intelligently to refuse it—while a very, very few are Christians. What a work to be done!"

On April 14th, they sailed from Calcutta on the *Aratoon Apcar* for Singapore, and thence on April 26th, on the P. & O. *Rohilla.* These are the first entries in the Journal:

"Sea calm. Flying fish around us. Checkers, back-gammon, etc., to amuse. We heard so much from the M——s about disrespect shown missionaries that we are on our good behavior. Last night Letty slept on deck in her chair and I on the berth mattress by her side.

"Sea beautiful all day. Met a Mrs. and Miss S—— of England going on Round World Tickets. A number are going in this way. One hundred and fifty pounds from London. A man sitting next me goes to Pekin to enter consular service—five years at $1,000—$2,000 when he ends. Then back for three years in England to be made a barrister and then with increased salary, he comes back. They allow with all travelling expenses, eighty-seven cents a day for wines. Further down, a man is going to superintend the construction of the railroad from Tientsin. In the second cabin is

an S. P. G. missionary from inland from Chefoo. Of course, the usual chumps and snobs are on board. But we are doing very well. Slept on deck last night."

They reached Shanghai on May 7th, sailing on the 12th on the *El Dorado* for Tientsin, where they arrived on May 15th. On the way up from Shanghai he wrote a long letter to Luce, full of advice about packing goods which were intended for shipment to China. His counsel is worth quoting for itself and also as illustrative of his exceedingly practical turn of mind:

". . . We had a short time in Shanghai and so went around to see things. Certain things you can get there cheaper or as cheap as at home. But in this class are things that to hunt out in the native shops would take a long time. To get them at foreign shops might take away their cheapness. Then too, many things can be got in Chefoo. All steamers go through Shanghai, so allow some time for that place in your itinerary. Now to details: I. All wicker-work; rattan furniture, chairs or tables or stools, a hamper, etc., get at Shanghai. Cheap. Say $1.00 for what would be $5.00 at home. II. Sewing-machines are dirt cheap. Singer machine is eighteen to twenty dollars; (fifty to sixty dollars at home) same thing,—latest. III. Silk is very cheap. Ribbon is about the same as home. IV. Tinware, we expect is about the same as home. Easier to bring out, as far as the missionaries' report to you allows. V. Iron bedsteads are more expensive and of less value. Bring such from home—and bring that—no wooden ones will pay. VI. Rugs are best brought. VII.

Mosquito netting get at Shanghai through Mrs. Evans—twenty-five cents (gold) a yard, twelve yards to a double bed. VIII. Floor matting get at Shanghai. Rolls of forty yards long and one yard wide cost here $3.50 a roll. But if you stop in Japan, get the matting there. It is of much better make, so missionaries tell us. IX. Iron-ware, such as stoves, bring from home. I understand that in your mission, every one uses a range instead of a native cook-stove. But have them crated heavily—not boxed—but have every door and peg and unscrewable thing taken off and packed inside the stove—that is if the opening to them can be closed—or packed in a separate box.

"This letter has long lain unfinished and now as we are on our first house boat, bound up the Peiho to Tungcho to the annual meeting of the mission, I have a chance to finish it. Well! our packages have arrived and most of them are in good condition. But from some we may learn some lessons. 1. Have good heavy boxes—don't be afraid of the weight. It makes little difference in bulk and the latter is what you have to pay for. 2. Have a lining of waterproof cloth or tar-paper with heavy brown paper inside. 3. Put at least four screws each side of the box—countersink them and fill the hole with sealing-wax. No board can then come off without showing and the Oriental won't tamper with wax. 4. Put around the ends of the boxes iron straps, overlap the ends of same well and fasten with good-sized nails. 5. Again, don't be afraid of good boxes; the wood is useful here and you won't have things wet or abstracted. Insurance amounts to little, unless everything is lost, and damages on weak parcels are hard to collect. Care does pay. This waterproof lining refers to books, dry-goods or pic-

tures. 6. For pictures, leave plenty of space between glass and boards, for "handle with care" doesn't go out here so long as they don't break the wood—therefore it may bend and spoil a picture. 7. For crockery, don't have it packed in barrels but in boxes. The Oriental loves cups and glasses, and to break in a stove or open a head or slip a hoop—abstract the articles and close everything up again—it is his delight. Even heavy casks sometimes suffer. Bring all your books, and as for furniture—well! They tell you here that you can get fine furniture at little price. It's true! But it is made of unseasoned wood and if you could see the warps, and shrinks, etc., etc., in some of the furniture, you would agree with me that chairs (knocked down, of course—so bring a pound or so of glue and glue-pot—native glue is poor—also one-half dozen wooden or iron clamps to hold the parts together in drying), bedroom set or any furniture with many drawers, should be brought from home. But bookcase can be made here really cheaply and plenty good enough. If a door sticks, you don't mind—but to have a bureau or washstand, etc., with drawers, cupboards, etc., sticking—it's a waste of good patience! So don't bring bookcases. On the glass of pictures, paste a large sheet of paper with the white of an egg. Then if the glass breaks, the pieces are held together and do not scratch the picture. Don't trust to professional packers. Be satisfied as to results only by personal supervision. Then you can blame none but yourself if anything goes wrong. So much for packing. . . ."

After a week in Tientsin, Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin went on to Tungcho, where the annual meeting of the mission was held, enabling them to meet

most of their fellow-missionaries. On Sunday afternoon, Pitkin was asked to tell of the trip through India, which he did, expecting to talk about half an hour, "but one hour and twenty minutes passed before he closed." After the meeting, he made a hurried visit to Peking and his future station Paotingfu. For the summer, they went to Pei-tai-ho. As soon as they were settled, Pitkin wrote to Luce, who was going to China in the fall:

". . . We reached Tientsin May 15th, stopping at Chefoo an hour or two to see your mission. After a week we took house boat for five days up to Tungcho to annual mission meeting. It was glorious. The sweetest, most devotional spirit one could wish for! . . . Pei-tai-ho is the finest spot on the Chinese coast. A high bluff. Gigantic rocks—fine sand beach and simply elegant bathing. Now different Boards in Tientsin, Peking, Paotingfu, etc., etc., have large plots of ground; an association has been formed and cheap brick and stone houses—one story, three rooms—put up. Some sixty missionaries are here besides thirty to forty children and in this cool invigorating spot you can imagine what a good time we have. Haven't had a hot day yet—the rainy season is setting in, but the sun shines between showers and the moon is getting full. The sunsets over distant mountains are finer than anything we have ever seen and the whole place is an ideal one. Now we have three hours of Chinese in the morning, two in the afternoon—bathing, etc., takes an hour—bed at 9:30.

". . . Chinese language is no snap. We have a young fellow as teacher who has a Tungcho

B. A. and goes to the Theological Seminary there this fall. Nice as can be—though we have difficulty in understanding him in all that he says! Also our tongues will get twisted around these horrid syllables. In some ways, it is harder than we expected,—in some ways it is easier.

". . . By the way, be sure to see personally to all the boxes packed. If they are crated, see that the bars are close together and the main ones, such as end and middle ones, reinforced with iron straps. Take no one's word for how they are packed. See them finally yourself and you will be happy and bless me some months hence."

He wrote also from Pei-tai-ho on July 18th to Dr. Smith of the Board in Boston, reporting their arrival and giving some summary of their experiences and of the results of the long and circuitous journey to their field:

"We have at last reached China, and have had our introduction to most of the fellow-missionaries at the Tungcho meeting. They suggested that we spend the summer here and go into Paotingfu in the fall. So we are here with Dr. and Mrs. Shapleigh, in the best place in all China for studying Chinese. Our teacher is a fine young fellow, who has been teaching school a year in Paotingfu and goes back this fall to Tungcho to take up the theological work under Dr. Goodrich. We are taking our first dive into the waters. They are not as cold in some ways as I had expected. Yet this does not imply that we think the language anything but difficult. We certainly realize that fact, but we believe that the Lord will ever keep before us the true purpose with which we are studying this tongue—to preach Christ crucified.

". . . A week in Jerusalem and vicinity opened many pages of Scripture like a new book. . . . We entered India February 9th, at Tuticorin, spent a Sunday at the C. M. S. work in Tinnevelly and went on to Madura. . . . In order to see a little of the Arcot work of the Dutch Reformed missionaries, we stopped at two of their stations. It was peculiarly instructive to catch the note of evangelistic work that has been so prominent a feature of their work, and to see how they have been led of the Lord to enter more and more on educational work in order to save the Christian communities and to raise up an indigenous Church. They have also had thrown on them in a most providential way, educational work for a large number of Hindus. We shall watch with interest to see how the intense evangelistic spirit will affect the school of 800 pupils, only one hundred of whom are from Christian parents. From there, we passed to Sholapur for over Sunday.

". . . Ahmednagar was the next place, and for two weeks we were with Dr. Robert Hume. Fortunately for us, Edward Hume's school was there at the time, so we caught a little of the Bombay work that otherwise would have been shut from us. It seemed like leaving home when we started once more on our way north. With all the knowledge that we gained in the two weeks, we received a great blessing spiritually from the lives of those about us. To have such fellowship was a rare treat, and must be to us an augury of the showers of blessing that some day must water that Marathi work.

". . . We were then in the midst of the famine district, and from actual observation, as well as from the statement of the missionaries who were almost swamped with the relief work, we understood the bright and dark side of this

Government relief work. The mass of native corruption in administration of famine funds is appalling. Yet we could not but thank God that so much after all was being done for the sufferers. Britain has done all she can. It is only of the necessity of things that corruption must be rife. We were sorry not to see a little of the Presbyterian work at Lahore, but the weather was rapidly growing hot; in fact, by a remarkable freak of weather, we had the most delicious cool temperature at a time when under ordinary circumstances, it ought to have been very oppressive —especially so to travellers.

". . . We left Calcutta April 14th, with the weather very warm, and had a beautiful voyage to Singapore, via Penang. Here we spent Sunday, in view of the need of changing steamers, and were entertained by the American Methodists. As in Calcutta to the students, so in Singapore to members of the same class in the nigh largest mission school in the world, I had the chance of speaking English. This school is interesting from three view-points: First. It is self-supporting, even to foreign teachers, etc. Second. It is made up of so-many-tongued lads, twelve I believe. Third. Contrary to M. E. policy, it was started with the distinct understanding that no Christianity should be taught—the teachers gradually violated that until a crisis came last year that nearly destroyed the school. A compromise was adopted and the wedge of Christianity now started will surely be pushed in. It opens up the neutral school problem in a most interesting way.

". . . Just a word in summary:

"1. Whatever our expectations were as to our seeing mission work, they came far short of reality.

"2. As for our touch with missionaries, we have gained a knowledge of and love for them

such as will last for life; and be a glorious foundation on which to build.

"3. We are sure that their interest in us is, in the majority of cases, deep and lasting. We believe that God blessed us with them.

"4. Pilgrim Church in Cleveland has been helped by our experience in other lands. In one case, a contribution to an important object was saved by our report to them on it.

"5. We believe more than ever that our associates in the work here are to have a share in our blessing. At the annual meeting opportunity unsolicited (in fact, at first repelled) was given us to speak of our trip. Much kindly interest was shown.

"6. From a financial view-point, we have seen openings in other lands that will, we hope, in time be filled by us.

"In all, we have been wonderfully guided and kept by our Father. Our health amid changes of climate and food has been remarkably good—and for it all we thank Him and shall thank Him more and more in the coming days."

VII

LIFE AND WORK IN CHINA

So he died for his faith. That is fine —
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line,
That he lived for it, too?

In his death, he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim —
From bravado, or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt;

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led,
Never mind how he died.

At the end of the summer, they went to the station at Paotingfu. In an interesting letter to the Pilgrim Church, Pitkin describes the location of the station and the method of reaching it when he and Mrs. Pitkin joined the mission, and tells

something of his new surroundings. The railroad from Tientsin to Peking was opened in the summer of 1897, but the road from Peking to Paotingfu had not yet been completed, The old river route, accordingly, was still in use. This letter was dated at Paotingfu, January 5, 1898:

"You all know the relative positions of Tientsin, Peking and Paotingfu, and you know that the river, starting from Tientsin, forks a few miles out, one branch called the Peiho going to Peking, the other called the Clear River, coming in a southwest direction down here. Everything looks the same on the map. What a difference here! The Peiho is a swift, muddy stream, with great curves and wind-swept sand-banks, while little vegetation is to be seen from the boat. The Clear River for three-quarters of its length is formed by a chain of lakes and only at this end does it narrow down almost to a canal-like stream, with a few locks to help navigation. At Paotingfu navigation stops. And the river is beautiful. The lakes are shallow, sometimes stretching out into large expanses of water, but most of the way they are filled with rushes, towering twelve to fifteen feet high as they leave a narrow winding channel for the boats. In parts, the rushes seem divided off into huge plots with lanes of water intersecting in every direction. At other places, the plodding Chinaman has dug mud out of the channel and is trying to make ground for cultivation. Now and then huge patches of enormous lotus leaves intervene. Evidently swamp land separated the lakes at one time, for between the lakes, the channel runs between mud dykes that are crowned each one by a road, lined on either side by a row of trees and

a row of graves, each of which is topped by a huge earth mound, or finally, a small lake may be cut off for cultivation purposes by a dyke running along one side of it, leaving room for a deep channel. Villages are numerous, the channel carries an immense number of boats; you are never alone and out of sight when walking on the bank; the rushes give shelter in the fall to thousands of ducks and geese, that grow very bold, through familiarity, while the number of fishermen one sees ought to indicate a pretty liberal fish diet for the surrounding population. You can imagine how we enjoyed the trip. Give us windmills and we could make ourselves think of Holland. Naturally, the sunsets were glorious, for besides this scenery of miles and miles of waving green and brown rush-heads with the paths and stretches of water, the mountains rose to the northwest almost parallel to our course.

"Two boats take us bag and baggage. If you want to see the style of boat, look on page thirty of *Chinese Characteristics* by A. H. Smith. One boat has freight, with a huge piano box filled with dry goods crowning the bow, and our boat with its complement of freight stowed under deck, with another huge piano box containing our Steinway, acting as figure-head, carries our cook, kitchen, bedroom, living-room, dining-room and ourselves. Cook and kitchen took up four by six of space, a lattice-door covered with thin white paper led on to our bed, simply woven wire springs placed on a broad wooden shelf, called a 'Kang.' Bedroom, etc., on close examination materialized into a cabin ten by six, which allowed us two chairs, a trunk and a square table. Windows on the sides were lattice with part paper, part glass covering, but if necessary, the whole side of the cabin could easily come out. The front was of boards matched

and sliding in grooves. Our cook was a quiet fellow who did his work well. Food had to be brought along the narrow deck of the boat outside the cabin and passed in at the window. One gets used to cockroaches on these boats. The cabins are usually roughly papered and at night the rustling of the multitudes is rather disturbing at first. They say that if one finds many of these friends aboard, it is a sure sign of the absence of worse things. So we can even rejoice in the rustling! We were aboard by six in the evening, Wednesday, September 23d, and after an hour's going, we tied up for the night. At 3 A. M. the boatmen were at it, working till about 10 A. M. when their first meal came. Off again in an hour and steady work till seven, when some large village would be reached and our boat would tie up alongside a long line of craft. 'Work?' you say. 'How?' Every boat has a mast. They run up a curious square sail for a favoring breeze and with a wind further aft than a beam, the men sit around and look at the scenery. But most winds are head-winds—if they are not at first, some bend in the river soon brings them. Then it's 'pole' for the fellows, and 'pole' they do, running at a jog along the narrow ledge the length of the boat, keeping time with their bare feet or cloth shoes. Or it's 'every one out for a walk'—when they rig up a line from the top of the mast and with a series of loops fastened to boards running across their chests, they turn into tow-mules. If an intersecting stream is met, they scramble on board, or off with their clothes—all too light at the best—they swim for it. So long as it doesn't rain or isn't cold, these fellows are merry as children the day long. Let the rain come and every Chinaman wants to go home. The boatmen pull up the deck-boards and climb into the stuffy hold or

crowd into the kitchen—maybe a piece of matting gives covering. But 'work?' Not they. They swim—they bathe—in fact they are an improvement along this line over people in Palestine and Egypt—but no work in the rain for John! Then there are bridges spanning the channel with a very sharp curve—usually made of stone with stone railings surmounted by carved dragons. They rest on piers of what look like piled up, worn out grind stones, or on piers of logs decayed and patched beyond description. Down comes the mast for each one of these obstacles. It is remarkable how quickly they do it. Thus all Thursday we worked our way along. Friday a breeze came up from behind and all day we drove through the water, grazing the banks of rushes, scaring the ducks, and losing most of the things off of the table as the boat careened. Saturday, we reached the canal part of the river and with 'tracking' or 'towing' alternated with spurts of sailing, we reached the lock three miles from the city, where shallow water stopped us. But Mr. Ewing was on hand to take us afoot, with a few things aboard a cart, to our compound. And we were finally at home. Here is a compound some 500 feet long by 200 feet wide. At the south end is the Girls' Boarding School with twenty girls and matron, teacher, etc. Miss Gould has charge of this work, the day-schools in the city and all woman's work. Her house is by the school—a house of one story, built for two single women, the full complement of the station. A walk runs down the centre of the compound and at this north end on the west side of the walk is Mr. Ewing's house, just being completed, and the chapel. On the east side, opposite, is Dr. Noble's house, part of which we occupy. The extreme end of the compound has the gate, stables, Boys' Boarding School with

eighteen boarders, etc. A high mud wall surrounds the compound, for there is no admittance, except through the gate. In another small compound close by, Dr. Noble has his dispensary and hospital. We are on the boundary of the south suburb of the city. Every city of any size in China has its wall. Outside the north, east, south and west gates, cluster suburbs. So we are about one-fourth mile from the south wall, directly south from the southeast corner of the wall. Between us and the wall runs the river on the opposite bank of which, a little east of us, is the China Inland Mission, with one missionary in charge. In the north suburb, a mile from the city wall north, is the Presbyterian compound with three missionaries ordained and one doctor. So we are about three miles from them by the road outside the city wall. These are our neighbors and very delightful it is to have them in the work, although our districts are entirely separate."

In a letter to his sister, written after a long silence, he gives some further details of their life:

"'It's a long time between drinks!' The cook does all the planning for, buying of and preparing of the food. That is the way they have out here, and a very varied menu he gets up. You would die to see the little kitchen that he has fifty feet away from the house. His implements are few, and he has a brick range with two holes, no pipe, no oven or anything. Over one hole, he gets up the dinner. An iron bowl, like a wash bowl is tipped over with the edge just reaching over the edge of the hole, enough to let heat in. That makes his oven. His meats are done to a turn, his bread and cake delicious. Then around the hole (it is perhaps five inches in

diameter) are grouped butter-tins with the edges just projecting, so that three or four vegetables are going at the same time. How he cooks, I don't know. Still, there is another side to it. Everything we have has to be locked up, and sugar, flour, butter, potatoes, etc., doled out day after day. That takes time. There is a reckoning every other day, when he brings in a bill for all the food bought. He can 'squeeze' within limits—and how much goes into his pocket, no one knows. There is a limit, but an artificial one, for the other cooks are with him in stating a certain price. Yet it is very little after all, that he may get. Suppose meat is 140 cash a pound —he may charge 145—that's one fourth of a cent more. It will not ruin us—yet it is trying to one's nerves to have to keep a watch out all the time.

"One evening Meng, the teacher, comes in and with his visit manages to bestow some Chinese upon our minds. He is a dear fellow—beautiful face, fine carriage and as fine a Christian as one could wish to see. He is to be ordained some time this winter. With all his work here as practical pastor of the station church, he takes the main Chinese papers and keeps up with the times. He knew where Connecticut was—more than some Englishmen—and is interested in everything that goes."

After his first experience of a Chinese New Year season, he writes again to his sister:

"New Year for the Chinese has come—but not gone. The 22d of January it came this year. And what a time they have! It is strictly a holiday for one day and almost one for four more days—then things begin to move, but the ma-

chinery is not in working order till after the 15th of the first month, when comes the Feast of Lanterns. Ewing and I are going to see this shindy next Saturday evening. We go in a cart and hope to have our helper—Meng, along. I will report of that later. Well, for the few days before New Year, every one is paying up debts. No debt can be carried over the New Year. That means every one flocking to the city to sell things. Then for four days at least every store is closed, so every one has to buy in advance. Altogether, it is a great time. We had to lay in provisions, meat and all, for the time from Saturday till Thursday. New Year's eve at midnight comes the worshipping of the Old Year going out; the paper Kitchen God that is in every kitchen has his mouth smeared with sugar, so that he will tell only good things about the family to the new god that is pasted up and to the gods beyond, and finally he is burnt up. The new god is pasted up—the lintels of the door are pasted over with red paper sheets with one or more 'Happiness' characters printed thereon, and finally the large paper gate gods pasted on the front gates are torn down and new ones put up. Then come feasting, drinking, etc. Bright and early New Year's morning, the calling commences. Every one turns out in their best. Any quantity of people hire for an hour or a day rich silks and furs to appear grand for once in their lives. Relatives are visited first—then others, so that the visiting lasts for several days. 'Visiting' means real visiting, where the man comes in, 'makes his manners' (as we say) that is, places his closed hands together, bows till they reach his knees—then rises, lifting them in a circle to the level of his forehead, where he shakes them up and down a little, leaves his card, with 'A Happy New Year' and departs with 'see you again' as a fare-

well salutation. Or you can go in a cart and your cart bearer presents your card to an attendant at the gate. That's the way Doctor and I did on the third day. We visited eight 'guans' or officials in the city, at each of the 'yamen' gates (official residences) our cards were presented. Of course it was a farce, for at one only did they raise the front curtains to the carts so that we might be seen; at the others the carter did the business—and at one only, did an attendant come out and bow in a general way to each of the shut up carts. Or you may send your card by a servant. That's the least honorable way. Of course, cards are returned. By the evening of the day of our trip, every official had returned his cards. Two came in person—the rest sent cards. To have them send cards shows great advance in treatment of foreigners. To have them visit you, is decidedly friendly. Among the Christians, the visiting and card passing is the same. Our teachers, helpers and servants present us their cards, but we send cards only to the teachers and helpers. Women have no cards, but they all pay their visits just the same. Early Saturday A. M., a crowd of our teachers and helpers were on the front porch to pay respects. Then all day came women to greet Mrs. Pitkin and men to greet both Mr. and Mrs. P. Men ask for 'T'ai T'ai' (madam) as well as for 'Moosher' (shepherd) but women only for 'T'ai T'ai.' The cash-shop keeper turned up. You ought to have seen his 'manners.' He almost knelt towards the fireplace, and then with a wave of his hands and a shake of his body to get his garments into proper position, he made most complete 'manners' to me. The same followed for Letty. His son who had tried earlier in the game to imitate his father then gave us two cards —one the man's own—the other his shop's card.

This extraordinary proceeding is rather common, they say. So, though people can't buy and sell, they can still advertise. I enclose my card. A Chinaman has at least three names—his baby name, or pet name; his school name, when he goes to school and his grown-up name. His school name must have three words, the first of which is his family name. The grown-up name, also of three or four words, follows in sentiment somewhat the school name. Relatives address him by the pet name, superiors by his school name, inferiors by his grown-up name. There are any quantities of modifications and uses, etc. —no time to go into it now. This is the principle. It's very funny sometimes. Take our servants. Two of the three men are brothers. The third is a coolie. I ask him to call the cook, using the cook's school name without the family word at the beginning—he, if he is new with us, is stumped. He has called the cook (who in China is head of servants), by his grown-up name; he has heard the cook's brother use the family name —what can this name I am giving him be? Of course, everything comes around in time—but this illustrates a problem."

A full account of his acquisition of his own Chinese name was written to the "Pilgrims at home" in a letter of March 1, 1898:

"'What's in a name?' you often ask in fun. But it's a serious business out here in China to answer such a question. It's *the* question to be solved in every man's life—not once but thrice. Fortunately for us missionaries, it comes only once.

"We send you cards for the 'Happy New Year'—somewhat belated it is true. Can you

tell 'What's in this name?' In fact, can you tell which end to hold the card by? Then, too, it isn't a card—it's simply a piece of red paper. Still the size is just right and it is cut, not torn, so it's the best and latest fashion. There's a fashion out here in such things. You will note that we are truly one in our cards, for the man's name only is of consequence in the community. The man out here certainly is the head of the woman. Poor women!—sometimes they even don't know their own by-marriage-acquired names. Not long ago one of the doctors asked in the dispensary a woman her name. She grew red and confused—hesitated and said she didn't know. 'What? not know your own name?' said he. In her distress she turned to one of the women and said: 'You tell him. I have been married only a month and I haven't learned my name yet.'

"It was a solemn conclave of four that met in our sitting-room one evening last December to determine on our name. The result appears in these cards:

"Every Chinaman has a family name. Then at different periods in his life three other names are added. It is lucky for the memories of the community that these titles do not come all at once. Finally, an intervening name is added in many cases. Let us take up these in order. 1st. The family name—the 'hsing.' Every Chinaman asks first of all—'Guei hsing' (Gway—accent on hsing)—'your honorable name?' When this important item is disposed of, conversation can begin. By Chinese custom, there are but 100 monosyllables possible to be used for this purpose. It is not uncommon to find infringements of the custom. Nevertheless, confusion must reign supreme, were it not for the other names. Only intimates address each other by

anything else than the 'hsing.' Instead of saying 'Mr. B.,' the Chinaman says 'B. Mr.' So it is B. Hsien Shêng (e like 'u' in 'hung') which means Mr. B. B. Tai Fu (dai foo) which means Dr. B., or B. Mu Shih (moo shih) Shepherd B. Our ordained missionary's regular title is 'Shepherd.' So it goes through all the titles —and a man is very careful to get your title correct.

"2d. Comes the 'Hsiao Ming' (hsi-ao-ming) or 'little name.' This is composed of two words and is considered very carefully so as to express some thought connected with the child. Only family and very dearest friends call the boy and man by this name. The first part of his school life and possibly all of it, he is known by this name. In general, to use it to him in manhood shows close intimacy. Sometimes there comes an intervening name—the 'Hsueh-ming' or 'school name.' This lasts only through school-life and often is not given at all.

"3d. When a boy gets to the age of say twelve to fourteen, he receives his 'Ta ming' (da ming). This is the nearest to his true name. It is of two words and is chosen to express some thought, though entirely different from that of the 'little name.' This is his popular name. When intimacy breaks beyond the 'B. Mr.,' the next question is 'your honorable ming'—only the Chinaman doesn't ask it in that way—he must needs ask for the fourth and highest name, the 'hao' (how). 'Your honorable hao'—to which comes the humble self-depreciatory answer, 'My despicable ming is so and so.' Thus they ask for bread, while wanting a stone and they get a stone. Still, if they persist and want bread, they may soon learn the third and last name.

"4th. The 'Hao' (how) which is the official

name, composed of two words, carries on the thought of the 'Ta ming' and is used only in a formal way. We then see the family name, the little name, the possible school name, the big name and the official name.

"Now we missionaries have to take three of the four names all in a bunch. We hardly need the 'little name,' for our Chinese relatives are not many. As to the 'Hsing' or family name, the foreigners as a rule try to choose this name according to some resemblance to their own name, either in sound or in sense. This gives a clue as to who you are when another foreigner hears your name. Dr. Noble in this station appears as 'Pao Tai Fu' (bough dai foo) for Pao means noble; Mr. Ewing, across the way, is 'Yu mu shih' (yu moo shih), yu being the nearest to 'Ew.' Old Dr. Goodrich is 'Fu mu shih' (foo) for 'fu' means happiness, such being the result of possessing the qualities suggested in a 'Dr. Good-rich.' So we were dubbed Pi (bee) as the nearest sound to 'Pi-t.' The meaning is of no consequence—simply 'end or final.' Now look at the card. On the red side is our 'Hsing' and 'ming.' The top character is the 'Pi' (bee).

"The two next characters are our 'Ming.' Foreigners try to choose a 'ming' to represent in sound (with or without the hsing) some one of their own names, and also in sense to express some proper thought. So our ming is, 'Te Ching,'—du (as in dull) jing—so near to Pe-ter-kin—Pitkin! Oh, but that's not all! 'Te' means virtue and 'Ching' means Bible, so we are supposed by this happy combination to possess the virtue that can come only from the Bible. A right proper thought, we take it. Finally, as to our Hao (how). Turn over the card and you will see it in red. It is of two characters —Jung yi (joong yee) and this means 'glo-

rious.' In a word, the virtue obtained from the Bible leads one on to a glorious condition. Then to the 'hao' (how) on the card is appended 'Hang yi' (hong yee) meaning 'the first-born.' 'Second or third born,' etc., would be placed here to fit the condition, so we have it—Pi (bee) with virtue from the Bible has become glorious—he is the first-born."

The Pilgrim Church was taking deep interest in its representatives. A missionary bulletin board was placed by the Christian Endeavor Society in the lower hall of the Church. A map of the Paotingfu Compound was placed here and from time to time, photographs and portions of letters and facts about the work were displayed. The letters from Mr. Pitkin were most entertaining and educative. On March 29, 1898, he sent an account of a feast at the house of a Chinese Mohammedan priest in Paotingfu:

"Last week, I was invited to a feast at the home of one of the Mohammedan priests in the city. Women invite women, and men, men; so Mrs. Pitkin could not go. I went with Mr. Ewing, our other ordained man here. I want to describe the day's experiences, for 'day' it was, as we left at half-past ten and did not return till after four. Every gentleman rides in a cart when out on social duties. The cart usually is hired, it may be a tumbled down concern—no matter! it is a cart, and Madam Grundy is satisfied. So we took a cart. Look on page sixty of *Chinese Characteristics* and you will see the genus cart. With two passengers one man climbs inside and sits on the hard cushioned floor, leaning against the back, and with arms akimbo keeps his head

from being banged into jelly as ruts and stones are encountered. (Incidentally, nothing is so severe on one's temper as to have your head come slap up against that hard wood frame.) The other sits outside and hangs his feet over. Back to back with him sits the driver on the other side. Thus the procession started. You know we are south of the southeast corner of the city wall, and the river flows between. So we made for the 'Beggar Bridge,' spanning the river in front of the South Gate of the city and then entered the three-quarters of a mile square metropolis. Peking gates are made in one fashion. Every city in North China has gates of like style. At each gate, the wall takes on a huge semicircular excrescence, at one side of and into which is the outer gate. Passing through this and turning at right angles, you enter the city gate proper. What massive gates—iron sheathed and iron studded! But poor China! Forever fighting well-armed foes with bamboo rods, as she did the Japanese! The iron sheathing turns out to be painted squares of tin from kerosene cans, and the studs, gigantic headed tacks! The wood is often rotten—the whole concern is dilapidated—but all looks imposing! That's enough! Every North China city has four main streets, leading from the four gates of the city. 'East, West, North, South Streets,' according to the Chinese points of compass. The East and West Gates are opposite each other; their streets are continuous. You walk along the South Street, expecting to enter the North Street and so reach the North Gate, yet you find yourself lost. The wily Chinaman knows that an army of evil spirits (or men) could march from north to south and so capture the city. He therefore puts the North Gate to one side of the centre, runs the North Street into another part of the East Street and is safe! Evil

spirits never enter the East, West or South Gates. They go for the North Gate and even after all these centuries get fooled as badly as ever.

"Paotingfu streets are quite decent in cold and dry weather. In warm, the smell is unendurable, in wet, they are a mass of mud, and clay mud, at that! Imagine streets twelve to eighteen feet wide with no especial foot or wagon paths; let there be one-story buildings on each side, mostly stores on the main streets; let each store have an open front with counter running the length of the store and all work and trade in full view; let black sign-boards with gilt characters wave with gay streamers in the breeze, hung from their ends; add recesses here and there for wells (covered) and cesspools (open); make some of the narrower streets covered with bamboo poles and matting; throw in a crowd everywhere and have everybody looking at you—and you have the streets that we went through. At last we arrived at our destination, and were led through the front gate into a small yard, which opened into the main court of 20x40 feet. Here we met the priest and 'made our manners.' What's that—you ask? Well, an ordinary greeting in China consists in shutting your own fists, putting them together, bowing till they touch your knees, straightening the body and lifting the fists to the level of the face, where you shake them slightly, meanwhile ejaculating a 'how' in a sweeping tone, beginning low and ending high. That's all. 'It's enough,' you say. And yet it is not at all distant. One would at first prefer a hearty handshake—but now we are quite wedded to this form of greeting. It certainly is pleasanter than either Hindu (touching fingers of one hand to forehead) or Moslem (touching forehead and breast) salutes. Then there's the 'greeting extraordinary,'—but its modus operandi must be

reserved for another time. From the court we were led into the house at once. Two rooms, one large, one small is the regulation open part of any house. The front door enters the large room which is the public room. Opposite the door is a table with straight back chairs on each side. There the visitor sits and drinks tea. At one side, a door enters the small room, and thither invited guests usually are led. In this particular house, a brick bed across one side of the room, a table and two chairs, a brick stove for the hot water, a bench, a clock, a couple of mirrors, a stack of books, a cupboard, one large scroll of 'Allah,' furnished this yellowish-white papered, brick-floored and paper-windowed room. Three panes of glass were let into the paper and these were quickly blocked by the eyes of the curious crowd, as we took our seats and were served with tea. Chinese tea is made by dropping the leaves into the cup, adding boiling water and putting a saucer on top. You drink, taking up the cup in both hands and slipping the saucer enough to make a strainer of it. Boiling water is constantly added—two kettles were going on the little brick stove—and the amount one drinks unconsciously is amazing. Immediately the regular quizzing began. 'Your honorable name?' 'Your honorable age?' 'Your wife's age?' Then came a comparison of ages, interspersed by silences of silent soaking into the brain for future reference. Next time we meet, the same questions may be asked. It's the polite thing! The priest had been joined by another,—both of them were very wide-awake for Chinamen. The door was crowded with children. One or two older boys served us with tea and sat at one side. In America, one often wonders what we do at a feast. I am trying to give an outline of proceedings. Our priest-friend

amused himself awhile by asking Ewing what State he belonged to and then trying to write it in Arabic. Connecticut and Massachusetts were pretty hard to pronounce. Ewing asked what they thought of China's position. 'Oh, going to the dogs,' they frankly admitted; 'the officials are so corrupt.' 'How much do your soldiers get?' was their next question. We had to make a guess (do any of you know?) then retorted, 'How much do yours?' 'Two to three dollars a month and food.' Hereupon, the elder priest who wore a blue silk ulster lined with fur over which was a sleeveless waistcoat of brown corduroy with brass buttons started to ask Ewing Bible questions, meanwhile, showing him the Arabic Old Testament. 'The names of Jacob's sons?' 'The sons of Ishmael?' 'How old was Ishmael when he died?' etc., etc., etc. It was rather a ticklish position to be in, but when he could get breath, Ewing retorted by wishing to know 'how many were the wives of Solomon?' to which our friend, truthfully though somewhat evasively replied, 'O, very many!' Finally, the conversation turned; the children were sternly ordered to keep back and Ewing began at one of the stock questions, 'How many children have you?' This was the signal for three or four youths to come in and make their manners. It was curious. One youth had met us at the city gate, had ridden and talked with us, but he must needs be presented and make his manners just the same. I suggested I had my camera with me, so we went out to see the buildings. In the court was the bath house where every one bathes for each service. These services number five a day, so the priests at any rate keep clean—that is, hands and feet. The end of the court was occupied by the mosque. One half of it I send you in the en-

closed photograph. Note the many different kinds of lamps—foreign and native—(kerosene oil here is cheaper than in San Francisco) the floor felts on which to kneel, the huge scrawl which reads 'Mohammed is his prophet,' the pulpit in the corner, the Arabic map on the wall at the back of the recess or chancel, showing Arabia at the centre of the world and the rest of the countries grouped on the circumference. The tablets on the wall we asked them to read, but that was too hard a job. To their relief came a sub-priest in the crowd and interpreted them. I tried to have the priests in the picture, but they declined, saying they had never had their pictures taken for fear that the pictures might be worshipped when the originals had passed away. We returned to the little room and once more the tea was started and Ewing was duly instructed in a few of the Arabic characters and then led into the primer, which has its first sentence run 'It is wrong to worship Buddha.' Then our clothes caught them and they were pacified by the knowledge of the cost of our ulsters. 'O, do you know who invented the photographic business?' asked one of the priests. We tried to rack our brains—German, English, French or further back? 'Well,' said he, 'it was known to Adam and Eve, but after the flood it was lost till Daniel's time.' We questioned the accuracy, but he assured us that their books taught that. What could we say? Finally, at 1:30 (we arrived at 11 A. M.) dinner was announced, served in the large room. We took the two chairs of honor at a large round black lacquer table. The others did the regular thing of pushing, hauling, smiling, gesticulating, striving that each should be better than himself. A perfect farce—but polite, and at last the seven were seated. At each place were ivory chopsticks laid on bits of brown paper, a saucer and a

porcelain spoon (somewhat like a long-handled medicine spoon) filled with thick Chinese vinegar. This is the universal condiment. All meats are dipped in it—and it does serve the purpose of neutralizing some flavors. Immediately were brought in and placed on the table twelve saucers filled with nuts, in the shell and candied, almonds, stewed sweets, jelly, etc. Our dessert always begins a feast. The nuts are left on throughout. Convenient for stifling some tastes! At once the host rises, takes a handful of nuts and places them before the invited guests. This is the signal to fall to. Each one helps his neighbor and himself in the same way. Dishes like pieces of jelly, etc., are eaten by dipping into the common dish with the chop-sticks. Each course as it comes on is started in this way by the host. He usually sits opposite and leans across the table. The other priest in this feast sat next me and assisted. Perhaps two dishes of a course will be thus served to you. You are then expected to help yourself to the other dishes, or replenish from the same ones. What is placed on your saucer is expected to be at once removed. When you help yourself, you convey directly from the common dish to your mouth. Nutshells, fragments, chicken or fish bones, etc., are dropped on the brick floor or simply left on the table around the one dish that survives—your saucer. One can imagine the litter. Without disturbing the first course, the second course came on—boiled meats and chopped vegetables, all in convenient places for immediate transference. These dishes were taken off, and a boiled duck in a large bowl appeared. The meat was tender enough to fall off with the chop-sticks' aid, and a great piece, skin and all was deposited on my plate. By this time, my saucer was full—I couldn't begin to eat all that was piled thereon.

So the host called for water and using one of the bits of paper, he cleaned it out and started me off once more. Then came four dishes of sweets, let him who can, try to describe them! Even the host had to consult his red paper menu to discover their identity. Next, a boiled fish, head and tail sticking out of the bowl, came on. Then chicken stewed with onions. I had counted twenty-three dishes. What more? The crown of the feast appeared—a pewter chafing dish, with a meat and vegetable stew. My joy was complete when this was cleared off, and the end of the feast announced by the entrance of individual rice-bowls, flanked by six dishes of various stews, including one of sliced sheep intestines. I did my best but could eat a very small part of the rice. Of course, everything had been piled in on top of the rice. Thirty dishes was the count and I had made a try at twenty-five of them. The satisfaction of the others in the rice is equalled only by that of the small boy before a huge dish of ice-cream. With one hand they lifted the bowl and with the other shovelled the rice in with the chop-sticks, meantime smacking their lips in huge delight. Of what are their stomachs made! With all this food went conversation, chief was concerning the eatables. Everything was discussed, the host bringing in his red paper for proof. Next, I looked up and saw foreign lamps. 'What do you pay for oil?' was the result. Said one of them, 'How much is your salary?' We escaped by saying it depended upon the state of business at home. Alas, that it does! Then we talked about their adherents. In Paotingfu are two mosques, each with some fifty families. When asked if their religion was all over China, they replied that not a province, county or district escaped them, though the largest numbers were in south and

southwest China. By the way, the Chinese say for northeast, northwest, southeast, southwest—east north, west north, east south, west south. Then too, jokes about my eating were constantly in order. Things grew personal when one broke out with 'Pi Mooshih is a very fine looking man.' Curiously enough, they knew about India and the Mogul Emperors. They were much interested when I said that I had seen the tomb of the most famous of these conquerors. Where India was, they had no idea. Never a map did they possess. Unconsciously, one gave a prediction, however. Said he, 'Who rules in India now? Is it Jesus?'

"The feast over, we went to the door, took a cup of water and washed out our mouths in the yard, and adjourned to the small room for more tea and talk. They said that all they taught in their schools was Arabic from seven to ten each day. They took the boys, and their wives, the girls. The rest of the schooling was in the Chinese schools. As for foot-binding, to abolish that would keep their girls from marriage, so they said nothing, though they did not approve of the custom. Moslems refuse to touch wine. Said they, 'We are further advanced than you. You will not drink it; we will not even touch it.' 'What is yeast?' they asked. 'Isn't it intoxicating?' 'What does it taste like?' 'Sour?' 'Does it make the bread sour?'

"In a word then, what do the Moslems do for China? They try to put down idolatry; they do make for a little cleanliness; they war against drink, and they teach Arabic Bible. On the other side, they have no world knowledge and cannot give any. They bring people to a sealed Bible—not the open Bible to the people. They change the lives but little, for little is done against evil practices and superstitions. Above all, they

bring, teach and live the early dawn of the Old Testament instead of the full sunshine of the complete revelation in Jesus Christ. Here in Paotingfu, it is not an evangelizing force. It is a family that grows mainly as the generations come and go. With many 'hows,' we took our leave about five o'clock and jolted back to our compound.

* * * * *

"This letter was being written Tuesday evening, March 29, 1898, when it was interrupted by the arrival of Horace Collins Pitkin! As it could not be completed for the mail which went that night, it has had to lie over until this courier—two weeks' delay. Under the circumstances, we are sure that you will excuse the lapse from a monthly letter."

To his sister, he writes on May 9 of his attempts at furniture-making and of his garden:

"I have had two carpenters at work for three weeks. They first made a refrigerator in a week and a half. Then a serving table—then odd jobs—and now they are deep in making a travelling bureau in two parts, two drawers in each part, with a sliding cover, which may be used for a writing desk—of my own design. They come at 6:30—work till nine. Have breakfast till ten—work till one—go to sleep till four and work till 6:30. Their tools are primitive, but their dove-tailing work is very pretty. But they have to be watched—every nail and screw counted out. Their tea-drinking is constant—so one's presence in their vicinity is a discourager to laziness—though it takes much of your time. Bad wood goes in if you are not on the watch. Speaking of tools. They had to cut some

grooves. I found them working with a tool which turned out to be one of my steel wire nails, hammered flat, bent up and sharpened into a very respectable gouge. But their jig saw is the funniest. A strip of bamboo bent round to give a handle and spring. A bent nail through one end for a hook and a piece of brass wire thereto attached and drawn tight around the other end. Then with a chisel, nicks are cut in the front of the stretched wire, and the saw is done. It does very good work. With soft iron tools, you can imagine the hours of sharpening required. All at ten cents a day. Then for boards. To get an inch strip, they bring a one and one-half inch piece that is warped lengthwise and proceed to plane the curve off, so getting a straight inch piece. Of course, this probably warps again, but that is no matter, for the table is made. None of their wood is well seasoned. Their poplar wood works up beautifully with a grain like maple. They have very hard walnut, a hard but coarse grain elm and the soft pine. My work is being done in maple.

"Then there is our garden. We have peas, early corn, cucumbers and radishes up. Early limas had worms in them. Late limas, corn, etc., will be planted soon. A lot of squash is in. You see we want to get some peas and beans before we go to the shore. Then we don't want anything till we return in September. To run a garden on such a basis is difficult. The ground is ridged at three feet intervals and drills are run between the ridges. Then irrigation goes on from the well every day. That's part of the work of our coolie, who has thus turned gardener.

"Had a thunder-storm yesterday and it was very refreshing. Rather remarkable for this time of year. The weather is decidedly warm in the

day though the nights are beautifully cool. The mornings with the birds chirping around in the honeysuckle and in the fruit trees, the roses just beginning to bloom, and a curious pseudo-dampness in the air, carries me back to New Hartford. A gorgeous bush of lilac has passed, the peach trees have lost their blossoms, the grapes have large leaves, a yellow, scentless rose is crammed with blossoms, a lovely red native rose is just opening its buds,—everything looks like the United States—except no grass, to speak of—only weeds. No daisies—no buttercups—dandelions though."

Lest any should think the new home was in a wilderness, he wrote to the Pilgrim Church in the spring of 1898:

"The country around about is not a vast, treeless plain. Everywhere are scattered small mud villages and these have their quota of trees,—mostly mulberry and locust. Also, plenty of family walled burying grounds fill the landscape. These always have a grove of coniferous trees. In fact, if you see in the distance the tops of trees, it's ninety-nine chances that under them repose generations of dead. So, though the plain may have long ranges of treeless expanse, yet the horizon and much of the foreground is well broken up with the green trees. In winter, we go walking outside of our compound. Don't take the roads, for their age has depressed most of them far below the fields. On all sides, the ground is one vast garden, broken up by innumerable ditches and ridges, for irrigating use from the wells scattered about. The larch and cedar trees are still green. Even other trees hold their leaves till very late fall. On all sides, wheat just

springing up keeps a slight trace of green. Few people are around—they are trying to keep warm. The air is bracing—the sun delicious. In March, you begin to hear the well-windlasses going. That means spring. It is just as beautiful outdoors as at home—only no grass. The long views are soon cut off, for all hands turn out from every mud hut,—wadded garments vanish, and in many cases, nature's garments are the only visible ones remaining, while all turn to at setting long lake rushes in the ground, making lofty wind breaks, or weaving them together in regular patterns, quickly marking out boundary lines with such fences. The transformation is complete—rapidly under irrigation, the wheat and garden vegetables, peas, beans, beets, onions, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, cucumbers, etc., etc., spring up, until it is delightful to walk about, for there is such a contrast to winter. One wonders where so many people could possibly have hibernated. So in spite of drought—*now* this is a picture of what you see all around the Compound. Inside our walls, our three vegetable gardens are thriving—roses are in bloom—especially a native monthly red rose that is simply luxuriant, blooming from May until November or December. Stretches of grass plots are more weeds than anything, but out from these bloom forth morning-glories galore and various varieties of wild flowers. So you see we are not in a desolate region."

In the summer the family went to Pei-tai-ho again. The language study could be continued there and the place, which was on the seacoast, sixty miles north of Tientsin, was a source of new life to the tired workers, who were able to

gather there for a few weeks in the summer. Pitkin wrote gratefully of the blessing of Pei-tai-ho in this respect:

"But what does Pei-tai-ho mean to the North China missionary community? It means bodily vigor. For years, the only sanitarium in North China has been the Western Hills, twelve miles west of Peking. But comparatively few could go there, except from Peking and Tungcho. And imagine! One Sunday this year, the thermometer there was 109 in the shade—in the house —119 on the porch and 146 in the sun—and this is a summer sanitarium! Naturally when Rocky Point was found, swept by sea breezes, free from all disease and cool all summer, every one who could borrow or steal enough to put up a house has hastened so to do, and sends at least the wives and children every summer. With the bathing, lovely hills not far off, green grass, flowers and freedom, Pei-tai-ho means health of body and saving of many a missionary's life. It is true economy to spend money at Pei-tai-ho.

"Yet with this comes the recuperation of mental and spiritual power. Consider many a missionary child growing up in a far interior station with one or two children—sometimes none—for companionship, dwarfed thereby into maturity when only a child. From one year's end to another, just the same! Imagine that child spending every summer with eighty to one hundred children, attending kindergarten and deriving enough comradeship-ozone to last through the winter months!"

Of the spiritual value of this gathering of missionaries from isolated and lonely stations, he

wrote to Dr. Smith, just before leaving in the late summer for Paotingfu:

"While Pei-tai-ho has increased her numbers this summer, for, counting all settlements, at least 250 adults must have been here, besides children innumerable—more definite action has been taken to make of use the extraordinarily unique situation. Missionaries from six weeks south of Tientsin in Honan, from three weeks north of Peking in Mongolia, are here, while every spot between these extremes is pretty sure to be represented. For three days, morning and afternoon, a conference was held on mission methods. The broadest and deepest problems were taken up, opened by two leaders and then thoroughly discussed. The sessions were of intense interest and of great value. The result undoubtedly will be that more definite plans will eventually mature, until in years to come, a regular 'Northfield' will be an annual feature of Pei-tai-ho. Another step in a right direction was taken when one day was set aside as a 'Quiet Day' with sessions, morning, afternoon and evening. To many, it brought a great blessing. We have suffered thus far in a little cornstalk-roofed hut, using such humble means for purposes of worship. To have 150 people packed into such a mud-walled affair has presented its ridiculous side to comparatively well-housed people. With a subscription list already touching 1,500 taels, the Executive Committee will put up a thoroughly first-class building to be used as an Assembly Hall, Church, Kindergarten room, etc. The probable cost will not be under 2,500 taels. This will be used by the Chinese as well for their services. . . . A fleet of British gunboats has been off shore the past two days. Now the boats have

started northward. Every one is in the dark as to what it is all about. The Chinese, of course, are immensely excited. My man even asked me if there was war. . . ."

The first letter in the fall to the "Pilgrims at home" dealt with the collapse of the Reform Movement and the return to active authority of the Dowager Empress:

"Before we left the shore, we had served up to us the first act of the tragico-comedy of the Emperor of China's death. On a Friday morning we heard by wire that the Emperor had been poisoned by the Dowager. All rail and wire connection between Peking and Tientsin had been closed since Thursday morning. That is all that we heard. We kept quiet, but in the afternoon, the servants heard the news and were badly scared. As I was rushing into the dining-room in the evening to get a book, to my surprise I found servants and teacher lined up waiting for a 'talky-talk' with me. They anxiously asked what we had heard and suggested speedy departure for Tientsin, lest the soldiers should come and kill us all. They said that even if a foreign boat should come and take us away, they would be left to be killed. Their anxiety for our safety was easily explained. And such fear for themselves was not groundless. Chinese soldiers are little better than a mob, and the Chinese have a hard time when they come around. However, in time of trouble, the shore would be very safe, for the railroad is five miles away and all troops would pass through without stopping. As for the people, in the villages about us mobbing us, that would be quite exceptional. As some one has said, let them have enough to eat and they

care not whether an African savage sits on the throne. As for a change of dynasty, maybe at some distant time they would hear of it. Except when incited by rulers, priests or love of loot, the country people are not at all troublesome. The Chinese soldier is the article from which to run away. Well, we waited in some suspense, for the gates of Peking were locked and none knew what was going on there. Both the British and the German ministers, who were at Pei-tai-ho, started at once for the capital. It would have to be a horseback ride from Tientsin. Later reports show that but for the absence of the English minister, the whole crisis would have been tided over. Saturday evening, some one from Tientsin brought the news that the Emperor was alive, but that the Dowager had seized the reins of government. As for the closing of gates, stopping of railroad and telegraph, these were to effect the capture of the head adviser of the Emperor. He ran for his life, however, and saved his head. Of course, you have read all about this in the newspapers—in fact, know far more than we of the complicated situation. Still, our point of view may be interesting.

"The next week, we saw that everything was quiet, so went up to Peking. Our road from the station to the compound in the centre of the city, was at least six miles. For some two miles of it, we passed through an immense crowd, making us feel as one supposes the President of the United States on Inauguration Day feels. The road was thoroughly policed, however, by men in citizens' clothes, with long whips up their loose sleeves. We spent a few days in Peking, and then went to Tungcho—twelve miles. Mrs. Pitkin and baby took a sedan-chair and I rode a donkey. Our object in going was but partly accomplished, for instead of us both taking our

first examination in Chinese before the Committee there, I only could do it, as baby caught the grip and Mrs. Pitkin was occupied with him at the hour of the examination. On our return, we came back over the famous 'stone road'—twelve miles long, made from twenty to thirty feet wide, built of stones five or six feet long, two feet wide and a foot or more thick. Considering the distance that the stone must have come, the age of the road and the tremendous traffic it has had pass over it, the building stands out certainly as a wonder. Tungcho is at the head of navigation of the Peiho River, so from the first everything has come from Tientsin to Peking via the river, Tungcho and the road. Alas, now for Tungcho. The railroad at first planned to make it the terminus, instead of Peking. All surveys were made—when suddenly the boatmen arose and compelled the city fathers to revoke everything. Consequently the railroad went by another way to Peking, and now hundreds of boats lie idle while Tungcho with all its trade departed is on the verge of depopulation. 'Those who will not move with progress, must be crushed,' applies here in China even, on very few but refreshing occasions."

Little did Pitkin and his friends realize what this political overturning would mean to him, and to scores of other missionaries and thousands of the Chinese Christians.

In December, 1898, he took his first country trip with Mr. Ewing and one of the native preachers, regarding which he wrote to the Pilgrim Church :

"A few weeks ago, I took a trip around our part of the Chinese field and visited eight of our

ten outstations, and as I came to have my first glimpse of our friends, I want to give you all a first glimpse too. When you know them, you can more easily pray for them. This time, let me give a very general preface to my trip. Our next letter ought to give details in daily form. Mr. Ewing, Meng (our younger pastor), and I started Saturday morning, December 3d and reached home after our circuit, Saturday evening, December 17th. This meant a circle of some 200 miles in length, but as a Chinese cart makes at the best no more than thirty-five miles a day, 200 miles assume an importance not known of in the States. Let me take up the different general points.

"1st. The scenery. The gamut was run from low level prairie-like plains, miles in extent, to high mountains with villages nestling at their base. Hamlets, with mud-walled houses and mud roofs predominated. Yet in the mountains, stone houses with high battlements, cement roofs and red painted projecting window and door verandas and stone gargoyles, took one back to Palestine or Switzerland. Level plains gave way to rocky paths and flat streets to stony, crooked up and down, old Boston-like lanes. In places, we passed through miles of pear and persimmon orchards, or crossed rivers whose high tide beds in their sweep and destructiveness, have a parallel in the Missouri River. People, also differed. The slow, languid plain people—the dark, sturdy, quick foot-hill people and the eager, curious crowd of the market town. Only a few miles in all from Paotingfu, yet to the country people, it was unfortunate that we spoke a 'city' and not their little district dialect. Travelled townsmen who had gone to the Fu city (Paotingfu) understood us well—the others with difficulty.

"2d. Our stopping places. At our outstations, we had either chapels or homes of the Christians in which to stay. But often on the road, we must needs stop at inns, and these ran from the palatial with brick floors and papered walls to places that a man in the United States wouldn't put his horse in. One place had had lately a foot of water on its floors; the bricks of the bed were reeking, and the mud walls were mildewed. It was rather hard on one of our Christian families to make its members crowd into one room in order to give us the other, especially as the family consisted of two brothers, their wives and children; a large number for one small brick bed. Oh, but ——

"3d. The Church members. God only knows how these have come into the light. As I looked at the heathen crowds about us, I kept asking myself, 'Have our Christians come from this material?' They surely have, and only by the power of the Holy Ghost could such a thing be. With almost nothing worldly to gain, with persecution awaiting them, little groups here and there stand for Jesus to-day. One man alone in a yard with twenty-one relatives all hating the doctrine; a family alone in a village, yet by their joy and love attracting men from all around to come and ask about the doctrine; another man giving up in a village a lucrative business—in incense selling, now to be rapidly becoming a pauper. So it goes—these dear Church members, our friends,—friends in fellowship with Pilgrim Church.

"4th. One of our reasons for going out was to ordain deacons at a number of the outstations. This is the first time that such men have been appointed. And these men? The old man who still has a fierce temper, that gets him into trouble; the young man with wealth, but near to

being like Martha, the strong man who at a crisis in our talking with his fellows, steps in and says 'opportunity makes the man and man makes the opportunity;' the fearful saint who blurts out after the words to deacons are given 'I can't do it—choose another,' and can hardly be brought back; the man, German in look, with a carriage like a Scottish reformer, silent but forceful—these are the leaders of the little flocks put under their care. Pray for their anointing for the work.

"5th. Another reason for our going was to join in the Lord's Supper with these brethren. And what diverse conditions were we in. Here in a nice, clean chapel with a little Christian group of some twelve, while three men sat on a bench—three who had never before seen a foreigner. There in a little private room of the house, the women sitting on the brick bed; the Church members quietly sitting assembled in the next room, while under the flickering candle over the table at our side were the bread and wine—the bread on a saucer, the wine in a Chinese teacup—but the same, dear friends, for a' that. Or, again, we were sitting out in a yard, the elements on a little table at our feet, Christian members at each side on benches, while from sixty to eighty Chinese men, women and children completed the circle in front, sitting on the ground or on corn bundles, and on the roofs of houses or over garden walls curious persons found solace. Amidst all the noise and confusion, the elements were passed. Or lastly, it was in a room with two old people as partakers while a crowd of heathen quietly watched the solemn spectacle."

This was not the last experience which Pitkin and Meng were to share and it will be well to quote from the first letter of 1899 to the

Church, Pitkin's reference to Meng's ordination:

"The first missionary to travel through these parts was W. C. Burns—an English Presbyterian—who died in 1867. He stopped at a little town fifty miles south of here to sell books. His reception was not very cordial, though some volumes were bought. A few years later, Mr. Isaac Pierson of our Board came to Paotingfu and really opened permanent work. One day, one of the helpers happened to meet a man who evidently was travelling north. On inquiry, the man said he was going to Peking to buy some books like those which they at his home had some years before bought, bearing the Peking Congregational Press imprint. Great was his surprise when informed that those same books could be got in Paotingfu. The man was brought to Mr. Pierson and turned out to be the head Christian at this little town visited by Mr. Burns. That man was Meng's father, who, a staunch Christian, though an ignorant man and poor, for he was nothing but an itinerant barber, brought up these boys who now are two of our strongest men in the whole mission. What hath God wrought! As for this particular Meng. He is deeply spiritual. He believes in prayer. One ought to hear him tell of his being lost in the mountains and of his belief that rescue came through prayer. Mr. Ewing started out with him to buy some garments and he said to Mr. Ewing's surprise, 'A moment, please—let us have a word of prayer.' He is a brainy man. Mr. H. P. Beach, who taught him at Tungcho, says he would be among the first two or three scholars in any class of a college in the United States. He is well informed in world affairs and

as for his religious training, his knowledge of the English Bible is superb. He has a rare woman for a wife—one who was almost a daughter to Mrs. Sheffield in Tungcho and is a great exception to most of our helpers' wives, who have had a general school training, but not the life in a foreign home that implants in them what we esteem the necessities of decent Christian living. Now look at the first picture, it was taken last winter in front of Meng's two rooms. The baby is 'Mu ti' (moo dee, accent on second syllable) 'love God,' named after D. L. Moody."

In the spring, the railroad came to Paotingfu, but even in advance of the railroad the spirit of progress which the reactionary purposes of the Empress had not checked, and with which it may be believed within rather narrow Chinese limits, she at first tepidly sympathized, led to a great improvement of the mail service. Pitkin writes in a personal letter to Dr. Mills on March 3d:

"Here goes the first letter via rapid transit to Pilgrim Church, and it is to fall into your hands —in fact, it is to be a personal letter entirely. You have been seeing the public epistles all along, but we have not had a chance before this to answer your letter of October 13, 1898. So we take this opportunity just when we are feeling so proud over this new connection with the outside world. We were informed yesterday that mail will be carried daily between Peking and here, Tientsin and here. We had hoped for a weekly service—but a daily quite dazzles us. You really don't know what it means—to be suddenly transferred from a three days' journey

to a short trip of eight and one-half hours. We certainly are pretty closely attached to civilization. The railroad runs down here from a point on the main line between Peking and Tientsin—the point being the station next to Peking. From Tientsin to that point is about eighty miles—from there to Paotingfu is about 100 miles—so it is 180 miles by rail from here to Tientsin. The Paotingfu line is as yet in the hands of the engineer department, but they run a combination train each way once a day. The station is west of the city, some two miles from us. We went to Tientsin week before last to have some dentistry done and find a servant. It was rising at 4 A. M., starting at five, and feeling our way to the station. At 11:15 we were at the main line, were soon aboard a fast train and were in Tientsin at 2:45. Coming back it is a seven to six trip,—long for a small boy, when the cars are unheated and have only the crudest conveniences. We can, though, get warmed up in the brake van, where the train hands have a stove. From here, the work is being rapidly pushed southward, and they hope to complete the 1,000 miles to Hankow in two years. This then will form the trunk line of China. We are really very glad that we have had a year or more of the stage-coach (or something slower) for now rapid transit will mean so much more to us. No more a six weeks' mail to come in a batch—deluging you in one fell swoop, followed up by a very Sahara of absent letters another six weeks. We will at least halve the time required to get an answer from Pang Chuang, only 200 miles south of us, for it used to take three to five days to Tientsin, then a wait for a courier to Pang Chuang, then five days there—another wait—a reply written—return trip; just about a month for a reply from a point 200 miles away. Now it will be two weeks.

"Photos also are in process of printing. You can imagine how much it means when we had to print ourselves more than 150 copies in connection with the 'Ordination series.' Still, we think it is truly work for the Lord.

"Although the Empress issues her edicts of toleration, etc., still we keep having cases of persecution. Just now a rather serious one has broken out in Chi Chi, and our elder pastor has gone down with our visiting cards (in China, signs of attorneyship) to see to the matter."

A letter of the day preceding to Dr. Smith refers to the railroad:

"The world does move and Paotingfu with it. We have been holding ourselves in with joy at the thought of a weekly mail via the new railroad—a mail in eight and one-half hours to Tientsin versus three days by boat or on foot. The news came the other day that we were to have a daily service. It seems too good to be true. But to-day as we came out of prayer-meeting the post-office coolie, one of our Church members, came and told us that the first bag goes out to-morrow morning. He was in a hurry to take it to the post-office, but as Mr. Ewing and Miss Gould wanted to write a 'first letter,' he agreed to wait half an hour. So this hasty scrawl to you announcing the glad event of our release into civilization. We are proud of and as happy over it as though it were a first baby; yet it is merely a first mail. It means for us no more batches of six weeks' mail coming in one lump—a combination that happens not more than once in a year. We are glad to have had a year and a half of the 'three days'' régime, but we know now how to appreciate Western methods. The Chinese prov-

erb for slow but sure is 'pu pa man, chih pa chan'—'fear not to go slowly, only fear to stand still.' It has been a slow traveller, this railroad, but 'tis sure, and we are sure of it also."

And several days later, a longer letter to Dr. Smith deals with his country trip, the railroad, and also the signs of disturbance which were troubling the missionaries, far more, alas, than they troubled the over-confident diplomats in Peking:

"The winter has been a peculiar one for us in many respects. We reached home the first week in November, but found that our building took us into December, the cold weather hindering considerably. Then Mr. Ewing, Meng II, Mu Shih and I went into the country for fifteen days, managing to visit eight of the eleven outstations and explore new territory to the south with a view to opening up new work as soon as money could be obtained. The trip was a grand success and enabled Mr. Ewing, as well as myself to gain under the tuition of our valued co-laborer, a bird's-eye view of the Paotingfu out-work. In addition, it has put me in touch with a very large proportion of our Church members. . . . Though I had a little foreign food along as a safeguard, I found the Chinese food agreed with me very well and I managed to hobble along by the carts for fairly long distances. . . . Our work the last month or two has been rather broken up by reason of the difficulty of obtaining competent help. The railroad's arrival changed the situation and two weeks ago, urged on by needed dentistry, we took a flying trip to Tientsin and secured sufficient help to tide us over. You

might have enjoyed seeing me previously bending over the washtub, while Mrs. Pitkin posed as lady-ironer! After three weeks of it, we made up our minds, the railroad came and we went. Everything comes to a missionary. At Tung-cho, last autumn, I took my first examination under the care of Dr. Sheffield and Miss Miner.

". . . Word comes from one of our best stations, Chi Chi, that much opposition has broken out and that the lives of our student helper there and of prominent members, likewise, have been seriously threatened. Meng I has gone to investigate.

". . . You may be interested to see some of the pictures taken at the time of the ordination of Meng II. The set forms a series of scenes in the never to be forgotten gathering. I have numbered them in order. They come rather late in the day, but it was impossible to finish pictures at Pei-tai-ho because of the dampness. To be really satisfactory, all preparing of pictures must be done by one's self, for the Treaty Port photographers are but poor workmen. You may be interested to know that these form part of a batch of over 150 pictures that Mrs. Pitkin and I were at one time this winter working over. It is missionary work—we enjoy it and rejoice in it. We only hope that visitors to 14 Beacon Street, who may be interested in North China, may be helped by seeing these scenes and hearing of them from an eyewitness. Mr Lowrie, of the North Suburb, and Mr. Whiting, of Peking, in February, made a trip of 600 li to Shun Te Fu, south by southwest from here, with an eye to opening a new Presbyterian station. No one has much hope that such expectation will be soon realized. We hear from Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, of the blessed winter of work they are having. Would that every missionary might have the privilege of such

a Church back of them! I am informed that this railroad expects to reach Hankow, 1,000 miles from Peking, in two years and a half. No matter what lines may be built direct from Tientsin to Shanghai and to East Shantung, this Peking-Paotingfu-Hankow line will be the trunk line for North China. We are glad that we had a year's experience of the, so to speak, stage-coach régime. Possibly, you may rejoice that your lot was not that which will be sure to fall to future visitors of North China work—that of sitting prosaically in a rapid transit apparatus. A litter, or cart trip, is really worth the remembrance—likewise a boat journey."

This reference to his appreciation of the value of his relationship to the Pilgrim Church was not perfunctory. The Church calendar for April 9, 1899, contains the note:

"Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin in a letter received last week, enclosed four pledge cards, two for benevolence and two for the support of the Church, with checks in payment of the pledges in full for this year, the pledges aggregating over $200. It is our custom to send to our missionaries all our printed matter, and these pledges came as a response to the reception of the pledge cards. Are there not some members of the Church nearer to it than China who have received pledge cards without responding?"

At times, doubtless, it was difficult to keep up the correspondence necessary to make such a relationship between a missionary and a church a real success, but in the spring and summer of 1899, he wrote in three letters a small volume on

the country trip he had made in the preceding December. These letters are models of their kind and they give a vivid picture of missionary itinerating work:

"*Paotingfu, April 20, 1899.*

"It is a long lane that has no turning! In this case, the bend has come at last, and you are to have a portion of the long promised account of my trip into the country districts south of Paotingfu. As we have said in the letter of January 2d, it was a trip of 200 miles and occupied two weeks. Perhaps one week's reminiscences will be sufficient for this letter.

"Mr. Ewing, Meng Mu Shih and I left Paotingfu at 10:30, bound for Hsiao Hsin Chuang. We had two carts, for each of which we paid thirty-five cents a day and found the food for animals and drivers. This arrangement was necessary as we were going to little villages where they would be dependent on the courtesy of our friends. Two carts were enough, for one of us would almost always be walking and if all three wanted to ride, a seat inside and one on the shafts would solve the problem. We walked and talked, rode and slept for twenty miles, when at five o'clock, we reached a little inn where we had to spend the night.

"Cart travelling has serious inconveniences. The roads are divided up into unequal stages. As inns are small and accommodations limited, the day's stop must be made early, or you will find yourself crowded out. Any delay on the road makes reaching the desired destination a serious matter. You must either stop very early at a point some distance from the destination, or go on and take the chances that come with lateness. The inn proved to be fair. We had two rooms,

brick floored and paper ceiled, each with a brick platform, or kang, the Chinese bed. My supper was kua mien—a sort of macaroni, boiled in water with a little cabbage, and a trifle of soup stock, but with no seasoning. One big bowl was sufficient. The inn waiter is called a 'pao tang dy' or 'gallop-soup man.' Tang 'soup' seems to be a favorite appendix. The rich mud in deep road ruts is called 'mud soup' and so on ad infinitum. Then came our preparations for bed. Every traveller in China carries his small single mattress done up in a canvas case. The mattress may be but a thin quilt or even a fur rug —it is a mattress and has a case. This last is sewed all around, but in the middle on one side from edge to edge a cut is made with overlapping edges so as to close with strings. Through this slit the mattress is pushed, first one end and then the other. Then follow the folded bed coverings and all extra clothing. Sometimes, pockets in the canvas carry the odds and ends. The bundle is then doubled over with the slit inside, a rope is passed around and you are ready for travelling. If it be by donkey, the load is put atop, untied, and you climb on. If it be by cart, half the bundle (untied) is made to serve as a seat, while the other is propped against boxes and serves as a back. To pack the bundle so as to make a perfect seat and back is quite an art. 'My,' says my journal, 'but the floors are cold.' That's a fact. One does not realize how cold it is travelling, even in mild weather. The houses are like cellars and the inns even worse. The only chance for heat is to have a pan of charcoal brought in—that's of little use—or to have the kang fired; this means that the common fuel in North China —stubble—is brought in and pushed into a small square opening under your kang. When lighted, it quickly burns up and needs replenishing until

through brick flues that run around under the top of the kang, the bed is warmed and the room is jammed with smoke that is identical with that from burning leaves at home—you can imagine it! If they have a chimney, the flue is made small to save the heat, or as in one inn, I have heard of the chimney opened directly into the room so that all the heat (and other things) was completely conserved. The country kangs are made of dirt entirely, with brick flues and front. The dirt is frozen so that to light a fire for a guest is unfortunate, as the dirt turns to mud. Many rooms face north, so all winter they get no sun. A cellar is comfortable, compared with some of them. I had provided myself with a very convenient oil stove so as my feet were aching, even with arctics on, I toasted them a while, and then 'piled in,' sweater and all on, with the heavy ulster on top of the pile. Outside, we could hear a troupe of singing girls, but they soon ceased. We must go thirty li (lee) (ten miles) to-morrow morning to our destination. Carts go ten li an hour, so it will be three hours for us.

"Sunday, December 4th.—We were up early—not very cold out, according to the thermometer, but by one's feelings, the cold soon began to creep in. I had taken along a food box with its compartments filled with canned goods, and its drawers with flour, towels and toilet articles. This was a precautionary measure for fear I should be unable to stomach Chinese food. Many missionaries have to carry such a box on all their trips; others find they thrive on Chinese food. For myself, I found it not absolutely necessary, but extremely convenient. For a week's trip, it would not be necessary in any such elaborate form, a jar or two of beef extract, salt, a can or two of salmon, would be sufficient. The Chinese practice of eating about eleven in the morning is

very trying to the stomach, as the long walk with nothing to back it, rapidly fatigues. So my beef tea was a regular thing before we started out. Washing apparatus is crude in the inns. Perhaps they furnish you two bowls of iron ware or tin for three persons, more often only one bowl. There is boiling water enough, if you keep asking for it. The Chinese think nothing of washing all in the same water, and constantly our pastor would follow Ewing or myself without bothering to change. Ewing was wearing outer garments of Chinese fashion—even to cap and shoes—heavy stuff things. It was ridiculous to watch him dress. It would be, 'Oh, there I've forgotten my sash—say help me, put it on under all these clothes'—or 'pshaw, that waistcoat ought to be underneath, I've got to try again.' Button-holes under the arms were taxing on one's agility. By the end of the trip, he seemed somewhat expert, but the buttons were never mastered!

"At 8 P. M. we were finally started. The sun and exercise soon turned us into fairly warm beings. For thirty li (lee) we plodded on through a flat country with sparsely scattered trees. The mud villages that we passed seemed to be under a grove of trees. The ploughed fields had few. Dirt in this section is not loam—it's gray clay—very dusty when dry and very sticky when wet. Anywhere the farmers can mix up some mud and mold comparatively decent sun dried brick. The sight is a common one,—that of circles six feet high and eight feet in diameter built up loosely of drying brick, placed anywhere most convenient in the fields. In America, I often read of missionaries doing so much work while walking along with chance strangers, meeting them on the roads. It seemed to me to show a high order of courage, thus to do personal work. We are

able to do so little of the kind in America. Well, when you get here, it is different. In America, every one is in a rush. Here every one walks or rides slowly. Time is nothing. Something amusing is everything. It is no courageous thing to do personal work in China. You are expected to speak to every one you meet on the country roads (mark this does not apply to towns and cities) and they ask where you are going and what you are going to do, for all the world like small boys and girls, a thousand times a day questioning fathers and uncles, and every one else. China is full of societies. 'Oh, this is the Jesus society, is it?' 'What's that?' 'Why, we believe in one God and don't worship idols!' Then follows an explanation of how idols can't hear, smell, talk—exactly the argument of a sacred writer hundreds of years ago. 'Have you a book?'—Every society has some publication—'Oh, yes,' we answer. So it goes. Perhaps the man has been in Paotingfu and knows the doctors, etc. There is no trouble to find an audience—so long as you have clothes for them to feel of or curious words for them to hear. All along the roads, are little mud rest-houses, usually where animals may drink, and the invitation is unanimous, 'Come in and rest a bit.' On this morning we met a man and Ewing asked him how far he thought the sun was—'1,000 li?' 'Yes.' —'10,000 li?' 'Well, I hardly dare say.' At 11:30, we reached Hsiao Hsin Chuang (little heart village). The chapel is in a large court, and as we entered, the church gathering was kneeling in the last prayer. They were delighted to see us,—at none of the places had notice been given of our coming—and set to work clearing out for our reception. The building was put up some years ago—costing $75 gold—one-half of which was given by the natives. There was a

large room for meetings and a small one for the visiting helper. Each had a brick bed. For ordinary women in our section, the rule is to squat Turkish fashion on a kang, so a meeting-place must have such a bed for their use. Men occupy chairs and benches, the women never. Of course, if you are in a Chinaman's private room, he will sit on the kang—on the edge of it, except at meals when he bends his legs—but when women are present at our gatherings in the country, the kang is reserved for them. All these remarks are intended to cover country customs. Our compound customs in Paotingfu are somewhat westernized. For the noon meal (our first that day) it was kua mien (macaroni) and cabbage. Then I prepared some fresh grape wine and at 3 P. M. we had our service—with ten or twelve present—six church members. The ignorance of the others can be imagined when Ewing tried without success to explain that the world is round. On the railroad question, Ewing made the statement that in the United States trains went 1,000 li (333 miles) a day. I said 'You put that pretty low.' 'Never mind,' he replied, 'it's bad enough for them.' After the preaching, one of the members was ordained deacon and then we joined in the Lord's Supper. The utensils for the latter were simple enough. A cup for the bread, a white enamel pitcher and Chinese cup for the wine. After meeting, Ewing and I went for a long walk out towards the mountains that separate Chih-li from Shan-si. They were exquisite with the setting sun. From 5:30 to seven, Ewing sat in the room and talked to all comers on everything under the sun. Then came our second meal—'bo-bos' (like 'saw')—thin pieces of dough pinched up into a ball with chopped pork and various vegetables inside and then steamed. You eat them with Chinese vinegar—

not at all like ours—catching them in your chopsticks, dipping them in the vinegar and either disposing of the whole at a mouthful, or gradually working your way along,—that is if the stuff doesn't slip out from your sticks in the process. I finished twenty—that was the meal. I wasn't absolutely sure of after effects. Strange to say, no harm resulted. Then came a prayer-meeting with seventeen present, one little candle lighting up the table and speaker, while the others were in darkness! Pastor Meng talked of God's leading him when lost in the mountains some time ago. The audience soon departed at the close and after evening prayers, we pulled out our bedding and crawled in. I had a thick cotton mattress, but, oh, the bricks were hard, and my pillow would slip down on the dirty mud floor. Still, the 'bo-bos' gave no signal of distress, so the night soon passed. This will give you some idea of our plan of work: In a day's visit at a place, there would be the gathering of the curious to see us and the general talk with them; then a meeting, where, after the sermon, the message of Christian organization would be given, deacons ordained and the Lord's Supper partaken of; then an evening meeting beginning informally and gradually becoming more direct, until as the outsiders left, a group of the true disciples would be left to talk together till a late hour of the things of the kingdom. The interstices of the day were filled with as much talk as we could stand, until Ewing and I would slip away and walk, to rest a little. Some time ago, I promised you a word on Christian organization. It might be well to put it in right here. The church members of Paotingfu station, up till last year, had no church organization. All members in the country had their names in the books at Paotingfu and were kept in touch by visitation.

The missionary was in charge of everything and no native—not even a pastor—was on a par with him, except by privilege. As we ordained another pastor, the question came to the front. The pastors were unwilling to occupy such an uncertain position. The members were many—local bodies of members wanted representation, and if ever a self-propagating church was to be established, it was time to begin the work. A principle is recognized the world over in such a situation. Foreign funds are to be entirely under the control of foreigners,—no matter how much control of affairs is given to the native Church, the Board's money must be in the hands of the missionaries, who alone are responsible to the Board. Without going into the steps that led to the plan, the organization that we now have is as follows:

"It is more Presbyterian in form than Congregational, though we still maintain the Congregational polity by submitting much to the action of the Church as a whole. It is true that the Episcopal form of government is better suited than any other to the mission Church. But as we believe in Congregational polity, we are trying gradually to rise to such a height—it will be a long time, though. One at home can't understand how the family relation dominates everything here, how, unless in the case of a remarkable Christian, a son couldn't vote against his father, or a younger brother versus an older. One illustration will show it. My teacher was attacked by an amateur virago. She pulled him around, but he couldn't strike back. Why? Because his mother years ago had adopted in a loose Chinese fashion a son of a man, the brother of this woman. So she was sort of an aunt to him, and as she was older than he, he couldn't touch her. Imagine cases of discipline coming up in

the Church or even questions regarding entrance into Church, unless the case were absolutely proven and was the worst type, what hope would one have of getting a right vote out of friends and relatives of such accused! That's why an Episcopal form of government is necessary as yet.

"So we have an 'Yee Shih Huei'—or Congregational Association, that is practically a session. It is composed of missionaries and helpers and Paotingfu Church deacons,—all having equal vote,—three foreigners and seven natives. We can trust these men's votes,—though with them some cases have been a very hard test, and the day has been won by the acknowledged principle that they will not vote over us for a thing that we solidly oppose and we won't press a thing that they solidly oppose. Such matters are quietly shelved. This Association meets twice a year and has its various committees—preaching, school, matrimony, ad interim, etc. It tries cases of discipline and as a whole or through the pastors, examines for probation and for membership. In fact, it has direct control of everything connected with the Church, having in some cases advisory power—nothing more—of how foreign money may be expended, such as for salaries, school-work, etc. The missionary remains the pastor of the Church. Native pastors and helpers are stationed every six months in charge of sections of outstations, so that the whole field is covered. The Congregational polity comes in in the fact that admission of members and any special actions are laid before the Church for action. Other decisions of the Yee Shih Huei are simply read out for information. Paotingfu Church is made up of some 250 members—most of whom are scattered over an area of 50x150 miles. The head Church con-

gregation at Paotingfu is a small part of the whole. They occupy the position, however, of the parent Church and the little groups in the country are, in Chinese, 'branch churches' (same word as vine and branches) occupying in an embryonic way a position of a mission church in United States large cities with the parent church. It was to establish this arrangement that we took the trip. Up to that time, there had been no definite policy—pastors would go out and bring a string of names of those admitted to the Church, some on very little evidence of conversion, not one of whom the heads of the Church here would know. They were bound to the Paotingfu local congregation in no way, they practically acknowledged no bond. It was a curious state of affairs. Congregationalism gone mad. This, then, was the relation established:

"1. A branch church must have at least ten members. 2. It must have regular Sunday services. 3. It must have at least one deacon, appointed and ordained by the Yee Shih Huei. 4. It must have regular weekly collections for its maintenance, and half-yearly offerings for the parent Church at Paotingfu, which shall go towards the support of one of the pastors. 5. It must have a church attendance record and a regular system of Bible study. These are the conditions and ten out of eleven of our Christian groups can fulfill them. Beside the helpers, stationed for a month or two at each place at a time, one of the pastors makes a semiannual round to visit all and administer the communion. Also one pastor is steward and makes a semiannual round to collect the contributions for the parent church. By means of helpers, church records, etc., we can keep a fairly close survey of the field. Our rules for church membership are much more strict now than a year ago. All must

first be probationers for at least six months. To be probationers, besides character, etc., they must be able to read one of three small books, catechism-like. After six months—if the church members agree and the helper assents, they may come to Paotingfu, unless because of age, etc., and be examined on two of the three books, and if character, etc., be worthy, they are admitted at Paotingfu—the local church assenting. 'The literary requirements are little,' you say. True, but where a man bright as a trap in his business, can't learn six characters in an evening and the proportion of our communicants are over fifty years without having learned a character until they begin to read these books, you may see that the standard is high. Of course, for a few who have been to Chinese schools when young, we put the wall higher. This, then, is our plan, with a native force of two pastors and three helpers. Twice a year at the meeting of the Yee Shih Huei, we have 'a big meeting'—so-called. The last one was last week, where there were seventy-nine delegates from one to four days' journey distant."

"*Paotingfu, June, 13, 1899.*

"Our last letter to you all left me on my winter tour at the village of Hsiao Hsin Chuang. We had wandered in our talk together into the region of Church polity—a very perplexing subject out here—and we were foot sore from our journey of twenty-five to thirty miles. So we had to rest. Now we are all—as the Chinese say—'ping an'—that is 'at peace,' and so we are going on once more. By the way, 'Ping an' is a very common expression for our Christians. You meet one and it is—'Is your family—are you—at peace?'—and it is 'yee lu ping an,' 'all your

journey peace!' It is too long ago to remember exactly, but probably with this same expression the village members of Hsiao Hsin Chuang bade us farewell on Monday morning, December 5th. I had had my beef tea and crackers and we all had joined in a breakfast of kua mien or macaroni. The members had been assembling and escorted us to the edge of the village, where with many 'tsai chien's' (again see) 'don't accompany me's'—'ping an's,' we left them and started off in a northwestern direction towards the mountains. These latter were beautiful in brown and reddish tints. A cool wind was blowing—the sky was absolutely clear—a delicious day for walking. In four hours we reached Tang Hsien—quite an important hsien or district city—walled, of course. In the suburbs, we ate our lunch in an inn. The room was small and as prospects for something appetizing to eat were meager, I indulged in stewed chipped beef and toast of my own making. The crowd was rather obstreperous and finally to keep them quiet, Ewing went out to talk to them. It was of little use and we were glad to get our carts started once more. The dilapidated walls were soon left behind and we entered a loess valley—like an ancient river-bed of reddish clay. The loess foundation is very common in Western Chih-li and in Shan-si. It is the peculiar clay soil that readily cleaves perpendicularly, as though cut by a knife—thus making most interesting canons and plateaus. Our transitions from plain mud to this red clay were very satisfactory, and, after passing through a narrow defile made by carts in the clay and sandstone of a high plateau, we were prepared for our entrance into a new world of rock and hill. A short climb up a steep, rocky road landed us in the 'Yellow Head Horse' village—Ma Huang Tou. As I wrote you some time

ago, it was as though we had suddenly been set down in an Alpine village. The place is well-to-do, for the villages round about are rich in walnuts, persimmons, dates and wheat. The streets go up and down and all around—stone paved. The houses are stone—some two storied, with battlements and curious gargoyles. Little wood roofs, painted red, over doors and windows, set off the gray stone. The town has an air of ancient respectability. From the mountains runs a brawling stream with pebbles and shining sand—just as in New England; and all the fences are stone walls—a sight to see! The people, too, are different from those in the plains. Darker, sturdier—and very hospitable. Church members came from all sides to meet us and carried our things up a steep walk to the chapel. It is quite common for the majority of the people in any village to have a common family name. Here it is 'Kang.' So it was a Kang Lao Hsuan, who last year gave this building to the church—lending it indefinitely—after having at his own expense fully repaired it. Other buildings in the yard, he used for grain, etc., and as the side runs into a side hill—large caves cut in the clay, facing south, make excellent storehouses. We sat around in the yard and were properly introduced to Kang this and Kang that. My note-book seemed to get into inextricable confusion. As darkness came on, we had dinner of boiled millet straight—no salt—no sugar, and then the meeting began—some sixteen being present. By 10 P. M. we were in bed—side by side—three on the brick bed. The two rooms—one large one and one small, are very neat. Papered walls and ceiling and cement floor (no pounded dirt). In the small room is a fanning machine—exactly like a home one, except for the absence of sieves—using instead troughs into which the grain of

varying weight drops until the residue and chaff are blown out at the rear. I could hardly believe that this was not a copy of a western machine. This, and the harness used with the carts, I can't understand. The harness has been used for centuries, yet were it to be seen with a dump cart in Cleveland, I doubt if it would attract the least attention. Have we copied them or they us? On the walls are maps—one of Jerusalem—one of China. Also calendars for '97 and for '98. These are seen in almost every Christian home—at least in the more important ones, or in chapels. In the centre are the Chinese dates upon which the Sundays fall. Otherwise none would know when to keep Sunday, for the Chinese reckoning is only by months—not by weeks. On the sides are wood cuts of the Prodigal Son, of the Lost Sheep —even a diagram of the muscles of the eye— while at the bottom are the east and west continents, Mercator's Projection—the whole completed by a description of the wood cuts.

"Tuesday, December 6th.—People were around us before we were dressed—or rather washed— for it was too cold to do much undressing or dressing. Breakfast was kua mien and boiled cabbage, and we had a quiet time till service at 11 A. M., where among the sixteen sat three—on a carpenter's horse together—who had never seen a foreigner before. They used their eyes and ears well. We took dinner at the house of the rich young man of the village. He has had opportunities for study at Tungcho, but his affairs are keeping him away from as active a Christian life as we could wish. When I asked our pastor, Meng, who was with us, about him he said, 'He is a Martha—we only wish he were a Mary.' Imagine the dinner—big flapjacks of sodden buckwheat—flour strings boiled hard in a little weak soup and some curds made of fermented

beans. I am afraid I ate rather sparingly. Probably, it was his regular food.

"In the afternoon, we ordained two deacons. The service was hardly to western ideas in decency and good order. The two men stood before us—one the lender of the building, very bashful and uneasy, the other, the rich young man, looking at the ceiling in a most foolish fashion. In the midst of the talk, two strangers came in, whereupon the younger man turned, greeted them most effusively, gave them seats and resumed his position. At the close of the talk, the older man protested—said he couldn't read—was not fit to be a deacon, and was with difficulty kept from walking into the next room. It was certainly a worthy modesty, but Meng stated in somewhat Papal-Bull fashion that his appointment had been made in Paotingfu, there was no way out of it. After the ordination came the Lord's Supper—then a walk out on the hills, so like those about Jerusalem. More kua mien for supper. A crowd came in the evening, but by ten we were in bed.

"Wednesday, December 7th.—This morning after a hearty breakfast of millet and rice mixed, supplemented by a bowl of kua mien (I was hungry, you see) we had a little farewell meeting, and then turned to the southeast, back to Tang Hsien. The village turned out in strong force to see us go, and the elders of the church accompanied us quite a distance. It seemed so much like the care that the elders of Miletus and the Christians of Tyre had for Paul as he journeyed to Rome. On our way across the fields, I asked Meng of what use we foreigners were here now, for I had seen how he could get into the hearts where we touch the outside only. He dodged the question, Chinaman like, and replied: 'If a man be not filled with God, he is useless any-

where.' It was only a few li to the 'Big-Temple-City-between'-village. We stopped in to see an old Christian with his wife, also a Christian. Their house was scrupulously clean. As we talked, heathen came in till the room was full. The son wished to enter the church, but we made him wait. Then we had a little service, followed by the Lord's Supper—for just us five, no other Christian being in the village. It was a typical scene—the two Christians and the son—while all around sat those, many of whom had never before heard a connected statement of Christ's sacrifice. At the end, books were sold for one-tenth, one-fifth or one-third of a cent apiece. By noon we were on our way once more, passed Tang Hsien, and twenty-five li further arrived in Chieh Tang. Here is the court of 'the happy family'—as I call them. The father with the mother and two sons fitted up an end room and have given it to the church for services this year. He entered the Christian church last year, and in this short time has gathered many about him through his sunshiny life. His brother's family and his son's family, all live in the one court. We sat out in the yard drinking tea and visiting with all comers. One little fellow, looking over my shoulder as I wrote, said, 'Devil's pencil.' I turned and asked him—'What's this?'—'Pencil'—'What pencil?'—'Devil's pencil!' It was perfectly innocent—it simply showed that all strange things, including foreigners, were to be considered of the devil. Dinner was—guess!—kua mien. Then came a service, with mostly heathen present. At 9 P. M., when all were gone—the four Christians and two babies, Paul and John, with two interested friends, gathered for the Lord's Supper. It was a family service—one unique for a westerner—a family prayer service,—as the little John prattled on,

just waked up from his evening nap—and we all joined in this loving fellowship service. As we made ready for sleep, they tried to warm the bed, but only succeeded in filling the room with smoke. It was very cold.

"Tuesday, December 8th.—A perfect day—but cold. A meal of rice and kua mien and we were ready for visitors—a number came, all of whom had been touched by this one light in the darkness—the family of Chang Lao Chuang. Finally, after singing, 'Till we meet again,' we were off. Reached Ching Feng Tien—a busy market town—where we sold a few books from the cart. We learned here of the honesty of the Chinaman in buying these books. No matter at how much trouble, he would always be careful to return the book that he had been inspecting. By noon, we reached Tung Fang, where in the open court of the inn, surrounded by at least 200 interested spectators, we ate our bowls of flour strings and cabbage. This is a great cotton centre. Liu To we reached at 5:30, after passing through a plain of prairie-like extent, the ground slightly alkali, followed by an orchard of pear and date trees, simply miles in area. It must be a beautiful spot in the spring. We found a little tumble-down inn with a small room, whose door was fast going to the bad. We were tired of Chinese food, so Ewing and I had a feast of canned salmon, toasted crackers and cocoa, ending with doughnuts. We slept the sleep of the just on the narrow kang. It was too cold for fleas or worse creatures.

"Friday, December 9th.—This morning in the dark, we got the carts started. It was seven miles to breakfast at Ta Wang Li. The orchard gave place to ploughed plain, with circles of mud-brick drying, scattered all around. When we reached about 9 A. M. Ta Wang Li, the house of

the only Christian in the town was quickly surrounded and to keep property from being hurt—as the place is notorious for bad treatment of foreigners—we went outside to preach. Table and chairs were brought out, and as we sat or talked, the crowd was kept busy until breakfast time, when by making rapid tracks, we reached an inn and the door was bolted behind us. The crowd protested, but finally melted away, only to reassemble, when having finished flour strings, we once more put in an appearance. Seeing no chance for quiet, we ordered our carts and pushed on to a little village near by, Tung Wang Li. We stopped a few minutes to chat with a very nice Christian family—one of the important bits of leaven in China—and went on again to Ti Chuan—arriving about 4 P. M. We stopped with a family of cotton spinners, in whose yard is the new chapel, just being completed at the cost of nearly $100, gold. This amount has almost entirely come from the Christian members and represents cost of stuff, for the labor (except some little by skilled workmen) was given freely by the members. That is Christianity! In the house, one family had to move out of a room and give it to us. We carefully avoided looking at things too closely. In the main room or kitchen, was a stall for a cow. But the Christianity of the people—of that I must write. Everything was so quiet, so joyful—in such order. As we sat in the yard to greet visitors—in the house at meals, at the service, in the leave-taking—all was the same. I remember how the next morning as we parted from the final prayer-meeting in the yard, and started for the road, one of the Christians caught up his basket, which he used in gathering manure on the roads, and laughingly went on with us—the humblest disciple, in the poorest of occupations, but with the spirit of Christianity

in his heart. That group of disciples runs the gamut from this lowly man to the children of the head man of the village. Of the evening service I have written. A quiet, solemn service—we in the little room with the women and the new deacons on the kang in front of us,—the elements on a table under a flickering candle at our side—and the men outside in a larger room. After the service, as the men gathered to discuss the money still owing on the chapel, it was one of the new deacons who bravely said: 'It is the opportunity that makes the man.' Of such stuff are these twenty odd disciples in Ti Chuan.

"Saturday, December 10th.—After flour strings this morning, we held our farewell prayer-meeting in the yard and were soon on our way to Chi Chou—twenty-five li away. Here we caught our first bad crowd. Before we reached the inn, the streets were filled, and as they came flocking into the yard, we knew we were in for it. There was a big fair on and the country folk were in for fun. We escaped them in the confusion and got into a room, but they scented us and began to break down the door and pull the paper off the windows. A crowd in China while happy is all right, but patience does not last forever, and we were afraid to try them too far, so we went out and as I sat on a cart, Ewing tried to preach. It was little use. Fortunately, dinner was soon ready and we ate the pork 'bo-bos' with great relish while the crowd gazed. The last 'bo-bo,' we offered to the children, but never a one would touch it—afraid of the devil. An old beggar finally dared. It was hard work sitting on an empty cart, while Ewing stood between the shafts and preached. Scores of children were on the hind end of the cart, and there was no telling when the nicely adjusted balancing of parts might be overturned, and I—well, there would be a limit

to upward flight. The crowd got saucy, some toughs came in and tried to snatch things—and we were glad to get away. For a long distance the jeering rabble followed us. I had on foreign clothes, while Ewing wore Chinese garments. I began to wish I had done likewise. It was a long forty-five li to Chi Chi, our next point, so we made for a little village, Tzu Wei, by name. It was dark before we arrived, and we were providentially guided at more than one point. One, I remember, particularly—at a crossroad, where we had already turned in a wrong direction when a man came along—the only man we met afterwards. Had we missed the road, it would have meant many a li, for we were searching for the only bridge in miles across the river. We found a little inn that was not full, but no separate rooms were to be had. So we camped out in the kitchen on the brick bed that took seven persons. Here we ate our flour strings that we saw, and felt (for the smoke was suffocating) being made, and then waiting for the tavern loafers to get out, we dragged out many weary minutes. Such a 'gang' is unreachable by a foreigner. A Chinaman whom they can understand can do something. A bully came in and tried to 'play horse.' Ewing beat him off at the game; and at last in despair of getting any rest in such a place, we went out and crawled into our two carts—sort of doubled up and got to sleep. Fortunately, clouds had come up and the warmest night of our trip was the result. This only kept us from freezing. Meng talked till after midnight with the crowd in the kitchen and managed to sell some books.

"Last letter left me in Hsaio Hsin Chuang. This one leaves us asleep in the carts in the little inn of Tzu Wei.

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"Now a word on the happenings of the last six weeks. The main event has been our Annual Meeting at Tungcho, where we renewed our experiences of two years ago, a few weeks after our arrival in China. All the seven stations were represented from Kalgan in the north to Ling Ching in the south. This year, Paotingfu was added to the list of easily accessible places, but Kalgan is still a week away, and Ling Ching two at least. There were thirty-nine adults and the children brought it well up towards sixty. Previous to our meetings, the Chinese helpers had had a sort of summer school of two weeks. Then on Sunday came the two annual sermons, the English one, preached by me and the Chinese by Mr. Ewing. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were filled with Chinese debates and discussions as well as reports from all the work —ending with a session for Chinamen only. Thursday began our business sessions which were carried through Tuesday of the next week. Two business sessions each day with a prayer-meeting each evening, except one on which the annual essay is read and discussion takes place, and one on which the musical entertainment and general good time have full swing. The business of these sessions is to learn of the work of the stations, transact business connected with the mission as a whole, and prepare the financial estimates for the coming year, which are to be presented to the Prudential Committee of the Board."

"*Pei-tai-ho, September 11, 1899.*

" . . . As I remember it, you left me or I left you—which was it?—at the little village of Tzu Wei, doubled up in the carts out in the court of the inn. The sky was clouded and this kept us from freezing. Meng, our pastor, was able to en-

dure seven on one bed, plus other things; so he stayed in the kitchen. It was Saturday night, and we were close to our Sunday stop—Chi Chi (you can discover the place on the map, pronounced 'Chee jee'). We knew we should have to be up bright and early the next morning, if we were to escape the crowd which would be sure to gather. But we were not quick enough—any kind of news without regard for quality, travels fast in China. We ate our flour strings in the kitchen, while the landlord good-naturedly kept the crowd from actually running over us by liberal sprays of water both hot and cold. Many a threatened outbreak in China has been prevented and many a missionary life saved by a providential rain. No Chinaman can screw up his courage to stick out in the rain. In like manner our peace of mind was preserved by that improvised rain on that Sunday, December 11, 1898.

"We were soon off amid cheers, jeers and laughter, and reached Chi Chi about 10:30. The chapel is in a court of a fine young fellow—one of the two who afterwards were ordained deacons. One of our helpers from Paotingfu was living there for the three months of his stay. Our five helpers have to keep moving around in order to hold our eleven outstations. This man, Chao by name, had books and rather primitive maps with him, so that in daily evening classes, he was gradually teaching the Christians the great truths. The throng crowded the room so that we adjourned to a neighboring yard for service. Some sixty were gathered around on piles of fodder and any old benches available. After service every one wanted to see everything one possessed, so we escaped to the room where our meal was ready. Only by dint of positive force could the room be cleared and we be left in peace. At 3:30 came our main meeting in the

court. It's pretty certain none of you ever saw one like it. We four sat up against the house in the sun. Then the yard was filled with the crowd. On our right were the few men Christians—on the left, the women—in front men, women, children, chickens, dogs, etc., etc. Even the fences were picketed—and it was a gala day for some women drying grain on the top of a house near by. At our feet was a low table, holding the elements for our communion feast. The crowd, constantly changing, stayed by till dusk, when we closed. Beside the service, we ordained two deacons, one the young man referred to above, and the other, an older and even more striking man with iron gray hair, fuzzy beard, erect, silent, speaking low when he uttered his few words. He seemed to me the type of an old western reformer—he didn't look like a celestial of the Middle Kingdom.

"A hen came too near and had to be chased away—the pigs began to squeal, but a small boy fixed them. One little youngster went fast asleep sitting upright. That was 'nuts' for the others. They poked until he got mad and hit back. When the elder deacon passed the bread, he really didn't know what to do, so he helped himself and passed it back. With proper coaching he learned rapidly. But in spite of it all, as the shadows came on, the ceremony was completed and the members of the Church of Christ —just a little knot of them way in the centre of heathen China—joined together in holding once more the Lord in memory till He come.

"After supper, the crowd was upon us. To have any quiet time with our members, we had to walk out of town, wait till all was quiet and then steal carefully back. Our little service was prolonged till eleven o'clock. One old woman with happy face brought in eggs and potatoes.

Then came peanuts. Of course, lots of hot water was made on the little stove, and every one took some. Many problems, such as admission of certain persons to the Church, were discussed and all were exhorted, sung with and prayed with. Finally, Ewing and I were left alone and prepared for a night on the brick bed.

"Monday, December 12, 1898.—At 4:30, the carters shook open the door and came in to escape the fierce wind and snow. We slept on till breakfast, ate our kua mien (macaroni) and started off with everything we possessed on our backs for the wind was frightful from the northwest. Luckily, we went southeast so were saved from much of the cold. On our way, we stopped a few moments at the house of an old church member, whose whole family has bitterly opposed him. Curiously enough, he is a coward, while his wife is a regular virago. She used to come after him when he was at meetings and pull him through the streets, cursing him all the way. Once she dragged him by his hair. The son stood by the mother. But something reached the old woman and she allowed the man to come to our meetings—in fact, to invite us to stop at the house. The son came with him, also, and attended the first meeting of his life. So we stopped at the house with one of the deacons—had lunch and then held a little service, soon departing. This spring, at our semi-annual conference at Paotingfu, the son came up to be received on probation into the church. The father came with him, a picture of joy. So we travelled the day long—the wind getting colder each hour. The country was like our western prairies—sparsely settled, though evidently rich agriculturally. For noon, we stopped at a market town where they were expecting a fair. To avoid trouble, as we were in territory where perhaps a

foreigner had never been seen—we put down the front curtains and rode unnoticed into the inn-yard. The landlord was polite and showed us into his own apartments, so we rested undisturbed. The afternoon's ride led us into sandy and less fertile country until after twenty-five miles for the day, we reached our southernmost point, the old city of Shu-lu. The new one is ten miles beyond. Tired and cold, we crawled upon the brick bed of a barn-like room, dirty as could be, and dropped into a sound sleep.

"Tuesday, December 13th.—Our work here was to see about opening a street chapel. No work had ever been done here, but this is one of the southern points of our 'sphere of influence' so we wished to occupy it. After a breakfast of cereal and cocoa, the men began to arrive—nice fellows, whom the innkeeper sent in after interesting them in some books Meng had given him the night before. Then Meng hunted up a fellow—an old Christian, somewhat cold-hearted—who might help us a little. The three started off to see a Christian three miles away, while I kept the fort. Some tables in the room made me a counter across the room, and men soon began to pour in. They were simply a curious lot, but many could not be so impolite as not to buy a book. So as the fifty or more kept coming in and going out, chaffing, laughing and asking questions, I tried to keep their minds on the fact that here were books—catechism, three-word classic and lots of others—all going for from one-fifth of a cent to one cent apiece. The mêlée lasted till six o'clock and in the end, I had sold many books amounting to the huge sum of ten cents. This was my first experience at book-selling in China. They said it was pretty good for a new place and in an inn-yard. At any rate, my throat was tired and my body decidedly

weary. In the evening, I set my kerosene stove under me, and managed to keep comfortable, while we held conference as to the opening of a chapel. (After seven months, I have heard that property now is rented. Of this later.)

"Wednesday, December 14th.—While eating breakfast, we were raided by the Chinese and with difficulty we got the coast clear. It was apparent now that I must wear Chinese clothes. Meng had bought a fur outer coat and had a wind-hat, wadded. With an outer sleeveless vest and a sash, I was soon rigged out. The coat was short—my trousers and foreign shoes were conspicuous—but when I got in the cart and pulled the blanket up, I was safe. The fair was on (they have one every two days) so the inn-yard was full of bullock carts. Bullocks are rare at Paotingfu where we have mostly mules. The streets were thronged. At one point, we stopped a moment, but the crowds were so determined to see us and were so obstreperous, that we hastened on. Near Tang Feng, our destination, we stopped to eat with Meng's uncle. For the first time, I was unconspicuous, and we could eat and talk without every one looking at our clothes. There was no shrieking crowd of children on the streets as you walked. Why, even in the country, I had persons stop and ask what my coat was made of—wool is never used by them for clothing. It is invariably cotton for summer and cotton wadding for winter. At Tang Feng, we found a village famous before the T'ai P'ing rebellion, but now gone to ruin. The inn was a mud brick concern whose floor had been two weeks before many inches under water. In this damp and unwholesome place, we camped out for the night. A Chinaman seldom talks to you of his wife—especially of any affection for her. I said to Meng, whose family

life is an ideal Christian one—'I know three persons who will be glad when we get home to Paotingfu.' 'No,' said he, 'two—there is Pi Tai Tai (Mrs. P.) and Yu Tai Tai (Mrs. Ewing).' I could get him no further. The church here is badly split up. There are twelve members—but feuds have come in. The consequence is that everything is very dead. With the ruin of the place seems to be a ruin in warm hearts. Few men came in, as we all wore Chinese clothes and there was little for them to see.

"Thursday, December 15th.—A brick bed, perfectly flat is bad enough. Add some holes and it is abominable. Our bed had holes. By this time we had reached a spot where food was hard to find. Kua mien had also palled when eaten thrice a day. So our food box was being esteemed more and more highly. After a breakfast out of it, we started for the house of the best of the church members. Everything was desolated by the water. The people had not only lost their year's beans, but had seen the plants and all buried beneath the mud brought down by the river.

"The service was very quiet. Before the Lord's Supper, Meng baptized two children. As the little girl went out, I saw her stop in the doorway to explain to a little friend all about it. The friend was anxiously scrutinizing her forehead to see if any marks were left there from this wonderful performance. Ewing's talk was an 'Awake'—how much they all needed it! For Tang Feng, you will perhaps pray—and many times you will hear from me about it.

"At noon, we were on the road for 150 li—fifty miles to our next point of attack. That afternoon we could go only to An Ping, where we found a most sumptuous inn, for An Ping is on the main road from Paotingfu, southeast.

We ate heartily, enjoyed a good wash up and went to bed in great peace of mind. The scenery thus far is like the prairie-land of—say—Illinois. Trees scattered everywhere—little hamlets, one and a half to two miles apart—reminded me of home. Deep furrows show the divisions of countless little holdings. Pigs are everywhere, rooting for stray peanuts, for the country furnishes huge crops of that nut.

"Friday, December 16th.—We were up before six this morning for 100 li (thirty-three miles) is a long trip for China in the short days of the year. Inns in our part of the world furnish no early breakfast, so we did as every one else did and went without. On the way there were a few cakes to buy, but it was eighteen miles on an empty stomach before we stopped at Cow's Head village. We were too tired to see any one —so locked ourselves in the room. Still, we were not alone, for in one corner a donkey was taking his meal. We ate flour strings and some bread—not much for the rest of the day! In the distance as we started, we caught the western mountains, west of Paotingfu. The country grew flat, and while crossing a river, wild geese were all about us in the wheat, eating the green sprouts of winter wheat. Just after sunset, we reached Chang Teng, found a comfortable inn and sat ourselves down to a good dinner.

"Saturday, December 17th.—It had been our plan to visit both stations—Ch'ing Liang Ch'eng and Tien Ke Chuang—but in the morning, we heard that a theatre festival was to begin at the first place and we knew that every one's relatives would flock in and expect board, so that our presence would be rather unpopular. Accordingly, we started—twenty li—to Tien Ke Chuang —and arrived about noon. This station is in a very bad way, for the oldest Christian and his

family have been shown to be in the church from mercenary motives. His attitude has been very repellent, and though we led in the Lord's Supper at his house, it was woefully chilly, and we were only too glad to depart on our ten mile jaunt for Paotingfu and home. About 5 P. M. we reached the compound and our journey was done.

"Now, dear friends, you have patiently passed over the tour with us. It is for you as it was for us—just a glimpse. I suppose you will never again be called on to take such a trip. Hereafter, one spot or two places will be studied more in detail—and as the little stones shall be fitted in to fill the huge gaps between the skeleton framework now constructed, we shall hope, with you to see the building rising into true and just proportions—beautiful as the day. Until such time, we must patiently watch, study and pray. Facts will be hard for you to make real to yourselves. We will help you all we can. Success is sure and the reward beyond computation."

He felt that some apology was called for by this serial and after the last installment had gone off, he wrote to Dr. Mills:

"As I said to Mrs. Pitkin when I finished the last letter to the church, 'I am glad that "tour" is finished.' We suppose you will utter the same sentiment. My idea, however, was that so many things have come in between the beginning and end of the recital that often it was hard to 'stick to the text' and not leave you all floundering in a town far away from Paotingfu. To know that you are all safely back, and that I could persist in a plan to the end were my reasons for joy. Likewise, that the church would

not be further bored. Seriously—I think it is a mistake to drag a thing out that way. It may have been necessary this one time in order consecutively to place the whole (or practically so) field before the church. Hereafter, 'continued in our next' articles will be rigorously opposed, unless an exception may be made for some very important two letter subject."

"Some very important two letter subject!"—He wrote but two more letters to the Pilgrim Church before the end.

VIII

"THE GOLDEN EVENING BRIGHTENS IN THE WEST"

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

—*How.*

"I SHALL take my second language examination the coming May," wrote Pitkin in his first church letter of 1900. "It is a weary trudge—

and the end seems far away." But it did not tarry as long as he supposed. In six months he was beyond the "weary trudge" of Chinese study, beyond all weariness, in the land where rest and work are one, where those who have been wearied here

"Shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all."

But his road thither led up a dizzy steep, through peril, toil and pain.

In the same letter, Horace gives some account of the "annual big meeting," and also of the Boxer cloud that was fast overspreading the sky:

"Around Christmas time, we held the semi-annual 'big meeting'—when delegates from the outstations came up for a three days' convention. When the area of one's parish is equal to Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island—or to Massachusetts—or more than New Jersey—why, it is necessary to encourage the flock to see each other's faces once every six months. When I am able to do more, we hope to have the family gathering every four months. Then, too, our helpers are so few and we are able to be out in the country so little, it is doubly important to have those who are fit to be received on probation or from probation wish to enter the church, come together that they may be examined by us all, and if fit, take the steps before a representative body of our church members. Finally, we precede the convention by a three days' meeting of the 'Discuss Affairs Society'—or Board of Deacons—or more exactly—Session—and after a

full discussion of the coming six months' work, appointment of committees and arrangement of posts for the helpers, we give the convention a résumé of the actions taken, ask for ratification of the same and finally discuss with them troublesome points. Some sixty-five delegates attended —a large showing for cold winter. Three were from our southern outpost—four days' walk away. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday meetings were held morning, afternoon and evening. In between times, the helpers and Mr. Ewing and I were examining candidates for probation and church membership. The church members—eleven in number—were received on Sunday, and I, for the first time in China, read the form of doctrine, baptized them and assisted at the Lord's Supper. Wednesday, some twenty were received to probation—and two who were delayed for further examination entered the church. What a contrast in those who stood on the platform before an audience of some four hundred that Sunday noon! There was an old woman, who eight years ago cursing and reviling would turn her back in disgust on Miss Morrill as she entered her home in the country. Here was a lad of fourteen, bright as a steel trap, already prepared for Tungcho, brought up in our elder pastor's family, away from heathenism and is the product of second generation Christianity. And between them!—the range of once heathen hearts, now more or less lit by the rays of Christian truth,—but all young and old, facing the world of sin and persecution in their villages in defense of Him, the one Lord and Master—of Pilgrim Church, of China—of the world!

"In the discussion on Self-Support, our younger pastor said: 'I imagine a mule and cart going along a hilly road, while the driver and friends help by pushing the cart from behind. Progress

is slow but steady. Suddenly a steep pitch is reached. The cart is stuck—the mule can do nothing, strain as he may, and the men—what of them? In desperation do they push the harder? Oh, no! They as one man pile into the cart and urge the mule by blows and shouts to move on. So it is with the church members of China. The cart is the church, the mule is the foreign missionaries and the ones behind are the members. They do valiant work at pushing while things move. But let there come a time of want—a time when after full discussion of the needs of the mission is completed and $1.00 is asked from the churches of America with an answer of sixty cents—when the hill has been reached—then! then the members scramble in on the church and say to the mule "pull us! pull us!"' This may give a hint of how nail heads were hit in the discussions.

"The one absorbing topic up here in north China is the 'Boxer' question. Of course you have seen full accounts in the papers about the troubles, yet a word or two on them may be of interest.

"China is full of secret societies under various names. They are almost entirely of a political nature. Desiring to start a revolution for furthering their own ends, by some pretext or other, perhaps simulating great patriotism, they attack missionaries and the converts, the result of the hated 'foreign devils'' religion. Not daring to attack the missionary, perhaps, they wreak vengeance on his converts. Such was the massacre of the English missionaries on or near the coast in the south some years ago; such was the great rebellion of the Yang Tse Kiang before that time, and such is the cause of the wide-spread troubles near here to-day. The banners of the 'Boxer' and 'Big Sword' societies are inscribed with

'Defense of the present Dynasty'; 'Death to the Foreigners'; 'Extermination of Foreign Religions.' These two societies have been spreading through Shan-tung (province south of us) and somewhat through the south of our province, Chih-li. The members claim supernatural power granted by their divinity, who lives in a mountain southeast somewhere. By this power, they are rendered invulnerable and to their leaders is given power to raise the dead. They go through gymnastic exercises and probably do throw themselves into some sort of trance. By these powers, a man will hold out his arm, any one may strike it with a sword, but the arm is uninjured. In past affairs with soldiers, where some were killed, the story goes that by a few passes in the air, the leaders raised the dead to life. The curious thing about the Boxer and Big Sword Societies is that the scene of their actions is right in the members' villages. They are not like bandits coming down on forays. Each village has its own branch. The societies have been growing for years—secretly, without disturbance. Suddenly, last fall, they were heard from, intending to attack the large station of our Board at Pang Chuang, where are Drs. Smith, Potter, Peck, the Misses Porter and Wyckoff and a large station plant. That the uprising was fostered from Peking is more than probable. That the opportunity was excellent because of failure of crops and great drought is very apparent. The common people flocked to the standards, and whereas the societies may have at first had a true motive, that was soon obscured in the torrent of seekers after plunder and pillage that came pouring in. By prompt action of the Consul at Tientsin, soldiers were sent and the threatened attack averted. However, the Christians began to suffer. Families had either to pay heavy ransoms

or be pillaged. Rarely was any violence done to persons. Again, strange to say Roman Catholics and Protestants have suffered alike. In the past, usually, Roman Catholics have had the harder time, for the priests take up and prosecute law cases for their converts. This creates great enmity and when occasion offers, the return blow is given with great severity. But now neither one nor the other was spared. The Peking officials did no more than they were compelled to do. They changed governors but the new one is as bad as the old. The missionaries have been toiling day and night at Pang Chuang, writing innumerable letters to officials everywhere, begging for soldiers and demanding help, hearing the tales of refugees, and keeping our Minister Conger at Peking fully informed. He, alas! hoodwinked by the Chinese reports, is growing weary over the full details sent by Arthur H. Smith and expresses himself in Peking as 'bored' by the verboseness of the reports! Thus, from a small uprising, the riot has spread until all western Shan-tung is involved. And not only that, but into Chih-li it has come, until societies are being formed within twenty-five miles of us to the south, and encircling the city, the plague has spread to the north of us. 'They say' that the members are in Paotingfu city itself and report had it that our compound and the Presbyterian compound were to be wiped out the eighth or eighteenth of this month. To-day is the ninth so I guess we shall survive the eighteenth as well! What can the government do? Granting it is not in league with the leaders, it is doubtful if the soldiers would successfully resist the societies. They are too much of the same mind. However, as often happens, the societies have overstepped the mark. Sidney Brooks of the English society in southwest Shan-

tung while returning from Christmas with his sister, just out from home and newly married to his colleague, was attacked, brutally treated, such as having a rope passed through his nose and being led around the city for hours, and finally killed. This incident was too much even for the foreign ministers. Let the Chinese be plundered —even killed! what matter! But when a British subject is murdered, even though Britain may be unwilling to go to war for it, she will make protest enough to have a decidedly deterrent effect on the Boxers and their friends at Court in Peking. Consequently, the fire has been put under hatches and is at present merely smouldering. In the meantime, South Chih-li has been entered, and one of the best outstations of the Pang Chuang station has been sacked. The pastor and family were in hiding, having received previous warning, but the chapel and school were completely wrecked and the pastor's all was lost, windows and doors even being carried off while casings were afterwards dug out. In spite of threats to kill him at sight, he and his family finally arrived here and have settled down with us to wait for peace. Up to two months ago, the statistics were that in Shan-tung over 300 villages had been sacked or made to pay ransom and in Chih-li, some seventy-five or more. Affairs have reached such a pass that rich heathen are treated as the Christians are—the robbers' cupidity stands back for nothing. Proceedings are alike in most cases. Warnings are served on individuals or villages. It is either ransom (say $300 for a small village) or plunder or both. If plunder, everything is taken and sold at any price to the bidders standing around. A cart worth $30 gold for ninety cents; grain worth three or four dollars for so many cents. A mule for twenty cents. Windows, doors, casings, even thatches of roofs—

everything is sold and carried off. And in many cases bedding and all extra clothing, etc., all are gone and that with the thermometer at zero and the coldest winter known for years. The only thing done by the officials is to keep quiet, or go to meet the robbers and give them a feast in return for which, temporarily, they move to the next county, giving the official chance to report that either he has pacified the villains or that there have never been any Boxers at all in his circuit. To verify such reports, many times officials have passed from village to village gravely taking the affidavits of the Boxer leaders that no Boxers exist in the district. And the end? These reports are shown our Minister Conger at Peking, and as they don't tally with Arthur H. Smith's (*Chinese Characteristics*) tales, he grows weary of said Arthur H. Smith's reports, calls them verbose, is afraid the writer may be a little turned in the head, and seems to agree with those who would say the missionaries are timid folk, listeners to idle tales and general mischief-makers. Just lately has come confirmation of belief that Peking has been at the bottom of this. The late edict of the Empress Dowager in which she covertly espouses the Boxers' cause and warns officials to discriminate between Boxers and ruffians (which means 'count all as Boxers') is the most dangerous paper against missions that has appeared for a long time. Following on its heels appears the authentic news that the new governor of Shan-tung, though supplied with sufficient troops, was warned from the beginning by a secret edict to be careful about arrests. This he told the missionaries after the publication of the public edict. Such a warning in the East means 'no arrests!'—and that is just what has happened. For the moment, the fire is out of sight—when it will again appear, we know not."

He takes up the same subject in his "Round Robin" letter to the Yale men of his time who were in the missionary work in Asia. There were shadows enough over his heart but he smiled above them and wrote in his old playful vein:

"Five sheets (and no pillow-case).

"*Paotingfu, April 27, 1900.*

"Well you fellows may think I am not worth keeping on the list of respectability—and perhaps I am not. What are two months though—when you are busy getting ready to send off to America the liveliest letter you ever did see—with a postscript tacked on—for it's true, Mrs. Pitkin and Horace have gone off and left me here for seven months. I took them down to Shanghai to sail April 7th, and had no time to run up to see Loby, for in six hours after they left, I left also on a homeward-bound boat. Now, the house is immense and I don't like it one bit, but don't you care, think of the poor 'celebrates' who don't have seven months hence to look forward to. My colleague here, Ewing, goes off for the summer to the shore, so I must take my turn and look after things here. It doesn't pay to have a child here through the heated season and as Pei-tai-ho is pretty hard pickings for one woman alone, it seemed wise for Mrs. P. to take a chance for passes via Southern Pacific Railroad and go East to let them see the finest baby going. (Did any one speak?) The Gaileys (Y. M. C. A. Secretary of Tientsin) will have our house and if I get a few weeks, I'll board with them. Dr. Hodge, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Hodge (née Sinclair) will be right next door—so we shall have a merry party.

"We're getting the rumors of war here all right. You know these wretched 'Boxer' or 'Big Sword Society' troubles in Shan-tung have been making life miserable all winter. The society has a fixed purpose to root out all foreign devils and exterminate their religion and converts. From plundering Christians, they advanced to whole villages or even single rich heathen, demanding ransom or utter wiping out. The usual proceeding was a complete plundering —most things taken and sold to bystanders on the spot—carts worth $30, for twenty cents, rice, everything, even door frames and roofs, complete ruin. Not many Christians lost their lives —but in this severest winter in years, to lose bedclothes and everything in this world is not easy. Our stations in Shan-tung at times have been in hourly peril, but now the worst is over and in the 'unquiet quiet' they are trying to start their station schools again. The whole thing has been under secret patronage from Peking—using the Boxers as catspaws. But when the claw got an English missionary, and brutally murdered him, the cat had to go—temporarily—into retirement. Lately, the movement has been spreading up into our province until we are surrounded and even districts north of Peking are infested. The basis of the power lies in a claim to supernatural leading by which they are rendered invulnerable. This is a proof of their destiny. Sword-cuts on the arms are repelled— running on planted spears is only to rebound again —'drive the foreigners into the sea!' Soldiers are scattered along in the south, so that is quiet. But near here, the Boxers and Roman Catholics have fought and managed to kill some thirty Boxers and one Catholic before the soldiers arrived. Now, only fifteen miles from here, Boxers are assembling in great numbers and though

watched by a handful of troops, are bound to sack a big Roman Catholic station near by—then another and then Paotingfu. Where we come in on this deal is not easy to see. At present, the city sends us fifteen soldiers a night for our guard. Warships are at Tientsin—but if any troops should be landed, it would be too hot for us here at once. Present status is probably best. In the Chinese-Japanese war, when the Japs sunk the Chinese men-of-war, the Provincial Warrior here called all the other officials in and suggested stirring up the populace to exterminate the foreigners here as a little 'give face' act to the Chinese. The others dissuaded the old blood-thirsty fellow by telling him we were not Japs—but members of a friendly nation. Still, now we are only 200 miles from the coast by railroad if haste should be necessary. I'm awfully sorry I haven't got time to tack valuable and instructive notes, annotations, etc., on the backs of you fellows' letters. I must leave that to one worthier than I. Ah, well, I remember that expressive gesture each time the cap of the ubiquitous fountain pen came off. It was a shame—that typewriter—to spoil the temper of one—'Don't bother me, Harry—can't you see I am writing a Bible Reading on "peace"?' You ought to have seen 'whiskers' this summer—sitting on our porch at Pei-tai-ho—drinking tea, cracking stories and singing the same weird melodies as of yore! I hope to see Loby this summer—and the rest of you?—as you please! Now for our work. Language still—and yet not so very—it won't down—an ever present 'poor'—— Oh, to be in India a Y. M. C. A.ing! I have the boys' boarding-school—twenty boys—to run and though I haven't preached yet, I've helped in communion services and baptisms. Things move along in about the same way. No touring has been possible because of the disturbed

condition of the country. The most marked thing in our work this winter has been a few days' blessing for the more active Christians here. At Peking, a very strong revival swept the Methodist College. Then at our College at Tungcho was a tremendous awakening—exercises all abandoned for three weeks—and finally to let the men down to their studies, they were sent to the other stations for a few days' visit. Three came here and we had certainly a blessed time.

"Here—here—I must stop—it's after midnight and I may have some of my sentences sent ringing down the ages with blue underlining. 'What lady done that?'

"The Lord be with you all, boys. He has been very good to me—and I thank Him."

One of the shadows of the spring whose radiant lining he saw before the end was the departure of Mrs. Pitkin and the little boy for America, referred to in the above letter. The reasons for this step were given in his last letter to the Pilgrim Church, dated May 7, 1900:

"A month ago, I sent to you all one of the liveliest, fullest of news and most up-to-date letters ever despatched to you by us. There was a 'P. S.' attached containing a world of interest. It is true that the letter, plus the postscript, may be delayed in reaching you, but sooner or later you ought to receive with glad welcome, Mrs. Pitkin and Horace, mailed via Vancouver with Paotingfu's compliments. What a time we did have deciding whether Mrs. Pitkin had best go. We left Paotingfu, March 30th, and I escorted them to Shanghai, they sailing thence at mid-

night, April 8th, while I returned northward a few hours later. So here is one Pilgrim abroad, alone in solitary grandeur! The house, let me add, is just about ten times too big and very vacant in its stare. But Mrs. Pitkin promises to come back in October. Our cramped quarters and other conditions have told on Mrs. Pitkin's health to such an extent that we feel only the rest of some months in Ohio will completely restore her. 'An ounce of prevention'—this is—and we thank the good Lord for providing it. We believe the renewed strength will render large interest on the investment of time and money. And won't it make China seem near to you all! And America to us! There's only one objection to it—it will take away from our heads the halos that some of you have persisted in placing there and you will be disappointed in finding us to be 'just like common folks.' 'Huh! nothing particularly like martyrdom in this foreign work!' you will say. And you're right! We have been trying to tell you that right along, and we are sending this said letter and postscript home direct, and not through some dead letter office, because we don't believe in martyrs either! Well, perhaps all this will come rather late in the day—I do not know exactly Mrs. Pitkin's plans. However, it is official authorization—and as such may go on record."

The anticipation of trouble and danger did not enter into Pitkin's mind in arranging for the return of Mrs. Pitkin and little Horace. The missionaries in North China knew that a storm was brewing but they did not anticipate any unusual personal peril. Mrs. Pitkin's health and the condition of the work which would keep Pitkin at

the station all summer, an arrangement not desirable for Mrs. Pitkin and the boy, were the determining elements. After she left in April, and Mr. Ewing in May, the only members of the Congregational Mission in Paotingfu were Mr. Pitkin and Miss Morrill and Miss Gould, so that his hands were full of work. "In the fall of 1899," writes Mrs. Pitkin, "he took over the entire control of the Boys' Boarding School, and took the responsibility of running church accounts, arranging for prayer-meeting topics, leaders, etc.—took a Sunday-school class—Sunday afternoon he spent with his boys—talking to them and praying and singing—a meeting much enjoyed by him and of great help to them. Friday evening he spent with them, and he also had the charge of their morning devotions each day. After Mr. Ewing left in May, he took over all the work and he was very happy in it. My very last letter told of his leading prayer-meeting and how easily his tongue formed the words he wanted. He was planning to preach his first sermon the next Sabbath, and I believe God gave him that privilege before he laid down his life."

Yet though he went back from saying goodbye with no anticipation of unusual peril, he went with an undersense of expectation. Mr. R. R. Gailey of the Y. M. C. A. work in China, an old Princeton football man, writes in some reminiscences of his friend, of his perception of this in Pitkin:

"I distinctly remember when talking over the problem of investing our time and talents for God in China, his saying, 'I tell you, Gailey, I haven't begun to work out here yet.' He was a man, who when home, was accustomed to moving fast at whatever he was engaged and I am sure it was a great trial to his soul, as it is to many an one like him, to have to wait years before being able to be free to take up his work with his usual energy and spirit. . . . The summer of '99, we had the privilege of spending together at the shore, but it was much broken into so far as freedom for visiting and hours of conversation and walks were concerned, as I was much occupied with the care of our little baby and his mother. The new constant cares together with a hard year's work were too much for my strong constitution to bear and October, '99, and a week of November was spent in bed with typhoid fever. How was I to be looked after in such circumstances? One day, without a word of notice to us; Horace bounced into the room with his suitcase and said he had come down to take care of me for a while and give Mrs. Gailey a rest. He put her and the baby off in another room and he just stayed by me for a solid week at the time when I was needing attention the most. How we enjoyed him and often we had many a good laugh that did more good than the medicine, I am sure. Now, we were not so much surprised at seeing this expression of his kindness and friendship as we were impressed with the spirit of unfailing loyalty to his friends and his willingness to leave his family, his work and studies to come and look after me when sick. We did not need any further evidence but after that we felt absolutely sure of our relationship. . . . In 1900, he was very naturally feeling the separation from his wife but I hope I will not be incau-

tious if I say that there was more than the ordinary far-away look in his eyes as we saw him for what proved the last time. He was quiet and thoughtful and the laugh was more or less mechanical. It was so noticeable in him for he was always just the opposite, but we tried to make his call as free as possible from the thoughts that were taking fuller possession of his mind every hour and mile that separated him from those who were more than life itself to him. It was unmistakable that the responsibilities as well as the possibilities of what was awaiting him in Paotingfu were weighing on his mind then, but there was nothing but clear obedience to his duty. Before leaving my house for the train for Paotingfu, we were talking of the blessings of home out here in China and the suffering when those we love have for one reason and another to be separated from us. He felt it doubly. He relieved his struggling spirit somewhat by telling me of the last moments with Mrs. Pitkin and the very last sight he had of her and the little boy's sweet, serious face which followed and comforted him to his last moments. He spoke of his standing on the tender watching the receding lights of the steamer, at last more clear in mind than in sight, and then loath to give up or take his eyes off the most powerful imaginary spot that it is the experience of the human mind to know or see, he was standing with arms folded and fixed moistened eyes looking, looking, when some one at his side broke the spell by saying, 'Pretty hard, old man, I know how you feel; I've just passed through the same experience within a week!' and they fell to conversation about things in general. He hurried up from Shanghai and he was with us only over night, leaving in the early morning. I had one or possibly two short notes from him after he reached Paotingfu and we were

soon cut off entirely. There is one other thing which I would like to mention in connection with Tracy and that is his really wonderful ability in music. The time when I especially enjoyed him was when he was improvising. He was fine in his interpretation of his choice scores, but I always felt that he was pouring out his grand soul for music in those sudden inspirations. I liked him best at the organ, and we often remarked what a treat it would be to hear him at a big organ."

Even if Horace had foreseen that he was going back to Paotingfu to his death, he would not have hesitated an instant if he had perceived it to be his duty. "I have always felt a trust and confidence in his goodness and uprightness," says one of his cousins who had known him all his life. "He was single-eyed, and I always felt sure that when he saw a duty, nothing could swerve him from his purpose. He never disappointed me." As to the political situation about Paotingfu, when he returned to the station, he wrote at length in his last letter to the Pilgrim Church, May 9, 1900, already quoted:

"What of our situation here! You might describe it as a 'deadlock.' The Boxers (the society of which I wrote in my last) have been gradually creeping northward from Shan-tung, the province south of us. While there, since the murder of Mr. Brooks, their doings have been more and more under the surface, until now there is an 'unquiet quiet' in those parts—here in Chih-li, the movement has been growing bolder. Boxers openly practice their incantations, dancing

and sword practice, even as far north as Tungcho and even in the very city of Peking. Some weeks ago, the four nations demanded from China the complete suppression of the movement. Edicts were issued—but who ever saw them?—except in the large cities! and even then, here in Paotingfu one recently appeared a month old. The nations backed up the demand with a few warships, but being assured that everything was quiet, they withdrew them. Quiet? Yes, very! On my return from Shanghai, I found our premises guarded at night by a small handful of soldiers sent by the magistrate in the city. Because everything was quiet! Then a few days afterwards, the Boxers assembled in large force fifteen miles south of us and attacked a Roman Catholic village. The Roman Catholics mounted the housetops and managed to shoot thirty Boxers, with a loss of one on their side. Thus was frustrated the plan to sack that Roman Catholic place, sack another and then come to Paotingfu to pillage the cathedral. Immediately, soldiers were sent to 'talk peace'—but week on week has gone by and they won't talk. The soldiers sympathize with the Boxers, for they all have a grudge against the Catholics. The Chinese like nothing better than a lawsuit—and when a Roman Catholic gets into one, the Church backs him up, threatens the judge and wins the case for him. You can see how the Church will grow under such circumstances and also what a burden of grudges will rest upon it. In addition, the Roman Catholics a while ago obtained by an unfair scheme, property in the city here for a cathedral. They had been refused for years a foothold in the city. To force the officials to give it to them, laid up a mint of hate against them. This is one side of the question. But judging from Shan-tung and from the Boxer

threats everywhere in posters, etc., we must believe that hatred of Protestants lies down below somewhere in the universal hate of foreigners. That Boxer versus Roman Catholic has just here come to the fore is a local complication. Let things get started once and Protestants will be lumped in with the Roman Catholics. In Shantung, they started with robbing Christians, but ended with plundering any rich heathen they could get hold of. How much more likely is it that we shall be pulled in after the Roman Catholics! To the west of us, things are quieter, so one helper works there. For the rest of the stations, and for any country work close at hand, the time is not yet. The wildest rumors are all afloat—no one would listen to the doctrine—attendance at our chapel has fallen off—little day schools shut up—and foreigners cannot think of doing country work. Of course, the unprecedented drought adds fuel to the hate against those who bring this curse on China. Just now we are having a heavy shower. That may relieve affairs. But things are at a deadlock. Soldiers won't really move against the Boxers—in fact, they can't—until they see the Boxers really fighting; for one of the Empress Dowager's edicts calls the Boxers only patriotic sons, drilling for self-defense and demands that they be protected. This is one of the sample edicts that laugh at the Great Nations' representatives in Peking. On the other hand, the Boxers are not sure whether the soldiers would really prevent them from fighting, so the excitement keeps up. God only knows the end! Here is a sample of the placards that are scattered from end to end of this province of Chih-li. Imagine how they appeal to an ignorant and superstitious people!— (Translation.)

"The Gods assist the Boxers.
The Patriotic Harmonious Corps!

It is because the Foreign Devils disturb the 'Middle Kingdom,' urging the people to join their religion,
To turn their backs on Heaven,
Venerate not the Gods and forget the ancestors.
Men violate the human obligations.
Women commit adultery.
Foreign Devils are not produced by mankind.
If you do not believe,
Look at them carefully.
The eyes of all the Foreign Devils are blueish.
No rain falls,
The earth is getting dry.
This is because the Churches stop Heaven.
The Gods are angry,
The Genii are vexed.
Both come down from the mountains to deliver the doctrine.
This is no hearsay.
The practice of boxing will not be in vain.
Reciting incantations and pronouncing magic words,
Burn up yellow written prayers,
Light incense sticks,
To invite the Gods and Genii of all the grottoes.
When all the military accomplishments or tactics are fully learned,
It will not be difficult to exterminate the Foreign Devils then.
Push aside the railroad tracks,
Pull out the telegraph poles.
Immediately after this destroy the steamers.
The great France
Will grow cold in her heart and downhearted,
The English and Russians will certainly disperse.
Let the various Foreign Devils all be killed.

May the whole elegant Empire of the Great Ching
Dynasty be ever prosperous!"

"The poem is in three line couplets with a swing like this (first three lines),

"'Shen chu ch'uan (boxer)
Yi Ho Tuan
Chih Yin Kuei tzu Nao Chung yuen.'

You can see how it would catch and stick in the heads of old and young.

"A capital incident, connected with the noble guard that comes and sleeps here, supposed to be a protection (it may be until there is trouble)! It illustrates the general equipment of the Chinese military force. They brought their guns with them and we were rejoicing in the display. But one evening the elder pastor suggested to Ewing that it might be well for them to fire a salute at the closing of our gate—9 P. M. The Chinese, then, would know that we were guarded. Ewing asked the pastor to speak to them, which he did. 'But we have no powder,' wailed they. Sure enough! So Ewing had to write to the military official in the city to request him to furnish powder with the guns. A day or two afterwards, we had the first of the salutes and since then, come nine o'clock, the house fairly rocks with the racket down there in the yard. I write this, not to say that we are in danger for I don't believe we are—but only to ask you to pray that the door of escape may soon be opened and our work go on in quietness once more. Perhaps this is the best way out of the dilemma. Were the Powers to become impatient and land troops, we couldn't possibly stay here and everything would be wrecked. Come rain and good crops —and perhaps things will subside. . . .

Thank you all, dear friends, for your many remembrances—and above all for your constant prayers for us. His Kingdom come—on earth as it is in Heaven! Many, many times we have thought of you all as you drew near to and reached the glorious communion season of Easter Day. We believe very many gained the fellowship of our church on that day. May the Spirit's gifts of the Lenten season paint more and more deeply in our hearts the Life Portrait of the Son of God!

"Your friend and fellow-worker,
"The Pilgrim abroad,
"HORACE TRACY PITKIN."

The rapid development of affairs in Paotingfu during May can be best set forth in quotations from Horace's letters to Mrs. Pitkin:—

"May 15th.—I noticed by the paper that Tsun Hua has cavalry force. There is said to have been a fight at Ting Hsing between the Roman Catholics and Boxers all day long, Saturday. Nothing more, so I think it did not amount to much. Yesterday, a gang came from a near by village and brought in a man accused of boy stealing. They were going to bury him alive, but his friends here in the south suburb rescued him.

"May 16th.—Our soldiers have been changed because the cavalry of which they are a part, were ordered away. So foot soldiers have come instead. They are all Paotingfu men and will stay in the compound here night and day, going in squads to their homes for their meals. That makes it more bothersome for us but safer. The fight at the village a few miles from the village of Ting Hsing was told me to-day.

"It seems that in the moonlight of Saturday night, the Boxers came down on the village, surrounded the houses of the Roman Catholics as they were pointed out to them and then robbed them, allowing no one to escape. Finally, they fired the houses and as the people rushed out from the flames, they were killed and thrown back into the fire. Only one man escaped and they pursued him. He jumped into a well and so they fired their guns into the well and threw down bricks, until thinking him dead, they left. He managed to get out and started for Paotingfu, told the Roman Catholics and they waited all day for other survivors to come. As none came, on Monday, they saw the provincial judge and he sent soldiers, but they could find nothing. The Roman Catholics were absolutely wiped out, thirty or more. Everywhere we hear they are not interfering with or molesting the Protestants. It is paying off old scores against the Catholics. The Boxers have it arranged that a part of the family till the ground, while the others drill and plunder. The Roman Catholics being few in number stay on guard, in consequence their fields are untilled and idle now. It will mean great distress for them later. . . . Miss Gould has made her plans to go to the annual meeting at Tungcho. If this trouble keeps on, I may not go until next Thursday or Friday, when one of the native pastors will be back. I do not like to leave the compound without a man here. In the present state of affairs, I think I shall favor giving up the July meeting here.

"May 18th.—The Boxers were having a fine time in the city drilling to-day. The official ordered them to stop but they wouldn't. As most of them were Manchus, he called the leaders of the Boxers together and told them he would dock the pay of every Manchu who drilled against his

orders. We shall see by to-morrow what effect that threat will have upon them. Out at Wan Hsin last week, they sent word to Mr. Simcox not to come there but he went. Just after he arrived there, a lot of roughs, not necessarily Boxers, broke into the room and grabbed an inquirer and dragged him out and beat him into insensibility. Mr. Simcox got up on the roof with his assistant and waited for the official. When that worthy came, Simcox pointed out to him one rough who had come at him with a club and had him arrested. The official talked peace and went off. When Mr. Simcox had got the inquirer into the room again, the rioting broke out afresh and at 2 P. M. he sent the inquirer home, afraid that he would die. Mr. Simcox and the helper then started for Paotingfu. Evidently, they vented their spite upon the natives, they didn't have courage against the foreigner. Everything is quiet here down our way.

"May 24th.—News came yesterday of a Chinese military official, with thirty men, all on horses, being surrounded by Boxers, north of Ting Hsing. His horse was killed, his men fled and he was murdered. That ought to stir up the Dowager Empress against these 'children' of hers. Also, in a London Mission station, southeast of Cho Chou, a teacher and a gatekeeper have been killed by the Boxers. Finally, a letter came last evening from Chi Chi, speaking of the terror that exists down there. One church member, now in hiding, is being hunted. A note from Dr. Goodrich, to-night, says that the French Admiral is now in Peking, and the American Admiral is expected there soon. Also, all the foreign ministers, for the first time in many years, have met together to consider the present condition of affairs. Some 750 soldiers from K'ai P'ing near T'ang Shan, came in on a special

train, night before last. Others came before from Peking. I hear the train whistle this evening that seems to bespeak more are coming. These men wear straw hats and foreign boots. I think they are from Yuan Shih K'ai's troops. It is said they make a very fine appearance. . . .

"There is a three days' fair in progress at the temple towards the east, which we used to pass in our walks. So the soldier guards sit at our gates now, and according to custom, hang their red garments on each gate post. Every one duly takes warning. It is a good thing that the official seems so friendly. There are five soldiers at the China Inland Mission compound, three at the hospital compound and nine here in our compound. There was good attendance at prayer-meeting this afternoon. Miss Morrill is working hard to keep them up in attendance. Mr. Simcox of the Presbyterian Mission will preach on Sunday. . . .

"May 25th.—Pastor Meng came in to say that one of the four officials appointed to watch the city gates was here to see me. So I had tea made and he soon came in. We talked a little, I showed him the piano and then he left. He said that there are about three thousand soldiers here. The fair over at the temple has been going on all day and now they are fairly making Rome howl. The soldiers are very respectable they say, not like the Kan Su at the fair. There was a small fight over at the fair. The soldiers quietly interfered and marched the gang to the official, to whom they knocked their heads in great shape. There was no noise or fuss about it. It is said that the soldiers pay for things they get at the shops. Our guards are cooking their own food here now, as their homes are too far away to go back and forth to their meals. We think it answers just as well. This evening, the weather

was so hot that we held the Y. M. C. A. meeting in the chapel. Miss Gould gave a talk on Micronesia. All listened attentively. The wind is coming up a bit but the thermometer here in the room stands at ninety degrees. I guess we shall put off Children's Day to the last Sunday before the school closes, and have a union meeting of the children and a farewell service combined. . . .

"May 27th.—Had a big rain this morning and teacher Li came in late. At chapel service this morning, the girls did not come on account of the rain and Ch'ing T'ang, who was to act as leader did not come, so I led instead. Weather cold and really damp after the rain. Mr. Simcox preached to-day to a very good audience. He gave a fine sermon on 'Persecution used of God.' It was just the thing for this time. This evening, teacher Li came in and said that the rails of the railway had been torn up on the other side of Kao Pei Tien, just after the train from Feng T'ai had passed, but the train to Feng T'ai had been stopped in time and it had returned here. I hope they will get things fixed up before next Tuesday so that Miss Gould can go to Tungcho for the annual meeting. I have decided not to go. I do not think I should be justified in absenting myself from here just now. . . . The official who saw me on Friday came here Saturday to join the soldiers in the compound. His business now is to watch over us in the compound. He can report affairs direct to the Hsieh T'ai, the military governor in the city, and will probably keep the men under him in better trim while they remain on guard."

The last letter from Horace was to his American associates in Peking. It was written on the morning of June 2d, 1900, and was car-

ried by a Chinese runner, who got through the Boxer lines.

"Saturday evening.—Meng I came in this noon and told us something of outside affairs. One thousand foreign soldiers in Peking, etc. Also that Meng II with family was expecting to come up by boat. As no boats, Chinese or foreign, can pass up the river without being searched, Meng would stand no chance at all. So we have wired to Tientsin to intercept him. Also have sent two men to try to find him and turn him back. The Presbyterians have sent a man to try to catch Lowrie, who left Tientsin, or expected to leave, yesterday. The fate of the French party seems uncertain. They left in spite of the protest of the officials—thirty in all, eleven boats with three soldiers to a boat. About 160 li from here, they were incautious and were seen by Boxers on the way to sack a Catholic church. Surrounded in shallow water, they used all of their ammunition—killed a great many, were finally overpowered and all massacred. As to whether the women killed themselves is not certain. Some boats, three interpreters and soldiers (some wounded) have come back.

"It may be the beginning of the end. God rules and somehow His Kingdom must be brought about in China.

"Of course, the soldiers here are no use. Some days ago, our friend, in the city, Wu Ta Jen, suggested all going, but even if we ever should come to that state, the way is blocked by river and train. Trains still run to Kao Pei Tien, 160 li, free passage, for no foreigners run them. Then no more road until Feng T'ai is reached. We have the old wire to Tientsin, which when the railway put up its wire, was turned to official

use only. Now it is open once more. The railway to the south is broken—sixty li and ninety li south of here—two stations and bridges burned and wires cut. Also wire into Shan-si is cut. Letter just in from Davis at Jen T'sun, says all is quiet there. We did have two or three thousand soldiers here (imperial troops) but a lot have gone north to Ting Hsing, so not many left. Some are from K'ai P'ing (T'ong Shang), wear straw hats. Boxers hate them and say they are hired by foreigners. So now north of us 160 li is one band of plunderers; east 160 li on the river another; south fifty li another, but more bent on local ravage; southwest fifty li, another, pillaging railway. As for Paotingfu, Boxers drill in temples in the city and officials are powerless. What our chances are, it is hard to tell. All along, the officials have sent us a small guard, but they, although nice fellows enough, will be of no use. Whether the local Boxers will have tan tzu (courage) enough to attack, don't know. But a firebrand from north, east, south or west will be sufficient, that's sure. So we send this note to you. What Minister Conger will do, we have no idea. Will Peking and Tientsin demand so many foreign troops, that nothing will be done for small Tungcho or Paotingfu? One town, thirty li south of us, where the Catholics have recanted in a body—firecrackers and great rejoicing; but Protestant natives are not touched. Everybody has been saying that 'Jesus Church' is all right. Only want Catholics. All agreed that if the Catholics should be massacred, no telling whether the above pretensions would hold water. Fear they would not. Whether this trouble on the river will be an incentive to local talent, don't know. If it was premeditated, it may; if an accidental meeting, nothing may come of it save the awful pressure brought to

bear at Peking when the world nations have heard of it. In the meantime, we may not be left to see the end. It's a grand cause to die in. Jesus *shall* reign, but we do hope a long life may be for us in this work.

"We write this to give you the facts, inasmuch as you may have no authentic information. The telegram Ewing sent us from Peking or Tungcho never arrived. Meng I told us of the sending. What an escape for Deacon Liu of Cho Chou! God's preservation.

"Our affectionate greeting to you all,

"In His service,

"HORACE TRACY PITKIN.

"Advice from north suburb is that they have difficulty in keeping servants. Yao Yen (rumors) increasing in the city, said now, to-morrow or next day, the Roman Catholic church in Nan Chuang, thirty li south, will be burned; then the cathedral here and then we come last—Protestants and Catholics alike. Dry as powder—oppressive dust-storm. God give us rain! That should quiet things for the moment. Will you not press Minister Conger about things? We need a guard of 300 or 500 soldiers here at once. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the *land of the living.* I know I shall up there. Down here, may He help me also to see it. The moon gets brighter every night—and—what—then! God leads—thank God, He does! We can't go out to fight—we have no soldiers to trust—a guard of ten or so, who will vanish as the mist—we must sit still, do our work, and take quietly whatever is sent us. And it will be but a short time before we can know definitely whether we can serve Him better above or not. I hear Miss Newton has had trouble. Perhaps

you are all in great distress. But make one more appeal to Conger for Paotingfu.

"Asking for faith and strength,

"HORACE TRACY PITKIN.

"P. S. Boxers who have been breaking up the railway have no arms to amount to anything. The Boxers on the river used 'duck guns.' Soldiers can come to Kao Pei Tien or Ting Hsing and catch a train there, 140 li from here. Two highest officials here, it is said, are on opposite sides of the fence. One to attack Boxers, the other not until definite orders from Peking are received to protect foreigners at any cost—otherwise they will be held responsible. We cannot be sure of a single day's life. Work and pray for us. Pray for rain.

"HORACE TRACY PITKIN."

The attack on the Belgian engineering party (called French in the letter) which tried to escape by river showed that all hope was cut off in that direction. The possibility of flight overland to the south was too doubtful to be considered for a moment. The experiences of many interior missionaries showed afterwards that it might have succeeded, but it would have been deemed madness at the time. The only hope lay in relief from Peking, where the legations were not yet beseiged. On June 6th Pitkin sent a telegram to Minister Conger, in Dr. Taylor's name, as follows: "Viceroy's orders received. Officials declare local troops insufficient guard compound. Nieh's troops not arrived. Situation still dangerous." The original of this telegram was

recovered from the telegraph office in Paotingfu when the military expedition reached the city in October. How the telegram came to be sent and what it meant, the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, of the Presbyterian Mission, explains:

"One can almost with certainty supply the circumstances under which it was written. The 6th of June was the 10th of the fifth moon (Chinese calendar) and Dr. Taylor's dispensary day in the city. The murderous attack upon the Belgian engineers five days before had alarmed all the friends of the Paotingfu workers, and Mr. Conger had wired to learn of their welfare. The telegram reached Dr. Taylor while in his dispensary, and Mr. Pitkin was there making one of those cheering calls which he continued to make even more frequently than ever after his house had become lonely. They talked over the wording of a reply, and Mr. Pitkin, probably on his wheel, but possibly walking, bore the telegram to the office and sent it in Dr. Taylor's name, thence returning to his home. The viceroy was secretly, but bitterly opposed to foreigners—a fact not known then to even the consuls in Tientsin. The reference to the officials seems to imply that they had called on or been called upon by the officials that day. General Nieh was known to be intelligent and pro-foreign. Some troops of his were sent for a time, but withdrawn again after the siege of the foreign community in Tientsin began, in order to aid in the capture there. I was in Tientsin, and between the second and seventeenth of June (when the first shell boomed over Tzu chu lin) I made every effort to induce a foreign relief force to march to Paotingfu. But the reply always came that the force (American) was too small, and moreover, that it was

sent to protect the legation and could not be diverted to any other object. It is a question whether 150 men could have reached Paotingfu safely, for the military, which up to that time had been neutral, might have become alarmed at the entrance of a foreign force into the interior and might have attacked them. The Boxers alone could, I think, have been held off by such a force."

The original copy of the last message which reached the outside world from Paotingfu was also recovered from the telegraph office. It was sent by Pitkin on June 11th, in Latin to Mr. Lowrie, then at Tientsin:

"*Quaestor Province nonvult protegere. Ceteri volunt. Solum spes yoreciv statim imperat Nieh mittere milites. Sex mille pugiles ad orientem liu obsidentes Romanos. Hodie volunt pugnare. Si vincant pervenient. Immanuel.*

"PITKIN."

Which translated was:

"The provincial treasurer not willing to protect. Others are. Our only hope is that the viceroy orders General Nieh to send soldiers. Six thousand Boxers are at the village of Tung Lü beseiging the Roman Catholics. They wish to fight to-day. If they conquer they will come over (against us). Immanuel.

"PITKIN."

Of the receipt of this message, Mr. Lowrie writes:

"The last telegram sent me in Latin, five days later, reveals the danger they apprehended. They had learned that the Fan Tai was bent on their destruction. Nieh's soldiers had not arrived and their safety hung upon the issue of the Boxer attack upon the village of Tung Lü. As a matter of fact, Tung Lü successfully resisted thirty attacks of Boxers and Imperial troops. And at last those who wrought their wicked will on our loved ones were from the city of Paotingfu itself. How beautifully the word Immanuel shines from the background of carnage and hate. He was their stay through that month of deepening danger, and evidently was with Mr. Pitkin on the night before he was translated. On receiving this telegram, Mr. Mills, of the China Inland Mission, and I visited our respective consuls and urged them to bring every pressure to bear on the viceroy, which I believe they did, but six days after this (Monday) the fight was on and foreign Tientsin was struggling for existence. The telegraph lines were broken and mended several times during the days preceding the 17th of June. We could neither send nor receive messages every day. In one of my last, I urged Dr. Taylor to urge all to flee to the southwest (Cheng Ting fu) region, and they did think of escaping in that direction, but it seemed too precarious a venture. Then, too, it was practically impossible to find any conveyance. All carters were terrorized. I do not know that there has yet been found any writing later than this from our loved ones. It was a lying telegram from the viceroy to the throne, claiming a great victory at Tientsin, that is thought to have inspired the edict of the 23d of June, which resulted in the murder of the foreigners in North China. He and his brother and nephew all perished within three months, and the family is said to be extinct. Some of the

judgments of the Lord we can seem to understand; but for others of His ways, we can only say, 'It is the Lord. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

What followed the telegram of June 11th has been learned, of course, only from Chinese witnesses, but Mr. Lowrie, one of the ablest and most devoted missionaries in China, who accompanied, as interpreter, the military expedition when it came to Paotingfu, sifted all the testimony and wrote out a trustworthy account of the last days:

"In the spring of 1900 there were some thirty-two Protestant missionaries, including children, residing in Paotingfu, distributed in three compounds. Two of these, the American Congregational and the China Inland Mission, were south of the city and distant from the city gate half a mile or more, and from each other less than a quarter of a mile. The third was located north of the city about one mile, the American Presbyterian Mission. The Roman Catholics had a fine church building, valued at thirty thousand or more taels, besides priests' residences and school buildings in the heart of the city. By the 1st of June, for one cause or another, many of these missionaries were absent from home, some in the United States and some elsewhere in China, leaving fourteen adults and children and one visitor from Shanghai, returning from a missionary trip to Shansi, Mr. Wm. Cooper, making a total of fifteen persons, eleven adults, five of whom were women, and four children. In the American Presbyterian Mission, north of the city,

were Dr. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Simcox and three children, and Dr. and Mrs. Hodge. In the American Board Mission were Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill and Miss Gould. In the China Inland Mission were Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their little girl Gladys, and Mr. Cooper.

"All communication by rail was destroyed before June 8th, but protection was promised them by the authorities. The Boxers too often said that they had no ill will to the Protestant missionaries.

"Still, they grew more violent in the country round about, and the missionaries telegraphed frequently to Tientsin and to Peking for military protection. This the viceroy, Yu Lu, repeatedly promised, and some soldiers were despatched as a guard, but were again withdrawn. Meanwhile, the river route to Tientsin was attempted by the fleeing Belgian engineers, who were attacked midway between Paotingfu and Tientsin, driven from their boats with loss of life, compelled to make a desperate march to Tientsin through the midst of their foes. They were well armed, and after some days of fighting, hunger and fatigue, the survivors reached Tientsin. The scantily armed missionaries could not venture on this route. As the storm became more threatening, the city authorities suggested to the missionaries to come within the walls and occupy a rented house within the city. But the missionaries very reasonably (as the fate of the Tai yuen-fu missionaries who were within the walls attests) argued that if they abandoned their houses and the mob should destroy them, they would be inflamed to murder the missionaries themselves. But if the authorities sent a sufficient force of soldiers, they could protect missionaries and property without difficulty. The missionaries were advised to put in large letters

on their doorway the words 'Protestant Mission,' which they did. The natives began to be much alarmed, and after June 24th many of the servants and teachers fled from the premises, but some with splendid fidelity remained to the end and perished with their foreign friends. On the 24th of June appeared the ferocious edict, fuming with hate, calling for the extinction of foreigners and demolition of their property, and with it the Boxers received the last impulse to their hellish purpose.

"On the afternoon of Thursday 28th of June while Pastor Meng of the Congregational Mission was packing the books in the street chapel within the city, preparatory to removing everything and sealing up the premises, he was suddenly seized, bound and carried off to the temple occupied by the Boxers. Mr. Pitkin sent his card to the police court to secure his release, but in vain. And after a night of suffering, he was beheaded and buried behind the temple in a ditch. In the month of December his body was reverently removed from this burial place and coffined. The hands, still bound behind the back, were released, and the head laid in its proper place by the younger brother of the deceased, and by the Christians some thirty in number who were present. On the day of Pastor Meng's arrest, Dr. Taylor had made his regular visit to the city dispensary on the north street. Some native college men, frequent patients of his, came in a body and with weeping eyes confessed their inability to help him. They themselves narrowly escaped death later on at the hands of the Boxers. Dr. Taylor shed tears with them for a moment, then recovering himself, bade them good-bye, closed the dispensary door with his accustomed self-control and returned with peaceful countenance to sustain the hearts of the younger mis-

sionaries at his home. He never betrayed the slightest fear during those trying days, but with amazing cheerfulness refreshed and diverted the minds of the two ladies and strengthened the courage of his two male comrades. They seemed to have thought of fleeing southward by cart, and drew all their silver from the native bank and hired carts or endeavored to hire them with that intent. Some say that no cart could be induced to risk the journey. On the morning of the 29th of June, an officer came to Dr. Taylor, asking him to give the keys of his city dispensary so that the medicines and furniture might be removed to a safe place ere the Boxers looted it. These he gave and to the officer's suggestion that he should appeal to some of his gentry friends for protection, he replied with a sigh, 'My gentry friends are only friends in the dispensary. They will do nothing for me now. My only real friend is President Wu-ru-sun, and he can with difficulty preserve his own life.' President Wu had fled alone and in disguise from the city that very morning. The dispensary furniture was removed, the Chinese attendants fleeing to the country that day, but they returned to the mission compound the following day and met their death there. One escaped southward with a little boy, the son of a relative, who had been entrusted to his care. He could not save two boys, and after a mental conflict, he concluded to leave his own son with friends, but take his trust southward to his home, where he arrived safely in due time. On the afternoon of the 30th of June, a mob, composed of about twenty Boxers and a disorderly rabble, bent on pillage, came by a circuitous route from the city, to the American Presbyterian Mission premises. They piled cornstalks against the doors of the compound and soon had them in flames. They

then looted the hospital and chapel and Mr. Miller's residence and those of Mrs. Lowrie and Dr. Hodge, setting fire to each before the contents were entirely removed. The natives in the compound, two faithful doorkeepers, some servants, and two old women and children were either killed or driven to leap into a well, while the foreigners with a rifle and a shotgun held the crowd at bay from the windows of the house of Mr. Simcox, where they had fled together. The leading Boxer was killed, but finally the crowd succeeded in firing the house itself and all the inmates perished in the flames, Mr. Simcox being seen hand in hand with his two little sons walking to and fro as the flames enveloped them. Dr. Taylor had remonstrated with the crowd from the window, pleading the deeds of kindness that they had all wrought so fully for the people, but it was unavailing and the party passed together from their far-away funeral pyre up into the reward of those who have left houses and lands for His sake and the Gospel's. Dr. Taylor's faithful attendant had received travelling expenses from his master previously, but had remained and succeeded in outrunning his pursuers, when he was waylaid by a dastardly wretch who held him, took his money and gave him over to his enemies, who despatched him and buried him still moving in the shallow soil. Harrowing as is the thought of the fate of the missionaries, one cannot but be thankful that they were spared the brutalities of that devilish crowd. The report of this foul deed flew over the city like wildfire and the workers south of the city could but prepare for the worst. Mr. Pitkin prayed with the Chinese teacher of the girls' school, then wrote a letter to his wife, one to the soldiers, who he rightly believed would eventually come to avenge the deed and one to

his missionary brethren, and with a faithful attendant, not a professing Christian but a Christian in heart, buried these letters in two places in the outhouses behind his residence. He then returned to the house, prayed with Lao-man the faithful and left him one parting word, 'Lao-man,' said he, 'tell the mother of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that when he is twenty-five years of age, he should come to China as a missionary.' Lao-man reported this to the writer on our first meeting after reaching Paotingfu. Lao-man at Mr. Pitkin's wish then leaped over the wall and escaped through the night. Next morning, early, on the 1st of July through a pouring rain, their compound was attacked front and back, and Miss Morrill and Miss Gould, who lived in the rear, fled forward to the chapel, a large building near the house occupied by Mr. Pitkin. He bravely went out and endeavored to intimidate the crowd with firing his revolver, but they burst in the gate very soon and as seems true, aided by the Imperial soldiery, pursued him towards the chapel, whither he retired with Miss Morrill and Miss Gould. Through the windows of this building, he held the crowd at bay until ammunition was exhausted, then they leaped through a rear window of the church into the school yard and took refuge in a small room there. From this room, Mr. Pitkin and the two ladies were taken and there he suffered death by the sword, which severed his head from his body. There is a slight divergence in the stories as to just where and how he met his death; another narrator saying that he was wounded at the head of the stone steps where he first held the crowd at bay and falling there, was beheaded on the spot, but the writer inclines to the former statement. He had with Christian chivalry and loyalty done his ut-

most for the ladies committed as it were to his care and for the church of which he was the only foreign protector, and died as any hero might be proud to die. The young ladies were rudely seized by the brutal crowd. Miss Morrill by the hair, which was loosened and flowing; Miss Gould became powerless with excitement and fell motionless to the ground. There her hands were bound together and her feet in front of her body and a pole thrust through between her face and the bound hands and feet, upon which she was slung and borne into the city to the temple Chi-sheng-an, since blown up by the foreign powers. Their clothes were not removed from their persons then or at any time so far as the writer can learn; but the brutal mode of conveyance was sufficiently diabolical. Miss Morrill exhorted the people as she walked along and even gave some silver to a poor creature in the crowd; her ruling passion, sympathy, and her ruling trait, self-effacement, strong in these final hours. Mr. Pitkin's head seems to have been taken into the city to the Nieh-tai's (or provincial judge's) yamen by the Imperial soldiers, but afterwards was probably given to the Boxers, who are said to have offered it at the shrine of their god. But the most persistent inquiry does not disclose its final resting place. Glorified and spiritual and radiant is he now in Paradise and so will his heavenly form appear when the dead in Christ shall rise first. What took place between the Boxer rabble and the missionary women in the temple is not now known, but while they were held there, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall with little Gladys, and Mr. Wm. Cooper were brought to the same temple. It seems that they (hearing and seeing what was going on in the Congregational compound only half a mile away) had collected a few valuables and some

money and fled towards Tientsin to the Imperial military camp near their dwelling, hoping that the soldiers would at least allow them to pass on, but the Colonel Wong Chan-kuei, since publicly beheaded for his crimes, received them, took all their valuables and then turned them over to the provincial judge and thence to the Boxers, who after keeping the party until afternoon in the temple, led them outside the city gate and along the city wall, eastward to the southeast corner of the wall. They were led by the Boxers, who grasped a rope that was passed and knotted around the clasped and uplifted hands of Mr. Bagnall, thence around his neck, and thence similarly about the hands and neck of each other member of the party, except the little girl, who was permitted to walk freely at their side. Guns were fired and demonstrations made until they reached a large grave mound at the corner of the wall, said to be the grave of a Boxer killed sometime previous in one of the many attacks upon the native Christians made at that time. There, their precious lives were poured out, the little girl being thrust through with a spear, the others beheaded and buried in a shallow pit. On the arrival of the foreign soldiers three and a half months later, these remains had been much disturbed and were indistinguishable, and poor but kindly neighbors had on more than one occasion reburied them as they became exposed to view. Mr. Pitkin's body was buried with those of a number of native Christians, children and adults, who perished on the fatal day, but has since been removed in the presence of the Christians and with reverent and solemn affection been recoffined and placed in safe keeping until word shall come from his nearest ones what shall be its final resting place. The letters written by him and perhaps by others and buried with such care were

dug up by greedy Chinese bent on plunder and up to this date, although they have been advertised for and a reward offered for them, they have not been heard of. Such is the brief record of those fatal days. The city has since been punished, the provincial judge or Nieh-tai beheaded, the Manchu commandant and the dastardly colonel also. The gate towers and the corner wall towers and a portion of the wall have been blown up, the Boxer temples destroyed, and the Gentry fined one hundred thousand taels. By a striking coincidence, the Nieh-tai and commandant and colonel were imprisoned in the very rooms where Dr. Taylor, their victim, had for years relieved the sickness of the citizens of Paotingfu and where the Gospel had been preached continuously for six or seven years. This was the mission chapel of the American Presbyterian Mission on the north street which the foreign commandants, finding empty and comparatively clean on their arrival, not knowing its previous history, appropriated as an international prison. Though this crime was wrought with such conspicuous brutality, there were many in the city who truly mourned and beat their breasts, especially at the fate of Dr. Taylor and Miss Morrill, who had been longest resident and were conspicuous for their good works. The wife of the Mohammedan mollah wore mourning for some time for Miss Morrill and not a few predicted some condign punishment upon the city for the crime of slaying Dr. Taylor.

"'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' There is yet hope for Paotingfu. The very consciousness of this crime may work a spirit of penitence which it has always been impossible by common means to produce. At all events, the prayers of God's true people must have as a key-note the Redeemer's

prayer, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

When Mr. Pitkin's body was recovered, it was found in a pit with nine others, bodies of Chinese whom he had loved. Seven were children of the Meng brothers and of their sister, one a Shan-si pupil and the ninth Meng's sister, herself. Pitkin's hands were not bound but uplifted as if in prayer, in which position they became rigid. The character of the life had set in permanence. Mr. Lowrie was there.

"Reverently," he says, "the form was placed in the coffin, which the Christians had neatly lined, and over it was spread a red flannel covering. Then they sang, 'Precious Name, O how sweet,' and 'When He cometh to make up His jewels.' I spoke to them from Jesus' words to those on His right hand, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these,' referring to his interest in the native Christians' children and others. The younger Meng led in prayer. There were no dry eyes. Even the hardened old 'To fang' wept; but the tears of the Christians were not of those who have no hope. The coffin was placed in a shed together with that of the elder Meng and some others, and bricked in to await final interment as loved ones shall indicate later on. And in all the completed beauty of his glorified spirit, he sees the face of his Redeemer."

Before the final burial, described in the next chapter, Horace's head was found buried under the ruins of the southeast tower of the city wall

and was laid away with the body in its final resting place on March 24, 1901.

The recollections of two faithful Chinese of the last terrible hours should be given in their entirety. Kuo Lao-man was the old letter-carrier and general servant. Of an interview with him, Miss Mary Porter wrote:

"I think he must be the one, of all who survive, last with Mr. Pitkin and to him were entrusted his final requests and messages. Let me write as nearly as I can in the good man's words. After answering my questions as to his relations with the missionaries there and to the safety of his wife and child, I asked him to tell me what he remembered of the hours before he stole away from the compound, when Mr. Pitkin had given up hope of rescue or appeal to the authorities, and was awaiting the attack which he felt sure would not be long delayed. It was the evening of June 30th. The friends already knew that the Presbyterian missionaries had all been killed and their houses destroyed. Mr. Kuo had brought shoes for two of the girls who bound their feet and were taken away, leaving, he thinks, but two of the pupils with Misses Morrill and Gould. Nearly all the Christian natives, too, were gone, but Mrs. Tu and her family remained. All were calm and quiet, not knowing when the fanatics might enter the compound. Mr. Kuo said: 'I saw Miss Morrill last in the chapel with Mrs. Tu. She said, "Now we can only wait. Our lives are in God's keeping. He may ask us to lay them down very soon." I did not see Miss Morrill or Miss Gould afterwards, but went to Mrs. Tu's door just before I left. She did not open it as she was in bed with her children, but said good-

bye cheerfully and told me not to delay and imperil my own life as there was nothing I could do for them. I was a long time with Pastor Pitkin. He was composed and calm. He told me of some things the schoolboys had buried, hoping to save them, and then took out a letter he had just written to Pi Tai Tai and his camera and said: "You go with me and we will bury these things in the ground under the dove-cote, so when all is over you will know where to find them. Send or take them to the soldiers from the west, or whoever comes with them, so that my wife may be sure to receive them." We went out, dug quite a deep hole and put them carefully in, wrapped in water-proof covers. Then we went back to the pastor's room and talked till after midnight. We knew little of the fate of the Presbyterian friends, but were sure that none were living. At last, Mr. Pitkin said, "Do not risk your life any longer, but get over the wall in some place as retired as may be and get into hiding before dawn. My letter may be found and destroyed. If you learn that it is, send word to Pi Tai Tai that God was with me and His peace was my consolation. Tell her that when Horace is twenty-five years old, I hope he will come to China to preach the Gospel in my place." Then we knelt down and prayed together and he sent me away. About the next day, I do not know very much. The pastor was killed in the compound but the ladies were taken to the Boxer headquarters. I have not dared to go back, but others have been there and they say the dove-cote ground has been dug over and nothing left of the buried articles.'"

Miss Nellie Russell writes of the testimony of Yang Hsien Sheng:

"Yang Hsien Sheng said that a few days before the end came, Mr. Pitkin said to him, 'We are not reading anything but the Bible these days, and are giving ourselves much to prayer. We are not talking "hsien hua" either, but making all our plans for heaven.' To another he said, 'You hurry and hide away in the country; we cannot escape—if God will we go to Him, it is well.' To another, who urged going to the hills, he said, 'It is no use for us to plan, we are all in God's hand. He will do what is best.' The day Meng Mu Shih was killed, he said, 'It will not be long now.' Some of the women said that Saturday evening after he heard of the terrible calamity at Pei Kuan, he went out into the yard, watered the flowers, pulled up some weeds and seemed very calm and quiet. Lao-man said that he built the fire for Mr. Pitkin, but he got his own supper."

"My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage," said Valiant-for-Truth, "and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles, who now shall be my rewarder. . . . So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

IX

IN MEMORIAM

"Poor fellow! I wonder if he has entered upon the 'larger sphere of action' which he told me was reserved for him in case of such a trifling accident as death. Of all the people whom I have met with in my life, he and Darwin are the two in whom I have found something bigger than ordinary humanity—an unequalled simplicity and directness of purpose—a sublime unselfishness. Horrible as it is to us, I imagine that the manner of his death was not unwelcome to himself. Better wear out than rust out and better break than wear out. The pity is that he could not have known the feeling of his countrymen about him."—*Huxley on "Chinese" Gordon.*

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, C. B.

Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God.

Born at Woolwich, 28 January, 1833.
Died at Khartoum, 26 January, 1885.

He saved an empire by his warlike genius, he ruled vast provinces with justice, wisdom and power and lastly obedient to his sovereign's command he died in the heroic attempt to save men, women and children from imminent and deadly peril.

Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.—*Gordon's epitaph in St. Paul's.*

THERE were memorial services in many communities, at New Hartford and Exeter and Yale

and Cleveland, but the most impressive of all was in the city where he died. There, on Sunday, March 24, 1901, in a great open yard, was held a unique international funeral. Miss Miner writes of that strange service and of the service of the preceding day at the Presbyterian compound:

"Saturday morning, we went to the north suburb at eleven o'clock, to unite with our Presbyterian friends in the memorial service for Mr. and Mrs. Simcox and three children, Dr. and Mrs. Hodge and Dr. Taylor, besides thirty-four of their Chinese. What a scene of desolation! There are hardly enough broken bricks left on the place to mark the site of the house. There, late in the afternoon of the day before our mission was attacked, our eight friends perished in the flames of the Simcox house. Surely, their sacrifice was a whole burnt-offering. May it inspire us, who remain, to present our bodies, a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable! There were no coffins in the mat booth, where the service was held, but in a shrine made beautiful with flowers, the names of the missionary martyrs were written in Chinese and there were many scrolls presented by Chinese officials, gentry and merchants in honor of those who had laid down their lives for the faith. The highest Chinese officials in the city attended the service, including the provincial judge, the prefect, the district magistrate and the department magistrate. Also, General Von Kettler, in command of the German forces here, with many other German and French officers. The German band played three times, one piece, 'A Mighty Fortress is our God,' seeming especially appropriate. Mr. Lowrie's collec-

tion of Scripture passages was wonderfully full of comfort and meaning. Dr. Wherry paid a tribute to the dead. Mr. Lowrie made a brief address in Chinese and one Chinese hymn was sung. In English, we sang 'Asleep in Jesus,' and the last verse brought tears to my eyes:

> "'Asleep in Jesus, far from thee,
> Thy kindred and their graves may be,
> But thine is still a blessed sleep
> From which none ever wake to weep.'

"Sunday at eleven o'clock the service at our own compound was held. In a great matting booth were twenty-six coffins marked with the names of Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill, Miss Gould, Mr. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and Gladys, Pastor Meng and all of his children, except Titus, Pastor Meng's sister and her children, the Bible woman, Mrs. Chang (Ch'ing Hsiang's mother), the Bible woman Mrs. Kao and her daughter, Jessica, and others less well known. On the banner in front of the coffins were inscribed the names of forty-three Chinese martyrs, all killed by the Boxers, except three or four who died as the result of imprisonment, or exposure and starvation in their hiding-places. These were all of our own mission. On this same banner were the Cross and Crown and the motto, 'Joyfully bearing the bitter cross' (Le pei k'u chia). There were wreaths of evergreen, and a few flowers on the coffins and pots of flowers, some of which were sent by the Catholic priest with a beautiful letter of sympathy, were arranged in front. The schoolgirls with loving fingers had lined the coffins of Miss Morrill and Miss Gould with white.

"On two sides of the court where the service

was held (the booth with the coffins occupying the third side) were booths hung with thirty-four banners on which were written testimonials to the martyrs with the names of the donors. 'They offered their bodies as a sacrifice for truth.' 'Martyrs for Righteousness.' 'Fragrance flows from the Cross,' were some of the sentiments expressed. Most of these banners were presented by outsiders but there was one from the schoolgirls for Miss Morrill and Miss Gould. To honor the memory of our American, English and Chinese martyrs, there assembled all the Chinese and foreign officials, who had attended Saturday's service and many others. There were five bands, the German, French and three Chinese. The great crowd was wonderfully quiet; a solemn hush was in the air. The services were all in Chinese, except a short address by Dr. Smith and a few words of thanks to those who attended by Dr. Peck; Dr. Sheffield and Pastor Wu of P'ang Chuang made the addresses in Chinese. According to the Chinese date, this beautiful Sabbath morning was exactly nine months after that other Sabbath morning when the blow fell on our mission. Dr. Smith referred to Mr. Pitkin's last touching message to his wife, expressing the desire that when little Horace had grown to manhood, he would come back and take up his father's work in China. The old servant who had taken this oral message was with us that day. He had helped Mr. Pitkin to bury the letter to his wife in the dove-cote, but the Boxers dug it up. Mr. Pitkin died like a brave, young soldier. He and Miss Gould would have been in Tungcho for mission meeting and would have been saved with us in the British legation, but for their unwillingness to leave the Christians in their trouble. These memories thronged over us and made that service very tender and solemn. Each of the

foreign bands played twice. The dirge played by the French band was especially beautiful. At the close of the formal service the Chinese officials, then hundreds of others, came forward and made a low bow before the coffins. Then the Chinese bands played.

"The new cemetery for the martyrs is on a large piece of ground, recently purchased by Dr. Peck, between the ruins of our two mission compounds. The long procession would have covered the distance from Dr. Peck's to this cemetery several times over. So it made a circuit travelling the length of the principal street of the south suburb, then going back of our compounds and coming up from the east. In front, were borne the thirty-four banners as well as the silk umbrellas, etc., which usually accompany a great funeral. There were six catafalques, all the city afforded, with their gay embroideries, each bearing two coffins. The other coffins were taken directly to the cemetery. The men walked near the coffins, most of them dressed in mourning. Twenty or thirty carts, containing women, brought up the rear. The road from Dr. Peck's door to the end of the principal street was simply packed with people. The pageant cannot have failed to have left an impression on the wicked city, and while caring little for externals ourselves, we can rejoice that our dear ones have been honored in the eyes of those to whom the outward tokens of regard mean so much. We stood in the cemetery until the twenty-six coffins had been lowered into the graves. We faced the city wall with its ruined towers. Only the houses of the village concealed the spot where for months six of the martyrs lay in a common grave. Mr. Pitkin's first nameless grave was hardly a stone's throw away. We sang in Chinese:

"'Light after darkness, gain after loss,
Strength after weakness, Crown after Cross.
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tears.

"'Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain.
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.

"'Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb,
After long agony, rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway leading to this.'

After prayer and benediction, each threw a handful of earth on the coffins and we left the spot, which like that other grave outside the city wall, will ever be holy ground, God's Acre. It is not expected that other Chinese will ever be buried there. A monument on which are carved the names of these martyrs of three nations will sometime mark the spot."

But as ever, the enduring inscription will be in life and not on stone. One of the fathers of his mission, the Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, bears testimony for many to the strength, the devotion of the dear life that was lived for God and given for men:

"If I were asked to give my estimate of Mr. Pitkin in a word, I should say that he was a block of granite covered with flowers. He impressed me as having a bed-rock of firmness and strength, united with remarkable gentleness, sweetness and sensitiveness. What a warm love he gave to helpers and others who were true and faithful!

But he demanded sincerity and faithfulness and faithful dealing with any who seemed to him parasites and hypocrites. From the first, I was greatly drawn to him. I never ventured to reckon myself among his intimate friends, and yet I learned to love him as I love few men. How he played the piano or organ! No man ever moved me so with his playing. All his soul seemed to go into the instrument! It was so with his missionary work. He seemed to have given China his best and his all. I did not guess the strength of his love for the work and the completeness of his consecration, until those last months, when he braved the separation from all the world held dearest, and finally set himself to watch over the Paotingfu station during those days which ended in the terrible cataclysm. God's way is in the sea. I do not understand the strange providence which took this blessed brother from us. But I think that on the other side of the planet, there must be men ready to spring forward into his place. He who carries in His hands the print of the nails, and in His heart an everlasting love, can never forget His work.

"Oh! my blessed brother! I could hardly have it so, that you should receive the fiery baptism and be caught away, when so in love with life, and with your great life-work, but beginning—and now as I sit half dumb, I wonder if some other sons of wealth may catch your spirit of sacrifice, and with hearts that leap with joy at the privilege, make a like consecration of time, and strength and money, and all, to the highest, the most difficult and the most blessed work on the planet."

Dr. W. C. Noble writes:

"He lived in the same house with me at

Paotingfu for two and a half years, and I am, therefore, in a position to know something of the man and his characteristics. In his home life, he was a beautiful character, the embodiment of everything grand and ennobling. He possessed a strong and striking personality—and impressed me as a man remarkably well equipped for the work to which he had given himself. In his dealings with the Chinese he was firm, tactful, yet always loving and kind, and I believe possessed their love and respect. To us, his life seems prematurely closed, but God, who sees so much clearer, has doubtless taken him at the very moment when he was ripe for glory."

And Mr. Lowrie says:

"The three things that most impressed me in Mr. Pitkin were his uniform and uncommon cheerfulness, his love of music, which penetrated his very being, and his desire to plant missionary work on the most solid foundations. He used to spin over to our mission on his wheel and go from house to house with a fund of good spirits, that always refreshed us, one and all. His keen interest in everything that arose for discussion in all matters from the homeland, in the incidents of missionary every-day life, his hearty laugh and fine manly bearing left upon us in the north suburb mission the impression that one of the strong ones had been among us,—an impression that was intensified when the angel-faced little son and his radiant mother made a group of three visitants who were always so welcome and helpful.

"The music in his soul was perhaps secretly a source of the bright, hopeful temperament that made him so welcome a visitor and companion.

No doubt, heredity and the faith of the Lord and Redeemer were the chief sources. But when his hands touched an instrument—piano or organ—music seemed to be generated as naturally as fragrance from an open flower by sun and spring breezes. He lost himself in the strains of melody, whether joining with his own beautiful tenor voice or accompanying the accomplished singing of the equally gifted songstress of his home. One of the never-to-be-forgotten memories of one's lifetime is that of summer Sunday evenings by the sea at Pei-tai-ho, when the lovers of song would gather on the veranda surrounding his house, himself presiding at the little organ, and sing that deeply plaintive, yet hope-inspiring song, 'Some time we'll understand.' How little did we realize that its pathetic sentiment would be so soon the burden of our own daily thinking. He needs to sing it no more; but the soul that so revelled in harmonies of sound here below, must be feasting upon those infinitely more satisfying melodies with which the heavenly world resounds in the presence of the Lamb that was slain. Then to offset as it were this more artistic talent of our translated friend, there ever appeared in his conversation and his actual practice the clear conviction that missionary converts and pupils should be educated into habits of self-reliance and thrifty activity. This general truth every intelligent missionary recognizes as a fundamental one, but not every one has the courage to face and modify the actual mission practice which sometimes tends to deny the principle. The application of the principle involves great exercise of wisdom and determination, and is safer in the hands of an experienced missionary than of a newcomer. Though holding the principle very enthusiastically, he seems not to have pressed it in the earlier years

of his missionary life, but was gradually introducing it as he grew into the work. Since the writer did not enjoy the pleasure of membership in the same mission with Mr. Pitkin, he has not the means of knowing the spirit in which the changes in the interest of self-support which he with his colleagues introduced into the boys' school, were received. The changes were not of so radical a nature as to provoke bitterness of feeling. And the knowledge which the Christians had that he was of an opulent family and beneficient and charitable, forestalled any suspicions of selfish or harsh motives that might otherwise have risen up in their minds. His work was laid down almost as soon as taken up. The ways of Jehovah are high as heaven above our ways. We are dumb with amazement, but dare not entertain the shadow of a question that all the ways of the Lord are just and wise, and loving too. Eternity must present the solution to this as it will to countless heart-breaking riddles that baffle the best thoughts of God's children. One thing is certain, he never regretted his choice of the missionary career, though he gave up a much more congenial one in the homeland. His last words eloquently declare that he loved China with the love that brought the Redeemer to the Cross, and that his last thought was that those whom he could influence might give themselves as he had done, for her redemption. To the college men of the United States, his example must speak in no whispered tone—'He that loseth his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it.'"

One other memorial must be added. It is a translation of the loving testimony of Mr. Meng, pastor of the Congregational Church in Paotingfu.

"Pastor Pitkin was an American of means, of great learning and noble character. The name of his wife was Thomas. His son's name was Horace. Formerly he was a leader in the Y. M. C. A.; his heart was such that he constantly exhorted men to do good deeds, but it was his joy to unwearyingly preach the Gospel. He went everywhere through the colleges and did not hesitate to spend himself in journeying over mountains and rivers. In furthering the interests of the Gospel of good tidings and of truth, he was ever willing to give of his substance. The service which he rendered unto the Lord was from a heart filled with sincerity. Because of all this, many men were inspired by him either themselves to go to foreign lands to preach or to pour out money from their purses to help in every good work. The number of these men is so great that time would fail us to make mention of them all.

"Our pastor (shepherd) visited Palestine and Egypt and saw the place where our Saviour Jesus lived. In the twenty-second year of the Emperor Kwang Shu, he came to North China and in a short time came to Paotingfu. No matter when we heard him preach, the heart of the writer went out to him in lasting affection. On Sabbath evenings, when there was leisure, we used to talk heart to heart, and he was always free from any overbearing manner, so sincerely did he love. His wife at first did not understand the language, but the writer's wife taught her and in a few months, she understood not a little.

"The writer, with Pastor Pitkin and Pastor Ewing, went to examine the churches and to visit the Christians, in order to observe the Lord's Supper with them, and to select deacons. Into all these things, our pastor threw his whole heart. The atmosphere of his household was strict and

reverent, and his little son was taught righteousness. In praising the Lord, he sang most beautifully and at his leisure moments, his heart was made glad by playing on the piano. If the instrument was at all out of order he was able to detect it and repair it. If the clocks of his friends got out of order, he could quickly mend them. He was skilled in taking photographs and once when the pastors, evangelists and Christians were met together, he photographed them in a group and did it so well that even to the present time the picture is distinct in every detail. (Literally: hair, beard and every feature.) Only to see this picture now causes me sorrow of heart; for my brothers and their sons, six in all, are gone. My heart is not stone or wood. How would it be possible not to sorrow? He also photographed his son and the writer's son together and the writer, pointing to the picture of child Horace, said to his son, 'This is your dear and intimate friend. Later you two children, bound together with one heart, will work together in the holy service of the Gospel.'

"In building the church, he willingly and freely contributed, and in helping poor people, he gave with largest liberality. In preaching or explaining the Scripture, he was extremely diligent and earnest. Among men there are good and bad. The latter, though he exhorted them earnestly and with sorrow of heart, did not sympathize with this spirit. After speaking with men, as they were about to leave, he always knelt with them in prayer. He loved others as he loved himself, and in this, did he not imitate the example of Christ? That the writer escaped meeting destruction is due to his pastor. In the fourth moon, the writer with his brother, Ki Hien, went to Tungcho for the annual mission meeting. On the second of the fifth moon, the

railroad from Lu Ko K'aio to Paotingfu was destroyed by the Boxers. As soon as we heard of it, my brother wished to return home and started on the following day. On the afternoon of the third, the annual meeting closed. At dawn on the fourth, I with my family, and many others who had been attending the annual meeting, went on board a river boat and on the seventh arrived at Tientsin. As soon as I arrived at Tientsin, I immediately considered the question of returning to Paotingfu; but just at this time, we heard that many railroad employees had been massacred and I was in a quandary what to do. While I was in the midst of my questionings, Pastor Pitkin sent me a telegram, urging me to stay in Tientsin and not to return. At this time, the Paotingfu church was destroyed and many Christians killed. I escaped because of my pastor's thoughtfulness. If he did not love men, would he have acted thus? Fortunately, his wife and little son Horace returned to the home country for a visit during the hot season, just before the Boxer troubles broke out. On the fourth of the sixth moon, the church was burned and the smoke ascended to heaven. The Christians were all in fear, only our pastor was quiet and calm as usual. In the house, the tables and chairs were dusted as was the daily custom and the garden and flowers watered as in peaceful times. We know all this from the servants who later fled from the house. On the approach of danger, he did not fear but in everything manifested a brave heart. In preaching the Gospel, in helping men, he manifested a love for men. He was characterized by bravery and benevolence, but it was fated that he should not escape the hand of the murderous Boxers. On the fifth of the sixth moon, he left us. In the latter part of the eighth moon, I went with the foreign soldiers to Paotingfu. On arrival, I care-

fully inquired about Pastor Pitkin and all that had happened to him from first to last. The church had been surrounded by the Boxers; they used large guns and shot him down on the steps of the church. Afterwards, they beheaded him and left his body there. Later some petty officials buried him. The writer afterwards sought out his grave where he was buried with nine others. All were taken up and put in coffins. On the fifth of the second moon of this year, friends were invited to come together to condole with the bereaved. Those who had died at the hands of the Boxers were over twenty in number, including Chinese and foreigners, men and women, old and young. On the day of the funeral, the generals of the German and French army were present, together with soldiers and the military bands. The high officials of the city and several groups of Chinese musicians came to act as escort through the city streets. It was a beautiful day and multitudes came to see, thronging the streets. Thus God recompensed these good people who had died. Only I, reflecting on the good I received from him during the years of our fellowship in service together, could not but be stirred in my heart and grieved. I urge myself out of a broken heart to write these words concerning him that we may not forget."

"That we may not forget," writes good Pastor Meng. Forget what? The great truth that love and duty are the great sovereignties of life, that what men ought, they ought, and that the greatest glory is the glory of the Son of Man whom love made the servant of the world.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly*, for November 28, 1900, which published the account of the Pitkin

Memorial Service in Dwight Hall, contained also the report of the Yale-Harvard football game and an editorial on the "Football Season," which made no mention of Pitkin, but in these words did unconsciously describe the spirit of his fearless and unhesitating life:

"A great many things are impossible in life, but the man who spends much time in thinking about the impossibilities that lie in his path is going to add to them rather than detract from them, and the man who believes that nothing is impossible if it is in the line of his duty, reduces and sometimes altogether blots out the list of those things that men say cannot be done. Yale teams have been different from other teams, principally from the belief that nothing which was set before them was impossible. We sincerely hope that this season has brought back that feeling into Yale efforts on field or river or platform, and that it will again become a part of the Yale man's theory of life."

It was the theory of Horace Pitkin's life. And the end of it was what? Martyrdom? Well, the greatest character in human history deemed that a glorious ending of His life, and He laid it down as the law of life forever, that whoso would seek to save his life, shall lose it, and that whoso loseth it for the sake of Christ, saves it forever.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you," said Jesus when the Greeks were brought to Him in the court of the temple, "except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself

alone; but if it die it beareth much fruit. He that loveth his life loseth it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. If any man serve Me let him follow Me; and where I am there shall also My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will the Father honor."

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